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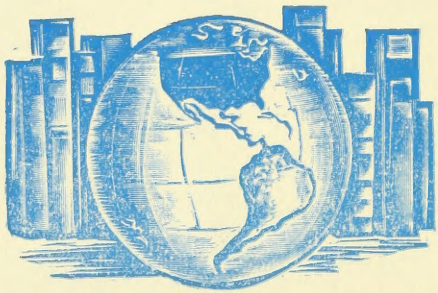

Bequest of
Frederic Bancroft
1860-1945

To

Mr. M. J. King.

from the

Sisters of the "Immaculata"

Christmas 1884

RT. REV. BENEDICT JOSEPH FLAGET.

THE CENTENARY

OF

CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY,

BY

HON. BEN. J. WEBB,

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS OF A KENTUCKY CATHOLIC," "BIOGRAPHIES OF GOVERNORS L. W. POWELL AND JOHN L. HELM," AND EDITOR OF THE "CATHOLIC GUARDIAN" AND "ADVOCATE" NEWSPAPERS.

IN ADDITION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN KENTUCKY FOR THE CENTURY OF ITS EXISTENCE JUST CLOSING, THE VOLUME CONTAINS THE DETAILS OF CATHOLIC EMIGRATION TO THE STATE FROM 1785 TO 1814, WITH LIFE SKETCHES OF THE MORE PROMINENT AMONG THE COLONISTS, AS WELL AS OF THE EARLY MISSIONARY PRIESTS OF THE STATE AND VERY MANY OF THEIR SUCCESSORS.

LOUISVILLE:
CHARLES A. ROGERS,
1884.

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J. C. WEBB & COMPANY,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

46492F

SEP 1 8 1958

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ENGRAVINGS.

In the volume here presented will be found engraved portraits of:

REV. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN,

From a painted likeness kindly furnished by Rt. Rev. William G. McCloskey, Bishop of Louisville.

RT. REV. BENEDICT JOSEPH FLAGET,

From a portrait painted by a Sister of the Loretto Society—furnished by the Mother Superior of Mount St. Benedict's Academy.

REV. ROBERT A. ABELL,

From a photograph furnished by his nephew, Rev. J. J. Abell.

M. HENRY DEGALLON,

French emigrant to Louisville in 1806—From a crayon drawing executed in 1819 by the world-renowned painter and naturalist, John James Audubon—furnished by Mrs. Joseph B. Lilly, a granddaughter of M. DeGallon.

THE AUTHOR,

From a photograph taken in 1870.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

FIFTEEN YEARS ago the historical record herewith presented to the Catholic public of the country was suggested to me by a clerical friend, now deceased, of the Archdiocese of Boston. Too much occupied at the time with business affairs to give thought to the matter, I allowed it to pass from my mind. Toward the close of the year 1876, I was again approached on the subject, this time by a number of Kentucky priests, all personal friends. They were importunate, and nothing I could say in opposition to their views had any effect to moderate their persistency. They argued that the work suggested was called for in justice to the memory of the dead, and in the interests of the living children of the Church, not only in Kentucky, but in every part of the country; that the past of the Church in our State had been an era of true christian heroism, and that the part taken in its foundation and early extension by both priests and people, if faithfully chronicled and set before the eyes of their successors and descendants, would furnish both with motives for increased zeal in the service of God.

My fitness for the task proposed was assumed by these friends from the fact, that having been, either as publisher or editor, connected with the Catholic press of the diocese for more than forty years, I had necessarily acquired something of facility as a writer, and something, too, of skill in the arrangement of matter supposed to be of general Catholic interest. Finally, as they expressed it, to none other than myself had there been given opportunities to learn what was absolutely necessary to a faithful record of facts bearing on the subject involved, and of incidents relating thereto; and hence it was their conviction that the consummation of the work depended solely upon my willingness to undertake it.

However doubtful of my own capabilities, and but faintly recognizing at the time the extent of the obligation assumed, and the sum of labor it involved, I found myself powerless any longer to resist the expressed will of these friends. Seven years have come and gone since my first steps were taken toward my journey's end that has only now been reached. It were idle here to speak of the many disappoint-

ments I have met with in my endeavor to secure information, supplemental to my own previous knowledge, touching individuals and incidents, parts of the past with which I had to deal, that were regarded by me as important to the completeness of my narrative. Before I began to write, I had no idea of the numbers there are, Catholics in both practice and name, who seem neither to know nor care whence they sprung, or in how far they are indebted to their ancestors for the transmitted virtues by which they are to-day distinguished in society and the Church. Pride of ancestry, I have found, is a much more common sentiment among people whose descent is from those who exhibited in their lives, much of worldly wisdom, it may be, but nothing whatever of supernatural virtue, than it is among those whose forefathers were best known in their day and generation for their adherence to Catholic truth, and by their compliance with the precepts inculcated by their religion.

Properly speaking, all history should be for instruction, for edification, and for warning; and especially should this be so when its subjects are used to illustrate the relations of a people, even of a family, with the Supreme Arbiter of its destinies, the Fashioner of its faith and the only object of its adoration. It should not be otherwise than comforting to any Catholic to be able to trace backward the lines of his ancestry, and to find them supported throughout their length by men and women who knew how to appreciate their great privilege of being reckoned among the obedient children of the Church.

With the view of giving to the thousands of their descendants, in Kentucky and scattered throughout the South and West, starting points for investigation into their family histories, I have sought to secure the names, both family and baptismal, of the original Catholic colonists in the eight leading Catholic settlements of Kentucky. I am pleased to be able to say that my efforts in this direction, thanks to friends whose aid has not been wanting in all the older congregations of the State, have been successful beyond anything I could have reasonably hoped for. I am satisfied that the names of but few Catholic emigrants to Kentucky between the years 1785 and 1814, whether from Maryland and the adjoining States, or from England, Ireland and France direct, have escaped my own researches or those of the friends to whom I have referred.

A subject for disquisition that has not a little interested me, refers to the national derivation of the proper names borne by our Maryland forefathers in the faith. By far the greater number of these appear to

me to be of distinct English derivation. This circumstance is readily to be accounted for by the fact, that, being himself an Englishman, it was but natural that Lord Baltimore should have endeavored to secure for his associates in his scheme of American colonization, friends and neighbors of his own nationality, banned by the laws then in force, as he was himself, on account of their adherence to the faith of their fathers. Among these names, alike familiar to the Catholic ear in Maryland and in Kentucky, may be mentioned the following: Adams, Alvey, Aud, Bean, Beaven, Boone, Brewer, Beckett, Blandford, Bowlin, Blacklock, Boles or Bowles, Burch, Cecil or Cissell, Carrico, Clark, Clements, Clarkson, Cambron, Coomes, Cooper, Craycroft, Dant or Dent, Downs, Drury, Elder, Edelin, Elliott, Fenwick, Forrest, Fowler, Gardiner, Gwynn, Greenwell, Gettings, Hayden, Hardisty, Howard, Hamilton, Hill, Hutchins, Jenkins, Jarboe, Johnson, Lancaster, Livers, Lucas, Luckett, Montgomery, Mattingly, Miles, Medley, Mills, Mudd, Norris, Osborne, Payne, Queen, Raley or Raleigh, Rapier, Rudd, Rhodes, Roby, Spalding, Sanders, Speaks, Spink, Sansbury, Sims, Smith, Thompson, Tucker, Wathen, Wheatley, Willett, Weatherington, Worland, Yates, and numerous others, all supposed by me to be of either English, Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman derivation.

Then we have others that are as distinctly Irish, such as Bryan and O'Brien, Byrne, Dolan, Donohoo, Fagan, Flannigan, Gannon, Gallahan, Hagan, corruption of O'Hagan, Hughes, Kelly, Mahony, Mollahorne, corruption of Mollihan, McAtee, Nally, Neeley, O'Neil, Roney, and possibly, Riney, by some written Raney. It is quite certain that early emigrants to Kentucky bearing some of these names were born in Ireland. It is equally assured that certain among them, notably the McAtees and the Hagans, bore names that are to this day so common in Maryland as to warrant the belief that their descent was from those who were of the Colony of St. Mary's, established in 1634.

It will be observed, too, that certain baptismal names were common to all the settlements. Some of these, such as Jeremiah, Hezekiah, Nehemiah, and Zachariah, would likely be denominated frightful by the godmothers of our own times. Then there are many names drawn from the storehouse of church nomenclature that are curious from the frequency of their application to the infant humanity of Catholic Maryland. Among these specially noticeable, will be found: Ambrose, Austin, Augustine, Andrew, Anthony, Anselm, Bennet, Bernard, Basil, Clement, Felix, Giles, Gregory, Hilary, Hugh, Ignatius,

Jerome, Leo, Lawrence, Matthew, Nicholas, Philip, Patrick, Raphael, Stephen, Simeon, Valentine, Wilfred, and Walter. One has but to look at these names to know what was the faith professed by those who bore them. The baptismal names, Leonard, Randal, and Roger, were common among the first emigrants to Kentucky, and they are common in both Maryland and our own State to the present day. The first of these was undoubtedly adopted and continued among the colonists of St. Mary's in honor of their great English leader, Leonard Calvert.

The task imposed upon me by my clerical friends was no doubt suggested by their knowledge of the fact that my personal relations with very many of the deceased clergy of the State had been of a very intimate character. It is something for me to say that my remembrances of sixty odd years fairly throng with moving figures in ecclesiastical garb whose hearts have long been pulseless. With little stretch of fancy, they appear to me now as they did in life. I touch their hands, and I feel the returning pressure. I look into their eyes, and I see no diminution of lustre. I hear their voices, and their instructive words find lodgment in my ears and in my heart. They raise their annointed hands in blessing and in sacramental absolvement, and my head is bent to receive the benison and the divinely instituted release from the thraldom of Satan. I see them in sanctuary ceremonial, at the altar, in the pulpit, in class-room and study-hall, and at the bedsides of the sick and dying. Now they appear to me slowly pacing the seminary lawn, in the shadow of the former Cathedral of the diocese, here singly, and there in pairs, telling their beads, and reciting the words of the divine office; and now I see them with mien indulgent, overlooking, and sometimes taking part in the noisy games of college youths in the hours of recreation. I sit at table with them in the dining-room of the episcopal residence, where hospitable entertainment is regarded as one of my privileges, and I listen or talk where speech is free, where serious converse gives place at times to jest and banter and the room is made to ring with laughter, not rippling, it may be, like that of childhood, but just as hearty and just as guileless. I greet them on the street; I travel with them on horse back, by stage coach, by river steamer and railroad conveyance; I receive them as my guests, visit them in their own rooms, ask for and receive their advice, and am honored by their confidence.

Some one may ask: See you nothing against which you would gladly shut your eyes?—nothing that it has pained you to refer to in the history you have written? Alas, yes! As in society and civil

government history is constantly repeating itself, so there have appeared in the Church of Christ as the years rolled on paraphrases of the events chronicled in the Sacred Scriptures touching the Apostolate chosen by our Lord Himself. In Kentucky, as elsewhere, there has been faltering through human weakness, followed by tears and penitence and faithful championship. Sale, too, has been made of the Son of God, and to the price paid has been added wretchedness and despair. But little has my history to do with these unfortunates, few in number, thank God, and they will be found referred to only to bring into bolder relief characters against whom reproach, whether implied or openly charged, would but constitute slander.

In the pages that follow much space has been devoted to pen-portraiture, as well in respect to person as character, of numbers of clergymen who were formerly identified with the mission of Kentucky and its Catholic establishments. I have endeavored to present these heroes of a past age in the religious history of the State as they were known to me when living, not as saints already glorified, but as soldiers of the cross of Christ, battling loyally for the right, and retrieving lost advantage when worsted in the combat. It would be too much to say, since they were but human, that they were all faultless, and that provision had been made in their regard against errors of judgment. Some of them were certainly deficient in erudition, and a few of them lamentably so. This was due, not to intellectual incapacity, however, but to absolute lack of educational facilities at the time, and to circumstances requiring their ordination with the least delay possible in order to secure to a spiritually suffering people proper pastoral relief. It is to be remembered that, for the greater number of them, their Seminary lives were as much given to manual labor as to study, the former condition being imperative in order to insure to themselves and their teachers the bare necessaries of life. But, whatever were their deficiences in respect to culture and training, it is something for their biographer to be able to say of them, that a more faithful, efficient and zealous body of priests never did service in the cause of religion. All of them were fairly intelligent, and some of them singularly intellectual.

I have no apology to make to any one for having devoted so many pages of my finished work to the lives and labors, the sayings and doings, of Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin and Rev. Robert A. Abell. To say that these were unique characters, naturally suggesting to the biographer stressful points wherewith to embellish his narrative, would be little indicative of their historic consequence. They were

grand characters as well, mediocre in nothing that ordinarily establishes well earned fame and gives to men a just claim to the gratitude of their fellows. I have found myself interested in their very eccentricities, as will also, no doubt, the Catholic public here addressed, and in no wise has my idea of the moral grandeur of their lives been warped or diminished by the increased knowledge I have acquired of the singularities by which they were distinguished in society and in the Church.

That my historical record will find appreciative readers, and many of them, more, possibly, in the North and East than in the South and West, I do not permit myself to doubt. This will result much more from the character of material that has fallen in my way than from any extraordinary skill I have displayed in the line of construction. In very truth, the structure I have reared will be found one of fragments; but there attaches a story to each one of these, complete in itself, that not only fits it for its appointed place in the general design, but gives to it every requisite of conformity.

Wearied of my pencilings, long continued, often interrupted, and as often rewritten, I now push out of my sight the accumulated sheets to flutter before eyes that will discover in them, I trust, something for edification and little for serious criticism. Should my hopes of public favor for my etchings be realized, I will here ask my readers, one and all, priests and laymen, to remember me wherein I am most needful of their charitable service—in their sacrifices and prayers.

BEN. J. WEBB.

Louisville, Ky., April 25, 1884.

HON. BEN. J. WEBB.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FREQUENT reference will be found in the pages that follow to the researches made more than forty years ago by the MOST REV. M. J. SPALDING and then given to the public in his "SKETCHES OF THE EARLY MISSIONS OF KENTUCKY," and his "LIFE OF BISHOP FLAGET." So far as it was the design of the author to go, his work was admirably done, and his sketches have furnished me with numerous facts and occurences introduced into this history. It will be observed, too, that in the sketch I have given of that renowned missionary priest, REV. CHARLES NERINCKX, I have availed myself freely of the record lately published of his life by REV. CAMILLUS MAES, of Detroit.

It is but just to say that I have had the assistance of many individuals, both old and new-found friends, in the labor that was necessarily involved in the preparation of the matter that makes up the volume here presented. Without such aid, it had been impossible for me to get at many facts, as well in the history of Catholic emigration to Kentucky, as in that of the rise and progress of Catholicity in the State, that have added much to the value of my finished work. Referring to these friends, my grateful heart turns first of all to those among them who have passed away since I began to write. The late REV. JOHN B. HUTCHINS, my friend from childhood and my preceptor in youth, not only opened to me the storehouse of his extended remembrances, but he sought, and with marked success, to induce others to render me like service. In a minor degree, the same is to be said of REVS. CHAS. I. COOMES and MICHAEL POWER, DRS. JOHN E. CROWE and THOMAS JENKINS, and MR. JAMES W. OSBORNE, all of Louisville, and all deceased since 1879.

The interest that is exhibited at the cost of time and pains, no matter what may be its subject, should be, of all other, the most worthy of acknowledgment and thanks. Such interest has been taken in my labors by MOST. REV. WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, Archbishop of Cincinnati; REV. A. J. THEBAUD, S. J., of New York City; VERY REV. A. BESSONIES, V. G., Indianapolis, Ind.; REV. WALTER H.

Hill, S. J., of Saint Louis, Mo.; Revs. E. J. Durbin, A. A. Aud, Thomas J. Jenkins, David Russell, Francis Wuyts and Lawrence Bax, of the diocese of Louisville, and Rev. Ferd. Brossart, of the diocese of Covington.

Specially would I acknowledge the invaluable services rendered me in reference to Catholic colonization in Kentucky by Mrs. Hamilton Edelin, of Holy Cross congregation; Mrs. Albert Jenkins and Mr. Samuel Spalding, of that of St. Augustine, Lebanon; Mrs. Mary Blandford Ball, of that of St. Michael, Fairfield; and Mr. Richard Coomes of that of St. Lawrence, in Daviess county.

To the Superiors and older members of the conventual establishments for females in Kentucky, I am indebted for much valuable information touching their respective foundations.

Considerate service has also been rendered me, in respect to special points of inquiry, by Rev. James F. Callaghan, of the archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. William J. Dunn, of the Passionist Fathers; Rev. J. De Vries, of Bowling Green; Rev. Edwin Drury, of New Hope; Rev. M. Melody, of Leitchfield; Rev. J. J. Abell, of Colesburg, Kentucky; and by Very Rev. M. Bouchet, V. G., and Revs. A. J. Harnist, H. J. Brady, M. L. Brandt, T. J. Disney, E. M. Bachman, M. Oberlinkels, Louis M. Miller, H. Plaggenborg, and others of the city pastorate of Louisville. For like service I am indebted to Messrs. Francis W. and Basil T. Elder, of Baltimore and Saint Louis, respectively; Edward, John G. and Benj. F. Mattingly and Mrs. Richard M. Spalding, of Marion county, Kentucky; Dennis Mulligan, Esq., of Lexington; Wm. F. McGill, Esq., of Bardstown; Richard P. Edelin and William F. Booker, Esqrs., of Springfield; and Sylvester Johnson, Esq., and Mrs. Ann Horrell Dawson, of New Haven, Kentucky. I am under similar obligations to the individuals here named, all residents of Louisville: Hon. Chas. D. Jacob, Hon. Patrick Campion, Hon. Richard J. Brown, Patrick Joyes, Esq., Frank Hagan, Esq., Judge J. C. Walker, Hamilton Pope, Esq., James S. Pirtle, Esq., and Messrs. Joseph B. Lilly, Thomas Leahy, Michael Rogers, Chris. Bosche and Thomas Carroll; also to Mrs. John Hays, Mrs. Mary Nippert, Mrs. Bernard McAtee and Mrs. John Doyle. Finally, I am indebted to the Passionist Fathers of "The Retreat," near Louisville, for a number of translations of original letters and documents from the French.

CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—SOIL CHARACTERISTICS—MINERAL WEALTH.

THE district of country known as KENTUCKY is situated between thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, and thirty-nine degrees ten minutes north latitude, and between eighty-one degrees fifty minutes, and eighty-nine degrees twenty-six minutes west longitude. Its area is forty-two thousand six hundred square miles, and it is bounded on the north by the Ohio river, separating it from the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; on the east by Virginia; on the south by Tennessee; and on the west by the Mississippi river, separating it from the State of Missouri.

The surface of the country presents a pleasing diversity of aspect. Dipping from the Cumberland mountains, through ranges of heavily wooded hills of constantly decreasing elevation, it extends three hundred miles westward in beautiful levels and undulations, interrupted here and there by the rocky protuberances known to the language of the country as *knobs*, until stayed by the streams that constitute its northwestern and western boundaries. Springs of wholesome water percolate the land in every direction, and these, as a general thing, are never-failing. In addition to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, which water the northern and western boundaries of the State, Kentucky is traversed by several important streams that are navigable for long distances. These are the Big and the Little Sandy in the eastern; the Tennessee and the Cumberland in the western; and the Kentucky, Licking, Green and Barren rivers in the more central parts of the State. Salt river and its confluents, the Beech and Rolling Forks, though not navigable for steamers, have been made to serve the needs of commerce for nearly a hundred years in bearing upon their bosoms during the spring-tide freshets the produce of the country on its way to the markets of the south.

When first visited by the whites, the forest growth of Kentucky was as rank as it was diversified. Nearly every species of tree and shrub known to the temperate zone was to be found thickly studding almost

the entire surface of the State. Even now, though there has been much reckless waste of valuable timber in too many localities, there is ample remaining, and of the best quality, to serve the necessities of a large population for many years to come.

For the most part, the country rests upon a bed of limestone—of blue limestone in the counties east of the Kentucky river, and of gray limestone in those to the west of that limit. In certain districts, however, black shale abounds, and the lands thereabout are not considered productive. Beneath these rocky foundations, in both the eastern and western parts of the State, vast beds of coal and iron have already been exposed and are being profitably worked. Lead and gypsum have also been found in different parts of the State, but not in quantities sufficient to warrant active mining operations. Salt springs or wells abound in many localities. At one time the manufacture of salt was a primary industry of the State. Now, it is only made in large quantities in Clay county, in eastern Kentucky, and in Meade county, on the Ohio river about fifty miles southwest of Louisville.

Taken as a whole, the soil of Kentucky is remarkable for its fertility. The lands overlying the blue limestone formation are undoubtedly the best, but there are vast tracts lying beyond the region wherein this characteristic geological formation prevails that are almost equally productive. In such a vast area, of course, uniformity in the value of lands for agricultural purposes is not to be reasonably expected. There are spots, and not a few of them, from which the husbandman will vainly seek a compensative return for his toil. It was upon just such a spot that the first Catholic emigrants who came to Kentucky reared their rude tabernacles. Many have regarded this fact as a misfortune. The writer, whose descent is from one of them, is inclined to the belief that it was providential.

ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS—PREHISTORIC REMAINS.

It is difficult to say with certainty to what particular tribe of Indians the country known as Kentucky rightfully belonged at any era of which there is historic record. It is generally conceded that in the far distant past, possibly as many as eight hundred years ago, as some archæologists affirm, the district to which now attaches the name was inhabited by a race of men whose civilization was of a higher type than that of any of the tribes that have since been brought into contact with the whites on the soil of North America. Without going into the details, there is abundant evidence in support of this theory to be found in the remains they have left us scattered all over the State, all pointing unmistakably to a knowledge among them of certain of the arts, as well as of appliances of living, that were wholly unknown to any one of the nomadic tribes found in the country by its Caucasian discoverers.

What are known as Indian *mounds* are to be found in all parts of Kentucky. They usually appear on the margins of water courses, and upon level lands. It is doubtful at this day whether they were con-

structed primarily for defence, sepulture, worship and sacrifice, or for all these uses combined. Some are square, some elliptical, some circular, and some polygonal. Many of them have been opened and have been found to contain human remains. Their structure is often in accordance with a high standard of art, and the size of many of them, taken in connection with the fact that they are ordinarily situated in the midst of fertile plains and contiguous to running waters, would imply that their builders were an agricultural people and were possessed of fixed habitations.

It is of tradition that the name by which the State is known is of Indian origin, and that the meaning of the word is, THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND. It is said by some that this title was applied to the district ages ago for the reason that, even then it had long been regarded as disputed territory, over which mutually hostile bands were and had been in the habit of roaming and hunting and fighting, and to which no particular tribe had ever acquired a title by conquest. Some go so far as to assert that, so fierce and bloody had been the contests for its mastery, the Indians themselves came to regard the country as given over to the possession of malignant spirits, and that, for this reason, they were disinclined to it even as a temporary abiding place. This supposed prejudice on the part of the Indians, if it ever had an existence, must have worn itself out before any attempt was made by the whites to secure a footing in the country; otherwise, the history of those times would not be found blotted on almost its every page with accounts of tragedies that had their motive in Indian hostility to Caucasian colonization.

It is quite certain that what is now known as Western Kentucky was inhabited by Indians at or very shortly before the time of the discovery of the country by the whites. These Indians, except, it may be, in the southwestern part of the State, where it is conceded that the *Cherokees* afterwards held sway, were most likely of the tribe of the *Chaouanons*, so designated in the writings of the French missionaries, who were undoubtedly the first Europeans that travelled through the western portion of the United States. This name of the original nation was changed by the English, first into *Shauana*, and later, into *Shawnee*. The Cumberland river, thus named about the middle of the last century by its discoverer, Dr. Thomas Walker, after the English Duke of that title, was called by the Indians, the *Shawanee*.

Though it is asserted that Col. Wood, an Englishman, explored Kentucky in 1654, and that a party of twenty-three Spaniards, all of whom were afterwards destroyed by the Indians, journeyed along its northern border as early as 1669, it is doubtful if the renowned Father Jacques Marquette was not the first white man whose feet pressed the soil of the State. Accompanied by Louis Joliet, and five other Frenchmen, he descended the upper Mississippi in 1673, and reached the mouth of the Ohio, then called the *Ouabouskigon*, about the 5th of July of the year named. Happily, we are not left to conjecture in relation to the great Jesuit missionary's impressions. What he saw and heard

was committed to paper, and the record remains. He tells us that the region to the east, through which flows the Ohio, was peopled by the *Chaouanons;* that they were in such numbers that they reckoned twenthree villages in one district, and fifteen in another; that they were peaceably disposed, and had been shamefully persecuted by the powerful tribe of the *Iroquois*, etc.*

Had the Shawnees been an insignificant and unwarlike people, it is not likely that the Iroquois would have considered it worth their while to leave their own hunting grounds in western New York, and the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, in order to make war upon them. With these latter war was a trade. They pushed their wars and invasions to the west and south; and, at the time of the discovery of the mouth of the Ohio by Father Marquette, they seem to have just overpowered the Shawnees, the ancient tenants of Kentucky, and also, possibly, of the Wabash country.†

The extinction of Indian titles to proprietorship over the soil of Kentucky is claimed under the provisions of four distinct treaties entered into between the Indians and the whites. The first of these was the treaty of Albany, New York, made with the Iroquois in 1684, Lord Howard, Governor of Virginia, and Col. Thos. Dongan, Governor of New York, signing the treaty on the part of the whites. The second was effected at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1744, the contracting parties being the Chiefs of the confederation known as that of "The Six Nations" on the part of the Indians, and the Governors of Pennsylvania, and commissioners representing Virginia and Maryland on the part of the whites. The third, entered into Nov. 5th, 1768, is known as the treaty of Fort Stanwix. By this treaty the Indians, composing the original Iroquois league, "together with the Delawares, the

* It is exceedingly doubtful if the Shawnees were deserving of this eulogy of their peace-loving characteristics. They would have been glad to be at peace with the Iroquois because they knew themselves to be less powerful. They were, in fact, as their subsequent history shows, a fierce, hardy and warlike tribe. "In 1745," says Collins in his Annals of Kentucky, "the Shawnees of Kentucky had retreated upon the banks of the Ohio, the Miami and the Muskingum to avoid their southern enemies. Being now at peace with the Menguys, they allied with them against the Cherokees, Catawbas, Muscologees, Chickasaws, etc., and Kentucky remains the hunting ground of the northern and southern nations, where they meet at war." "In 1764," says the same authority, "they removed from Ohio to Pennsylvania, and from Green river to the Wabash."

In 1804, the fierce Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, together with his brother, noted as "the Prophet," sought to incite a general massacre of the whites throughout the west by endeavoring to convince the tribes that it was their duty to combine to that end. If the true story could be told of the hundreds of massacres of white people in Kentucky during the last three decades of the eighteenth century, it is not to be doubted that the greater number of these, as well as the more daring and more atrocious, were committed by the Shawnee Indians.

† Schoolcraft, in his History of the Indian Tribes of the United States says of the Shawnees: "This people always considered themselves to have claims to these attractive hunting-grounds," (those of Kentucky).

Shawnees and the Mingoes, grant unto King George the Third, in consideration of the sum of £10,460, all the territory south of the Ohio and west of the Cherokee (Tennessee) rivers, and back of the British settlements." The fourth and last treaty was that entered into between the Cherokee Indians and the Henderson Land Company in 1775, by the terms of which, in consideration of the sum of £10,000, the Indians named ceded all their proprietary rights to the soil of the State to said Company.*

THE WHITES IN KENTUCKY.

The earliest recorded explorations of Kentucky—then a little known district of country, and geographically forming the vastly superior portion of Fincastle county, Virginia—were made, first by Dr. Thomas Walker in 1758, and second, by John Findlay in 1767. The first of these explorers, a native of Albemarle county, Virginia, crossed the Alleghanies, as some say, in 1747, but as is more generally believed, in 1758, and discovered the Cumberland range of mountains and the river by the same name heading therein.

Findlay's expedition in 1767, was undertaken solely with the view of opening trade with the Indians. These becoming hostile, he and his companions were forced to return to their homes. The leader of the expedition had an eye, however, to the beauty of the country and its adaptation for permanent settlements, and it was owing principally to Findlay's glowing descriptions of what he had himself seen in the regions he had traversed that many of the frontiersmen of Virginia and North Carolina were influenced to leave their homes and tempt the uncertainties of existence in the then pathless wilds of Kentucky.

Among those who took the deepest interest in Findlay's accounts of the country was one whose name became afterwards associated with the most stirring events that characterized the early history of the State. Daniel Boone was a noble adventurer. He was at once daring and prudent; self-confident and modest; almost misanthropic in his manner of life, and yet always ready to stand between his friends and danger. Collins thus refers to this remarkable man:

"He was born in Burks county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th February, 1731. Of his life, little is known previous to his emigration to Kentucky. . . . It it said that his ancestors were among the original Catholic settlers of Maryland; but of this nothing is known with certainty; nor is it, perhaps, important that anything should be."

* Under the provisions of this treaty, the Henderson Land Company claimed proprietary title to lands that had been previously conveyed to individuals and corporations by the Commonwealth of Virginia. Trouble immediately ensued between the Company and the aggrieved holders of these lands. To quiet the disturbance, the Legislature took the matter in hand and decided that the Company had acquired no title to the lands through its treaty with the Cherokees. There was assigned to it, however, by way of compensation for the money it had expended, an ample territory in the northwestern part of the State, including the district of country now known as Henderson county.

We may be permitted to doubt if the writer of this is competent to decide upon the question he raises and so flippantly dismisses. At times, through lack of facilities necessary to the practice of their religion, individual Catholics have been known to lapse from the faith of their fathers. But in such instances the children do not ordinarily suffer total shipwreck of the legitimate results of the faith that was held and practiced by their parents. It will be important for Catholics to know that Daniel Boone, notwithstanding he had little knowledge, and possibly none at all, of Catholicity as a system of religious faith, was indebted to his Catholic ancestors for those stern virtues, transmitted in the natural order, which at once distinguished them and characterized himself. *

Immediately preceding his first visit to Kentucky, Daniel Boone was living with his family in one of the valleys bordering on the South Yadkin river, in North Carolina. Upon Findlay's return to the State, urged thereto, doubtless, as much by his own venturous spirit as by that pioneer's accounts of what he had seen, Boone made up his mind to organize a company for the further exploration of the country beyond the Cumberland mountains. Early in the year 1769, accompanied by Findlay in the capacity of guide, and by John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Mooney and William Coole, all of his own neighborhood on the Yadkin, Boone began his march westward. On the 7th June the party reached Red river, in eastern Kentucky, where they built a cabin and remained until the 22d December following. On that day while out hunting, Boone and Stuart were captured by Indians, from whom, after several days, they succeeded in escaping. On regaining their camp they found it dismantled and deserted; and of those who had been left in its occupancy no word was ever heard. A few days later the survivors were joined by Squire Boone, a younger brother of Daniel, and another man who had followed the expedition from North Carolina. But soon after this accession to their numbers, Stuart was shot and scalped by the Indians. The only remaining companion of the brothers became discouraged and returned to North Carolina. With an interval of several months, during which the younger of the brothers returned to North Carolina in order to procure a fresh supply of ammunition, the Boones remained together, "roving through the woods in every direction, killing abundance of game, and finding an unutterable pleasure in contemplating the natural beauties of the forest scenery," until March, 1771, when they retraced their steps to North Carolina. For nearly three years Boone remained away from his family, and during all that time, "he never tasted bread or salt; nor beheld the face of a single white man, with the exception of his brother and the friends who had been killed."

In the fall of the year 1773, Boone was at the head of another expedition to Kentucky, but this resulted as disastrously as the first. When

* The family name of Boone is quite common in both Maryland and Kentucky; and, for the greater part, those bearing it are Catholics in religion.

the party, which was composed of forty armed men, neared the Cumberland mountains, they were attacked by Indians, and a bloody battle ensued. The Indians were driven off, but six of the whites were killed or wounded, a son of the leader being of the number of the former. Completely demoralized by the occurrence, the remainder of the party retired to the settlements on Clinch river. In 1775, Boone was employed by Col. Richard Henderson to mark out a road for the pack horses and wagons of the party he was leading to Kentucky. This service he accomplished, reaching a point about fifteen miles from that upon which he shortly afterwards built the fort known as that of Boonesborough, on the 25th March of the year named. Here he was attacked by Indians and a number of his companions killed. Upon the completion of the fort he returned to Clinch river for his family, and their removal to the fort was happily accomplished some time during the following year. In July, 1776, a thrilling adventure happened at the fort, which is thus described in Collins' History of Kentucky (Vol. II, page 58):

"Jemima Boone and two daughters of Col. Calloway were amusing themselves in the neighborhood of the fort, when a party of Indians rushed from the surrounding coverts and carried them away captives. The screams of the terrified girls aroused the inmates of the garrison, and Boone hastily pursued with only a party of eight men. After marching hard for two nights, the little party came up with the Indians the third day. The pursuit had been conducted with such celerity and silence that the Indians were taken by surprise and easily routed. The young girls were restored to their parents without the slightest injury."

It would be interesting, if such digressions were admissible, to give here at least a synopsis of the events that took place at and near Boonesborough between the years 1776 and 1780. Night and day the garrison was kept on the alert, and very many distressful tragedies were enacted where peace and plenty have blessed a contented population for more than a hundred years.

It is stated, but without sufficient authority, as we conceive, that Gen. George Washington came into Eastern Kentucky between the years 1770 and 1772, and surveyed two tracts of land for one John Fry—one in the present county of Lawrence, and the other in what is now Greenup county.

In 1770, a party of forty hunters from Southwest Virginia united for the purpose of trapping and hunting west of the Alleghany mountains. Nine of them, under the leadership of Col. James Knox, penetrated the country as far south as the Green and lower Cumberland rivers. On account of their extended absence from home, they were denominated "The Long Hunters."

In the fall of 1773, Capt. Thomas Bullitt, a land surveyor from Virginia, reached the Falls of the Ohio and pitched his tent above the mouth of Beargrass creek. At night, for fear of the Indians, he retired to a *shoal* in the river above Corn island. He was accompanied

in this expedition by Jas. Sandusky, James Harrod, John Smith, Isaac Hite, Abraham Haptonstall, James Douglas, Ebenezer Severns, John Fitzpatrick and others. The party was joined later by Hancock Taylor, killed afterwards by the Indians, Mathew Bracken and Jacob Drennon. During this expedition Capt. Bullitt completed a number of surveys in the district now included in the boundaries of Jefferson and Bullitt counties; and, before leaving, he laid off the town of Louisville.

In May, 1774, a party composed of forty-one persons, under Capt. James Harrod, descended the Ohio river and encamped on the site now occupied by the city of Cincinnati. Proceeding on, they reached the mouth of the Kentucky river, which they ascended as far as what is now Mercer county, where they laid off the town of Harrodsburg and erected a number of cabins.

The most noteworthy of the Kentucky pioneers, after Boone, was Simon Kenton. As early as 1771 he visited Kentucky in company with John Strader and George Yeager, the latter of whom had been brought up by the Indians. Failing in their search after certain *cane* lands, reported to them as exceedingly rich, they returned to the mouth of the Great Kanawha in the winter of 1771, and engaged in hunting and trapping. In March, 1773, they were attacked by Indians, and Yeager was killed. Kenton and Strader escaped to the woods, and after incredible sufferings, reached a camp of hunters on the banks of the Ohio.

In July, 1773, Capt. Bullitt surveyed "a very good tract of land" on Big Bone creek for Robert McAfee, one of a numerous family of early pioneers in Kentucky. Bone Lick, as the locality is called, is in Boone county, about one and a half miles from the Ohio river. At the time referred to, it was a repository of bones of animals, immense in size and also in quantity.*

Very many surveys were begun and finished in Kentucky in the year 1774, and from that time emigration to the State set in steadily. No holiday time had these first settlers in wresting the country from Indian mastery. Regarded by all the tribes having their nominal homes north of the Ohio river and south and west of the Tennessee, as intruders and usurpers of rights to which they had no claim in equity, they literally lived from day to day with their lives in their hands. To enable the reader to form a correct idea of the dangers to which they were exposed, we shall introduce here, taken at random from hundreds of such accounts, a few details of their troubled experiences:

*One account of these bones speaks thus of them: "They were lying in the lick and close to it, as if most of the animals had been standing side by side and sticking in the mud when they met their death. Some of the joints of the back-bone were large enough for use in the place of stools, and some of the ribs were long enough to be converted into tent-poles. One of the tusks stuck out of the bank six feet, and so firmly was it imbedded that we found it impossible to remove or even shake it."

"Col. John Floyd, who was a leading spirit among the pioneers of Kentucky, was one of five brothers, three of whom were killed by the Indians. Two of his brothers-in-law also met a like fate. On the 12th April, 1783, Col. Floyd and his brother Charles, not suspecting danger, for there had been no late serious trouble with the Indians, were riding together near Floyd's Station, when they were fired upon and the former mortally wounded. He was dressed in his wedding suit of scarlet cloth, and thus was a prominent mark for his murderous foes. His brother, whose horse was wounded, sprang up behind the Colonel's saddle, and putting his arms about him, took the reins and brought him off to the fort, where he died after a few hours. Col. Floyd was the owner of a remarkable horse that he usually rode, which had the singular instinct of knowing when Indians were near, and always gave to his rider the sign of their presence. 'Charles,' said the wounded man to his brother, 'if I had been riding Pompey to-day this would not have happened.'"

"The family of Samuel Davis, residing in 1782 in the county of Lincoln, was surprised by Indians when the husband and father was but a few rods from his own door. Returning, after a brief absence, he was horrified to find the cabin filled with Indians. Though seen and followed by one of the band, he managed to escape to the station of his brother, about five miles distant. His appearance told the tale of his distress before he could tell it himself. Obtaining a spare gun, and followed by the entire force of the station, he made his way back to his cabin, only to find it tenantless. There being no appearance of bloodshed about the premises, it was rightly conjectured that the Indians had carried off his wife and children. Pursuit was immediately made, and after going a few miles, the attention of the party was attracted by the howling of a dog. The animal belonged to the family, and had been wounded by the Indians in their attempt to kill it. Knowing by this circumstance that they must be in the vicinity of the savages, they pushed forward and soon had them in view. Two Indians had the woman and children in charge, and these discovered the approach of the whites and gave the alarm. One of these latter, hastily advancing, knocked down the oldest boy, aged eleven, and was fired on, ineffectually, however, while in the act of scalping him. Mrs. Davis saved herself and the infant she had in her arms by jumping into a 'sink-hole.' The entire family was rescued without casualty, except to the eldest son, who, on regaining his lost consciousness, rose to his feet and exclaimed: 'Curse that Indian; he has got my scalp!'"

It was most likely in the year 1783 that the occurrence took place that is related in a biographical sketch of the late John L. Helm, Governor of Kentucky, whose grandfather, Thomas Helm, was an early settler of Hardin county: "Jenny Pope Helm, wife of Thomas, and grandmother of Governor Helm, was a courageous little woman, but on one occasion she suffered a shock that almost deprived her of reason. She had sent one of her sons, not yet grown, to the Bullitt

Licks for a supply of salt. The youth was accompanied by a party of young men from a neighboring settlement, and on their way they were fired on by Indians and the boy killed. The body was recovered by one of his companions, who bound it on his horse and brought it to the fort. The mother was on the watch for her returning boy; and seeing the horseman approaching with his strange-looking burden slung across the shoulders of his beast, she hastened to the gate in order to open it for his entrance. Who can paint the horror of the moment, when, just as the heavy gate swung back upon its hinges, the mangled remains of her son—the bonds breaking that had held them in their place—fell prone at the feet of the wretched woman."

The history of white emigration to Kentucky during the decade ending with the year 1783 is filled with recitals of a like character with the above. But never was there a people more venturous or more scornful of danger than were those who are now referred to as the pioneers of Kentucky. Many of these men were no doubt attracted to the State by their love of adventure. However this may be, they were certainly not kept away by their knowledge of the fact that danger was an element of the life that was before them. With each year these hardy men were seen to enter upon the soil in greater numbers; and by degrees, first from one section and then from another, there was eliminated all fear of Indian molestation.

People of the present day have little conception of the rude simplicity that marked the lives of these pioneers. The outfit of a family of emigrants at the beginning of their journey ordinarily consisted of the clothes they wore, and, possibly, of second suits, or the stuffs required for their manufacture; firearms and ammunition; a few indispensable tools and agricultural implements; a limited supply of cooking utensils; a 'small' and sometimes a 'great' spinning-wheel; a pair or two of combing cards and a package of seeds. Such as were able to do so, brought with them, of course, the best specimens of their flocks, herds and horses, and the ubiquitous dog trotted beside his master from the beginning of his journey to its end.*

Arrived at their destination, their first care was to make provision for protection and shelter. For the most part, these requisites were only to be secured by residence in one or another of the fortified *stations* already existing, or by the erection, through the combined action of a number of families, of others of like character.†

*In early days in Kentucky the dog was considered a necessary appendage to every household. During the Indian raids of the times, it was to his sagacity and watchfulness that individuals and families were often indebted for the preservation of their lives.

†The state of the country from 1774 to 1790, was such as to forbid isolated residence in any part of the country. Hence it was that in every neighborhood there was a block-house, to which was applied, in the language of the country, the term *station*. Collins enumerates no fewer than two hundred and fifty stations, mostly situated in the central parts of the State. The more important of these were: Harrod's, in Mercer county; Boonesborough, in Madison county; Bryan's, in Fayette county; Fort Nelson and Floyd's, in Jefferson

As time passed on, however, now one, and now another of the families previously cooped up in a particular station would emerge from its gates and set up for themselves beyond its protecting palisades. Not a few of these paid with their lives for their temerity; but there were many who were left undisturbed to pursue their peaceful avocations, and to win for themselves comfortable homes in the wilderness. Having fixed upon a survey, the first thing they did was to clear a favorable spot of its forest growth and to erect in its centre a rude structure of logs. The size of the cabin was made to correspond with the number of persons who were to find shelter under its roof. Generally speaking, it was divided into two rooms, but often into three or four. The roof was formed of clap-boards, and the floor, where there was other than the naked earth, of rough-hewn puncheons. The openings for the introduction of light were but lateral slits in the wall, generally three feet in length by one foot in width, and though they were sometimes protected from the inside by hanging wooden shutters, they were bare of both sash and glass.

The furniture used in these primitive times was all improvised on the call of necessity. It consisted, ordinarily, of a table fashioned after the pattern of a butcher's block; bedsteads constructed of upright and lateral sections of young timber, dovetailed at the corners; wooden settles and three-legged stools. In a corner of one of the rooms, or, as was most generally the case, under a shed of boughs in the rear of the cabin, were to be found a hominy-mortar and a hand-mill for grinding corn. Wooden platters served the purposes to which earthenware is now devoted, and the easily cultivated gourd made an admirable drinking cup.

The forests and streams were alive with game and fish in those days, and so long as powder and lead were in hand, or were to be procured at the nearest station, there was little absolute suffering for lack of food. This circumstance, too, enabled the settlers to retain the natural increase of their herds and flocks, and there was soon abundance of milk for food, and of wool for clothing.

The first planting done by the emigrants was invariably of corn and flax. The product of the one was needed for bread, and that of the other for wearing apparel. No matter how small was the spot of ground reclaimed from the forest, a patch of flax was regarded as one of its necessary features. Upon the women of the household generally devolved the labor of securing this crop and preparing the lint for its destined uses. Cotton and hemp were cultivated at a later day, each family raising a sufficiency of both for its own needs. As a rule, up

county; Bullitt's Lick, in Bullitt county; McAfee's stations (three), in Mercer county; Ruddle's, in Bourbon county; and Logan's Fort, in Lincoln county.

The stations situated in the district occupied by the Catholic emigrants from Maryland were known as Bardstown, Cox's Creek, Burnt, Rogers' and Goodwin's, all in Nelson county; Sandusky's, Cartwright's, Harbeson's and the Rolling Fork, in Washington county; Mann's Lick, in Bullitt county; and Kincheloe's, in Spencer county.

to the year 1820, the clothing of the people throughout the State was the direct product of their own farms, and had been spun, woven and fashioned by the females of the households. At a date still later, there was no more familiar sound to be heard in the land than the hum of the spinning wheel.

It is not to be doubted that the emigrants had from the start pretty clear notions of the privations they would have to endure, and of the hardships their ventures would entail upon them. But never were men and women less dainty or more courageous. They met discomforts without complaint, and they shrank from no character of toil that gave promise of beneficial results to themselves or others. One of their most serious troubles referred to the long and often dangerous journeys they were obliged to make to the *licks* in order to procure supplies of salt. Roads there were none—blazed trees being the only guides to direct the messengers to and from the licks.

For protection against cold, whether in sleeping or journeying, the emigrants had recourse to the skins of beasts, killed in the chase or trapped on the margins of the water courses. The art of dressing and rendering these pliable was of common knowledge at the time. A serious inconvenience of the settlers arose from the fact that there were no mills in the country for the grinding of corn. The reduction of grain into meal by the use of the old-fashioned hand-mill was a laborious process, and it involved so much of the time and labor of the households, that measures were almost immediately taken, after the country was supposed to be free from Indians, to remedy the annoyance. Rude corn mills, very simple affairs, were put up in the vicinity of some of the stations as early as the year 1780. It was not until about the year 1790, however, that a more pretentious mode of milling was established in the State. About the year named, a little earlier or a little later, mills were put up in Bardstown, on Cartwright's creek, and on the Rolling Fork, to which the Catholic settlers of Nelson and Washington counties were in the habit of repairing with their grists for grinding.*

*These mills, and many others subsequently built in the districts of country settled by Catholics, were put up, I have reason to believe, by the writer's father, the late Nehemiah Webb, of Bardstown. Mr. Webb was a practical millwright. His first wife was the daughter of a Mr. John Waller, proprietor of the mill on Cartwright's creek, and he was himself the proprietor of the mill at Bardstown. His first child, singularly enough, was born in a mill he had just completed on the Beech Fork, near the present village of Fredericksburg, in Washington county. He is credited with having erected and operated the first cotton gin and the first oil press in the State. I am indebted to the courtesy of William F. Booker, Esq., of Springfield, for a copy of the forty-second issue of a newspaper published in Bardstown in 1807, by P. Isler, under the title of the *Candid Critic*. In this issue appears the following advertisement: "The subscriber hereby informs the public that he has got his *Cotton Gin* again in operation, and that he continues to purchase flaxseed and wheat. "Bairdstown, Dec. 9, 1807." "[Signed,] NEHEMIAH WEBB."

With the feeling of more assured safety from savage inroads, the enterprise of the settlers began to exhibit itself in many ways. Their farms were extended, and their crops presented a more diversified appearance. The vegetable garden claimed greater attention from housewives, and soon wild flowers and creepers began to adorn the garden walks, and to climb the sides of the rude structures in which the people lived. A system of barter was inaugurated, not only between neighbor and neighbor, but with the nearest stations and the newly laid-out villages. Artisans were invited to set up their trades in localities most convenient to those who proposed to become their customers. Orchards were planted, and attention given to the cultivation of fruits. Commendable rivalry sprang up among the women of the settlements in the production of fabrics for clothing, and in many other things involving the comfort and welfare of families. Finally, churches were organized, and schools established for the instruction of youth.

In these days of ostentatious display in the matter of attire, it will not be amiss to note how little there was of complexity in the styles of dress worn by both men and women in the olden times in Kentucky. "As late as 1782," says a writer on the subject, "the men dressed in pioneer homespun; moccasins and leather leggings for the lower extremities; hats made of splinters rolled in buffalo wool and sewed with deer sinews or buckskin whangs; shirts and hunting shirts of buckskin. A few dressed in Indian costume—wore nothing whatever but breech-clouts. The females wore a coarse cloth made of buffalo wool; underwear of dressed deerskin; sun-bonnets something like the men's hats; moccasins in winter; but in summer all went barefooted."

From and after the year 1785, the underwear of both sexes was invariably of flax linen, and a young woman could be said to be in full dress when she appeared in a closely-fitting gown of cotton, woven in stripes, or of half-bleached flax linen, five yards to the pattern, for summer; or in one of linsey-woolsey, dyed to suit her individual taste with coloring matter gathered by herself from the neighboring woods. From top to toe—from her sun-bonnet, stiffened with hickory splints, to her moccasined feet—she was able to boast that her wearing apparel was the creation of her own busy fingers.

We shall not attempt to institute a comparison between Jemima Boone, Betsy Calloway and the other young women of their day, and the belles of our own period. Were we to do so, however, it is not at all certain that we should not be compelled to accord to the former the greater sum of praise. It is beyond question that they were physically superior, and it is an open one whether they did or did not possess in a greater degree those qualities of heart and mind that go so far to insure happiness in the married state.

Emigration to Kentucky assumed great activity at the close of the revolutionary war in 1782. Those proposing to settle in the State ordinarily came in bands, as well for mutual protection as with the view of after social intercourse in their new homes. As a general

thing, the emigrants were agriculturists, but in each distinct company there was ordinarily to be found one or more persons who were familiar with particular mechanical trades, such as blacksmithing, wagon making, carpentering, etc. These latter usually settled at points that were most convenient to the greater number of the families upon whose patronage they were dependent. All the old towns in Kentucky owe their origin to this circumstance. For many years there was little money in the country, and trade amongst the people was almost exclusively carried on by interchange of commodities.

CHAPTER II.

CATHOLIC EMIGRATION TO KENTUCKY.

Among the adventurous men who sought to conquer homes in Kentucky between the years 1773 and 1785, there were, without doubt, many who were born of Catholic parents and had been received by baptism into the Catholic Church. That there were more of these than is generally supposed is to be inferred from the fact that unmistakable Catholic names are to be met with all over the State whose present owners know nothing whatever of the ancient faith of christendom. These men came as adventurers, and not as Catholics; and it was only through God's mercy that here and there an individual amongst them was saved from shipwreck of his faith. Of this class of Catholics, the only two of whose lives there is any settled record were William Coomes and Dr. George Hart. The late Most Rev. Dr. Spalding, in his admirable "Sketches of Kentucky," says of these two adventurous spirits:

"They both came out in the spring of 1775, among the very first white people who removed to Kentucky.* They settled in Harrod's station, at that time the only place in Kentucky except Boonesborough, and, perhaps, Logan's station, where emigrants could enjoy any degree

* This is likely a mistake. Dr. Spalding tells us (see note, pages 34–35) that his informant, the late Walter A. Coomes, who was a son of the William Coomes mentioned, stated to him that "his father reached Harrodstown in the spring of 1774," but, as that date did not agree with the statement made by Butler and Marshall respecting the first settlement of the town, he had thought it more probable that his arrival had been a year later. Neither Marshall nor Butler are wholly reliable in regard to dates. Collins has corrected many of their errors, the one referred to among others. He tells us that in the spring of 1774, "James Harrod, Abram Hite, Jacob and James Sandusky, and thirty-seven others, descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Kentucky river, and that they went up that stream to what is now Mercer county, where, in June, they laid off Harrodstown (afterwards called Oldtown, and now Harrodsburg), and erected a number of cabins." (Collins' Kentucky, Vol. I, page 17).

of security from the attacks of Indians. . . . William Coomes was originally from Charles county, Maryland, whence he had removed to the south branch of the Potomac river in Virginia. He emigrated to Kentucky with his family, together with Abraham and Isaac Hite. On the way through Kentucky to Harrod's station, the party encamped for some weeks at Drilling's Lick, in the neighborhood of the present city of Frankfort. Here Mrs. Coomes, aided by those of the party not engaged in hunting, employed herself in making salt—for the first time perhaps that this article was manufactured in the State."*

Dr. George Hart was a native of Ireland, in religion a Catholic, and by profession a physician. Dr. Spalding say of him:

"He was one of the first physicians, if not the very first of the profession, who settled in Kentucky. He lived for many years in Harrodstown, where he was engaged in the practice of medicine. After the great body of the Catholics had located themselves in the vicinity of Bardstown, he too removed thither in order to enjoy the blessings of his religion. He purchased a farm about a mile from Bardstown, embracing the site of the present burial ground of St. Joseph's congregation. It was he who made a present to the church of the lot of ground upon which the old church of St. Joseph was erected. Towards the building of this, one among the oldest Catholic churches in Kentucky, he also liberally contributed. He was the first Catholic who died in Kentucky, and the first who was buried in the cemetery which himself had bestowed."†

* It is more than likely that Mrs. Coomes was the first white woman who came to the State with the view of permanent residence.

† I have to acknowledge that I am unable to reconcile Dr. Spalding's statements respecting William Coomes and Dr. Hart with other well ascertained facts and the inferences they naturally suggest. On page 30 of his "Sketches," he tells us that Walter A. Coomes was "16 years old when he came to Kentucky with his father in 1775, and that the same Walter A. Coomes is (then living in 1844) in his 74th year." Here we are presented with an arithmetical impossibility. Again, on page 40, he says of William Coomes, father of Walter A. Coomes, that he moved from Harrodstown to the vicinity of Bardstown in 1783, "in order to be near his Catholic brethren." But there were no "Catholic brethren" for him in all Kentucky until 1785; no priest till 1787; no Catholics about Bardstown as permanent residents till still later. Again, on page 24, Dr. Spalding says of Dr. Hart, that "he was the first Catholic who died in Kentucky, and the first that was buried in the cemetery that himself had bestowed." Inferentially, the statement that Dr. Hart was the first Catholic to die in Kentucky is altogether improbable. Dr. Hart must have died after July 12th, 1802, which is the date of his deed: "In consideration of the sum of five shillings, unto Stephen Theodore Badin, of Washington county, for a certain tract of land lying near Bardstown, containing two and three-quarter acres, including the Roman Catholic chapel." This deed is signed "George Hart" and is recorded in the office of the Nelson County Court, in Deed Book 6, page 97.

When Father Badin first reached Kentucky in 1793, he estimated the number of Catholic families under his charge at three hundred. The ordinary statistics of mortality would preclude the idea that there had not been many deaths among them previous to Dr. Hart's own demise. It is beyond

Properly speaking, Catholic emigration to Kentucky did not set in until the year 1785. In the beginning it was wholly from Maryland, and principally from the counties of St. Mary, Charles and Prince George. The greater part of the emigrants were descendants of the original Catholic settlers, who, in 1634, disembarked from the *Ark* and the *Dove*, and took peaceable possession, by right of purchase, of the territory to which was given the name of *Maryland*. In deciding to give up their ancient homes and to seek others in the wilds of Kentucky, the emigrants were influenced principally, no doubt, by the motive of bettering their worldly prospects. Their Maryland farms, exhausted by unskilful methods of cultivation through a long series of years, had ceased to yield them remunerative crops, and in the then state of the public mind in reference to the boundless fertility of the soil of Kentucky, it is not at all wonderful that they should have been stirred to just such a movement as the one that followed.

Preliminary to passing on to the histories of the eight leading Catholic settlements of Kentucky, the writer would ask his readers to bear in mind certain facts here stated in brief, but hereafter to be treated in detail:

1. The Catholic settlement on Pottinger's creek, begun in 1785, was followed a year later by that of Hardin's Creek, and possibly, by that of Scott county. The settlement near Bardstown and that of Cartwright's Creek date from the year 1787. The Rolling Fork settlement was begun in 1788; that of Breckinridge county in 1790; and that of Cox's Creek, or Fairfield, in 1795. With the exception of that of Scott county, all these settlements were in the single county of Nelson as then laid out.

2. The first missionary priest sent to Kentucky, Rev. M. Whelan, reached the Pottinger's Creek settlement in the early summer of 1787, and he remained in the State till the spring of 1790. He was followed six months later by Rev. William de Rohan, who built Holy Cross church, the first erected in the State. In 1795 came Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin and Rev. M. Barrieres, the former remaining till 1819, and the latter serving the mission for only four months. In February, 1797, came Rev. Michael C. J. Fournier; and two years later Rev. Anthony Salmon. The first named died in 1803, and the last after a brief service of nine months on the mission. In 1799, Rev. John Thayer, a native of New England, a convert and a priest, came to Kentucky and labored efficiently for four years. In July, 1805, came Rev. Charles Nerinckx, afterwards the founder of the Loretto Society, who served upon the missions of the State until 1824. The same year

question that the memory of Dr. Spalding's aged informant was not equal to his desire to give exact information on the points submitted to him by the author of the "Sketches." If the motive which influenced Dr. Hart and William Coomes to remove from Harrodstown to the neighborhood of Bardstown was to be "near their Catholic brethren," it is quite certain that their change of residence did not take place until 1785. I am inclined to think that it took place in reality a year later.

came Rev. Urban Guillet and his associates of the order of Our Lady of La Trappe, and founded a Monastery on Pottinger's creek. In the same year came to Kentucky the Dominican fathers, Revs. Edward Fenwick, Thomas Wilson, William Raymond Tuite and Robert Angier, who founded the establishment to this day known as that of St. Rose.

3. Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, first bishop of the See of Bardstown, reached the seat of his episcopal jurisdiction early in June, 1811. He was accompanied by several ecclesiastics, among whom were Revs. John B. David and Guy Ignatius Chabrat, the latter not yet in priest's orders.

4. From the novitiate of the Dominican fathers of St. Rose were brought forward five students for ordination in 1816. The names of these were: Revs. Richard P. Miles, Samuel H. Montgomery, William T. Willett, Stephen Montgomery and N. D. Young, all afterwards engaged in missionary work in the territory attached to the diocese of Bardstown.

5. The diocesan seminary of St. Thomas was established in 1811, under the direction of Rev. John B. David, and from that date to the year 1824, quite a number of priests were ordained from the ranks of its students. Among them it is only necessary here to mention the following: Revs. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, Peter Schaeffer, Anthony Ganihl, M. Derigaud, David Deparcq, Philip Horstman, Robert A. Abell, George A. M. Elder, William Byrne, Ignatius A. Reynolds, Edward McMahon, Robert Byrne and E. J. Durbin.

THE POTTINGER'S CREEK SETTLEMENT.

In the year 1785, "a league" of sixty families was formed in Maryland—all Catholics, and mostly residents of St. Mary's county—each one of whom was pledged to emigrate to Kentucky within a specified time. Their purpose was to settle together, as well for mutual protection against the Indians, as with the view of securing to themselves, with the least possible delay, the advantages of a pastorate and a church. They were not all to emigrate at once, but as circumstances permitted. The tradition of this league is sufficiently general among old people, as well in Maryland as in Kentucky, to give to it certainty.* Of the sixty families subscribing to the compact, twenty-five left Maryland early in 1785, and reached Kentucky before the end of spring of the same year. Their journey was prosecuted by land to Pittsburg, and thence in flatboats down the Ohio to Maysville. This landing was chosen for the reason that the country bordering on the river above the Falls of the Ohio was known to be infested by Indians. The party marched inland from Maysville and arrived in

*The United States Catholic Miscellany of Wednesday, December 1st, 1824, mentions the fact that about twenty Catholic families reached Kentucky in the year 1785.

due time at Goodwin's station (near the present town of Boston, in Nelson county), which was the nearest fortified post to their prearranged and ultimate destination, the Pottinger's creek lands. Leaving the women and children under the protection of the fort, the able-bodied men and youths of the party soon set out in quest of their future homes, the sites of which lay some twelve or fifteen miles southeast of the station. The lands being found and identified, the work of clearing them of their forest growth at once began, and this was soon succeeded by that of dwelling-house construction. Rude enough were the tabernacles our forefathers in the faith set up in the wilderness. They sufficed for shelter, however, and heaven be praised, daintiness was not a characteristic of those who were to dwell in them. The names borne by these twenty-five families are not now all certainly known; but the principal among them was Basil Hayden, whose bond for his land, signed at Baltimore in 1785, is of record in the Nelson county clerk's office. On the face of this bond appears the name of Philmer (Philip) Lee, as Hayden's security. It is quite certain that Basil Hayden and Philip Lee were living on adjoining farms on Pottinger's creek in the year 1786. Lee may be said to have been a man of method. While still in Maryland he was in the habit of keeping a record of passing events. From the entries in that record extending back to the year 1735, and continued after his removal to Kentucky, it appears that his neighbors in both States bore identical names. Among the names most frequently met with in Lee's diary are: Lancaster, Coomes, Brown, Thompson, Smith, Rapier, Cash, Bullock, Hayden and Howard. Though there is little doubt that the list that follows does not include the names of all the Catholic settlers on Pottinger's creek up to the year 1800, it is reasonably certain that the omissions are few in number and not of special consequence. The first names given are thought to be, in part, those borne by the twenty-five families of the Maryland "league," to which reference has been made: Basil Hayden, Philip Lee, William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles Payne, William Brewer, Leonard Johnson, Henry McAtee, Joseph Clark, Stephen Elliott, James Mollihorne, Henry Norris, Ignatius Cissell, Ignatius Byrne, Randal Hagan, Ignatius Hagan, Jeremiah Brown, Robert Cissell, Ignatius Bowles, Hezekiah Luckett, Stanislaus Melton, Thomas Bowlin, John Baptist Dant, Philip Miles, Harry Hill, John Hutchins, Isaac Thawles, John Spalding, William Mahony, Henry Lucas, William Bowles, John Bowles, James Queen, Bernard Nally, James Stevens, Ignatius French, Washington Boone, Francis Bryan, Jeremiah Wathen, Thomas Mudd, Raphael R. Mudd, Walter Burch, Philip Mattingly, Joseph Spalding, James Dant, Joseph Dant, Urban Speaks, Joseph Edelin, Joseph Howe, Joseph Mills, Harry Miles, Monica Hagan, Rodolphus Norris, Francis Peak.

It is eminently proper that what the writer has learned concerning individuals in the above list should be here recorded:

Of Basil Hayden, the leader in the scheme of Catholic emigration to Kentucky, little is now known beyond the fact that his acknowl-

edged influence over his associates was at all times exerted with a view to their interests for time and eternity. The date of his own death is uncertain. His aged widow was a pious member of Holy Cross congregation up to the year 1837, when she was called to a better life.

William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles Payne and William Brewer, named above, formed the first board of trustees ever organized in the State for the secure tenure of Catholic Church property. The deed of transfer of the grounds attached to Holy Cross church, the first erected in the State, reads as follows:

"This indenture, made this first day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1798, between Basil Hayden, Sr., of the county of Washington and State of Kentucky, on the one part, and William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles Payne and William Brewer, of the county and State aforesaid, of the other part, witnesseth: That the said Basil Hayden, for and in consideration of the sum of five pounds, good, lawful and current money of Kentucky, to him in hand paid by the asid William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles Payne and William Brewer, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, and thereof do release and acquit them, the said William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles Payne, and William Brewer, their heirs, executors and administrators: I, the said Basil Hayden, hath this day granted, bargained and sold unto the said William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles payne and William Brewer, their heirs, executors and administrators, for the use of the Roman Catholic Church forever, a certain tract or parcel of land containing two acres, more or less, situated, lying and being in the county of Washington, and on the waters of Pottinger's creek, including the chapel in the centre, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a hickory standing 45° W., twelve and a half poles from said chapel, running thence due east eight poles to a white oak sapling; thence due south eighteen poles to a white oak and hickory; thence due west eighteen poles to a dogwood; thence due north eighteen poles to the beginning; and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging; to have and to hold the said two acres of land, to the said William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles Payne and William Brewer, for the only purpose and benefit of the Roman Catholic Church; and I, the said Basil Hayden, Sr., for myself and my heirs, unto the said William Bald, Bernard Cissell, Charles Payne and William Brewer, and their heirs, do the said land and premises from my heirs and all and every person claiming by or under us, warrant and forever defend. In testimony, etc. BASIL HAYDEN."

"Attest: John Reed, Clerk."

Leonard Johnson's children were John, Clement, George, Thomas, Philip and Polly. The latter married Thomas Hayden, and died only a few years ago near Knottsville, in Daviess county. John Johnson married a daughter of Philip Miles, and was the father of Sylvester Johnson, Esq., of New Haven, Kentucky, who has long been favorably known throughout the diocese of Louisville for his benefactions to the poor and orphans. For years Mr. Johnson has been providing the orphans of St. Thomas' Asylum with annual outfits of clothing.

Clement Johnson was a remarkable character among the settlers on the creek. His tastes were æsthetic, and his mode of giving expression to them was through the medium of a fiddle. It is more than likely that he supplied the music to which some of our grandfathers and grandmothers capered "when their dancing legs were on," and it is not improbable that Father Badin regarded him with no favorable eye for the facility with which he could transform decorousness into

hilarity. Whether this was so or not, certain it is that Clemmy Johnson was a great favorite in the neighborhood in which he lived, and a well meaning man withal. If he felt at times that he had been instrumental in causing the development of a worldly spirit in the minds of the young people of the congregation, he at least sought to atone for his fault by endeavoring to render the choir singing in Holy Cross church more artistic in its character. Clement Johnson's fiddle, I have reason to believe, was the first instrument of music ever brought into the choir of any church in Kentucky.

Joseph Clark was one of the most exemplary members of Holy Cross congregation. He lived on a farm adjoining that of Philip Lee, and almost in sight of Holy Cross church.

Jeremiah Brown was the maternal grandfather of the late Rev. John B. Hutchins, whose name for nearly fifty years has been associated with Catholic institutions of learning in Kentucky.

James Mollahorne was the first adult person among the original settlers buried in the Holy Cross cemetery. His death took place in the year 1801, and the stone slab that covers his grave and bears his name is an object of curious interest to the members of the congregation to the present day.

Henry Norris was one of the first settlers on the creek. It is to the kindness of one of his great-granddaughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Edelin, married to Hamilton Edelin, Esq., of the Holy Cross congregation, that the writer is indebted for much valuable information touching the local history of the Pottinger's Creek settlement. She still retains the original patent to the land upon which her great grandfather lived. This patent bears date of December 2d, 1785, and is signed by "Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia."*

Ignatius Cissell was accompanied to Kentucky by his four sons, Rody, Ignatius, Joseph and James. The entire family was conspicuous for its sterling worth and its strong adherence to Catholic truth.

Thomas Bowlin was the father of Rev. Charles D. Bowlin, of the St. Rose establishment of the order of St. Dominic. He was a widower with several children when he married the widow of John Hutchins, who had also a young family by her deceased husband, including one, John B. Hutchins, who became afterwards a priest.

* I append, as an evidence of cheap taxes at the time, the following tax receipt, of which description of papers Mrs. Edelin has sent me several:

"July the 29 day, 1789, Rec'd of Harry Norris three shillings, it being for his levy for the year 1788, by me. SAMUEL GRUNDY, D. S."

My correspondent's paternal great-grandparents were William Mahony and Charles Payne; her maternal great-grandparents were Henry Norris and John Spalding. The first named hewed the logs that formed the old Holy Cross Church. Betty Norris, a daughter of Henry Norris, lived single to a good old age and died the death of a saint. It is said of her that she never missed an opportunity to hear mass. It was her habit to walk to church, no matter what was the state of the weather, and not unfrequently, when it was her purpose to go to confession, she was to be found at the church door as early as three o'clock in the morning.

Thus it was that Fathers Bowlin and Hutchins, though really in no wise related by blood, were accounted brothers. The home education and training of both were directed by the mother of the latter.

The Bowles brothers, Ignatius, John and William, were upright and pious men, and greatly respected in the community.

Joseph Edelin was the grandfather of the writer. He came from Maryland in 1795, and settled on a farm less than three miles from Holy Cross church. Two cousins accompanied him to Kentucky with their families. These settled near St. Ann's church, in Washington county.*

James Dant, whom the writer remembers well, was most likely young when he came to Kentucky. In faith he was earnest, and in charity he was abounding. He made a gift to the sisters of Loretto of the Gethsemani plantation, on condition that they should keep up a school on the place for poor girls. The farm was afterwards sold to the Trappist fathers on the same condition.

Ignatius Byrne was the father of several sons, one of whom was Rev. Robert Byrne. Both himself and his wife were exemplary christians.

Stephen Elliott was noted in the settlement for his immense size. His son, the late Rev. James Elliott, though he was much below his father's standard in this particular, was also a man of large proportions.

Philip Miles, through his son Harry Miles, married to Nancy McAtee, was the grandfather of Rev. Thomas Miles, S. J., of the province of Missouri.

Monica Hagan was a widow when she came to Kentucky in 1782. She settled with her three sons, Clement, James and Edward Hagan, near the present site of the Trappist Monastery, near New Hope.

The leading idea of the emigrants was that a priest should accompany them to Kentucky, and there remain with them; but in this particular point, regarded by them of the utmost importance, they were destined to disappointment. At the time referred to, it is true, the number of Catholics in the whole country was not great; but there were, comparatively, still fewer priests to serve them. Very Rev. John Carroll, who then held spiritual jurisdiction over the entire body of the faithful of the United States, anxious as he undoubtedly was to supply a needed want to those of his spiritual children who had decided to emigrate to Kentucky, found himself utterly unable to furnish them with a priest. Two years later he sent them one of whom we shall speak further on.

It is a singular circumstance in the history of Catholic emigration to Kentucky, that the first colony of emigrants should have settled on

* Joseph Edelin's children, some born in Maryland and some in Kentucky, were: Cloe or Clotilde, married to Nehemiah Webb, of Bardstown, in 1813; Leonard, Teresa, Peggy, Elisa, Lewis, Lucy, Benedict, James, George and Helen. Benedict and George removed to Missouri over forty years ago, where the latter soon afterwards died. James Edelin, the last survivor of Joseph Edelin's children, died in 1880.

lands that were, possibly, the least inviting of any to be found in all Central Kentucky. Referring to this circumstance, Dr. Spalding uses the following language: "The selection of Pottinger's creek as the location of the new Catholic colony was unfortunate. The land was poor and the situation uninviting. Yet, the nucleus of the colony having been formed, these disadvantages were subsequently disregarded, and new Catholic emigrants from Maryland continued to flock to the same neighborhood. They preferred being near their brethren, and enjoying with them the advantages of their holy religion, to all other mere worldly considerations. They could not brook the idea of straggling off in different directions, where, though they might better their earthly conditions, they and their children would in all probability be deprived of the consolations of their religion."*

It is very generally believed that deception in respect to the quality of the Pottinger's creek lands was successfully practiced upon the first Catholic emigrants to the State by certain speculators in wild lands then living in Baltimore. These parties were the owners of patents from the government of Virginia covering the surveys in question; and, no doubt, the emigrants were induced to buy on their representations. Having paid instalments in cash, and given bonds for the remainder of the purchase money, they were afterwards powerless to right the wrong that had been done them. The motives influencing subsequent emigrants to settle on Pottinger's creek are clearly and truthfully stated by Dr. Spalding. From and after the year 1787, however, as will be seen hereafter, but few of the incoming Catholic colonists were content to settle on the poor lands contiguous to those previously occupied by their brethren. They sought and found better lands, and more favorable localities upon which to settle; first, in the neighborhood of Bardstown, and afterwards on Hardin's and Cartwright's creeks, and on the Rolling Fork of Salt river.

In the fall of 1787, the Catholic colonists on Pottinger's creek were gladdened by the sight of a priest. Father Whelan, an Irish Franciscan, had been sent to them by Dr. Carroll; and for the first time in two years for themselves, and for the first time in creation for their surroundings, the great sacrifice of the New Law was to be offered up in their sight. Father Whelan was undoubtedly a laborious and painstaking pastor of souls. All the traditions of the times are in so far concurrent. It is true that though he remained in Kentucky for two years and a half, he did not cause to be erected a single church or chapel. It is more than likely, however, that he only deferred a work which he saw could not be properly accomplished at the time.†

* Sketches of Kentucky, p. 25.

† I have not been able to learn the designation of the church stations at which Father Whelan was in the habit of saying mass and administering the sacraments. It is reasonably certain, however, that the church station on Pottinger's creek was the house of Basil Hayden; that near the present town of New Hope, the house of Jeremiah Brown; that on Poplar Neck, the house of Edward Howard; that near Bardstown, the house of Thomas Gwynn; that

Owing to serious trouble with a number of his parishioners, Father Whelan abandoned the Kentucky mission in the year 1790.*

Father Whelan was succeeded by Rev. William de Rohan, who came unaccredited to the mission shortly after the first-named had left the State. It was during his pastorship, in 1792, that Holy Cross chapel was built. This was the first structure for Catholic worship put up in the State.†

The next priest to serve the Holy Cross congregation was Rev. M. Barrieres, who accompanied Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin to Kentucky in 1793. He remained in the State but a few months, however, and he was succeeded by his compatriot, Father Badin, whose labors in the extended field of his ministry, embracing the entire State, have justly entitled him to the distinctive appellation of the "Apostle of Kentucky."

From 1797 to 1803, no doubt Rev. M. Fournier was at times charged with the care of the congregation; and the same may be said of Rev. Anthony Salmon during the year 1799.‡

In 1819, Father Badin left Kentucky for Europe, where he spent several years. Upon leaving, his place at Holy Cross was supplied by the appointment of Rev. Anthony Ganihl to the vacant mission. Father Ganihl was by birth a Frenchman, and he was in deacon's orders when

on Cartwright's creek, the house of Thomas Hill, or possibly that of Henry Cambron; and that on the Rolling Fork, the house of Robert Abell.

*See elsewhere a sketch of his life, and a history of his ministerial labors in Kentucky.

† The history of Father de Rohan's connection with the mission of the State is given elsewhere.

‡ It is not to be understood that either of the priests named in the text was more peculiarly the pastor of Holy Cross congregation than he was of the scattered bodies of Catholics in other parts of the State. Until after the arrival in Kentucky of Rev. Charles Nerinckx, in 1805; of the Trappist fathers, in the same year; and of the Dominican fathers, Wilson, Fenwick, Tuite and Angier, in 1806; it is doubtful if the Holy sacrifice was offered up in Holy Cross church oftener than once a month. It was only, indeed, after Bishop Flaget and his companions came to Kentucky in 1811, that the congregation of Holy Cross was so far favored as to be able to hear mass on every Sunday and Holyday of obligation. Nominally, Father Badin remained pastor of Holy Cross from 1794 to 1819; but it is quite certain that the greater part of his time was given to missionary duty in other congregations. From the fall of 1805 to the spring of 1809, the Trappist fathers, settled within a mile of Holy Cross church, were, doubtless, in the frequent habit of supplying his place, as well there as at the nearer surrounding stations. After their removal from Kentucky in the last named year, it is known that Father Nerinckx was charged with the care of the congregation, often for intervals extending over several months. My mother, whose girlhood was passed on her father's farm near Holy Cross church, was often heard to speak of Father Nerinckx, whom she venerated greatly. As Bishop Flaget and Father David had their first home with Father Badin at St. Stephen's, only three miles from Holy Cross church, it is reasonably certain that both of them were in the habit, occasionally at least, of exercising the functions of their ministry in the congregations attached thereto. The same can be said, more than likely, of Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, after his elevation to the priesthood at the close of the year 1811.

he came to the country. He was a man of excellent mental gifts and of great learning. His entry into the diocesan seminary was most likely in 1817, and he was ordained priest soon afterwards. After having filled, for a year or more, the position of professor in the seminary, he was dispatched to the mission of which Holy Cross was the centre. Here he remained until after the consecration of Dr. Edward Fenwick, first bishop of Cincinnati. On the occasion of the consecration of that prelate at the church of St. Rose, in 1822, with the consent of his own bishop, he offered his services for the new diocese, in which there was then but a single priest, and they were at once and gratefully accepted. He returned to Kentucky in 1838, and filled for about two years the position of professor of modern languages in the college of St. Joseph, Bardstown. His name does not appear in the Catholic Directory after 1841, and it is supposed he returned to France some time during that year. *

* In early times in Kentucky it was not an unusual thing for missionary priests to receive challenges from sectarian ministers to debate with them points of religious doctrine. Most generally these challenges were respectfully declined, but occasionally they were accepted, and the debate followed. While Father Ganihl was serving the Holy Cross congregation, a challenge of this nature was sent to him by a Baptist minister known throughout the country as Elder Elkins. The subject proposed was "The correct mode of administering christian baptism." Father Ganihl only knew of his challenger that he was a man of gigantic stature, with a voice of corresponding compass. He concluded to accept the challenge, however, and at the proper time he was on hand with a few members of his own congregation. The debate had been advertised from mouth to ear throughout the district, and an immense crowd had gathered to hear the discussion, which was to be held out of doors, some standing, some sitting on improvised seats, and some lolling on the grass in comfortable expectancy of a wordy fight from which they would be able to extract amusement at least. The elder was complaisant, and he politely asked Father Ganihl to mount the stand and give his reasons for adhering to the Catholic mode of administering baptism. The priest thanked him for his courtesy, and at once began his discourse. He first stated the doctrine of the Church in reference to baptism, and then urged its necessity and the obligation which rested upon men to receive it. He then defined the mode of its administration adopted by the Church. He quoted largely from the Bible, from church history and the Fathers, and he showed his learning by frequent references to Greek and Latin authorities on the subject. He concluded by declaring that the vast majority of those who had borne the christian name from the beginning, had been brought into the fold through the administration of the sacrament as it is now prescribed by the Catholic Church. He here signed to his opponent, who was standing within the inner circle of auditors, immediately fronting him, that he was ready to exchange places with him. But that individual, as it appeared from the sequel, had no notion of exhibiting his ignorance in that company. From the beginning of Father Ganihl's address, he had shown symptoms of restlessness, and now that it was his time to speak, he stood for a moment as if transfixed. Suddenly, and without a word of explanation or apology, he turned in his tracks, elbowed his way through the crowd, mounted his horse and sped away as if a legion of devils were at his heels. At first the crowd appeared bewildered; but a moment later a shout arose from it that could have been heard a mile. Among the priest's friends who were present that day was Walter Burch. Watty, as

From the fall of 1822 to the spring of 1824, the congregation was served by the Rev. Charles Nerinckx, superior of the Loretto community, assisted, most probably, by Rev. G. I. Chabrat. In 1823, the old log church built by Father de Rohan in 1792, gave place to the present structure of brick, which was erected by Father Nerinckx. Four years before, this indefatigable servant of God had put up, mostly at his own expense, it is said, the church of St. Vincent, near New Hope, and only a few miles distant from that of Holy Cross. From the date of Father Nerinckx's death, August 12th, 1824, to that of the installation of Rev. Robert Byrne as pastor, sometime in the year 1825, the congregation was served by Rev. —— Butler and Rev. —— O'Bryan.*

In 1825, Rev. Robt. Byrne, then but recently ordained, was appointed resident pastor of Holy Cross congregation. The life and labors in the sacred ministry of this exemplary priest are worthy of more than casual mention in this history. His thirty-one years of ministerial life were passed in but two congregations, and these were but four miles apart. Robert Byrne was the son of Ignatius Byrne, an early settler from Maryland who had taken up a farm lying about midway between Goodwin's station and the present town of New Haven, in Nelson county.† Here he was himself born in the year 1792. His parents were good, pious, simple people, poor in respect to the goods of this world, but rich in those virtues which form the crown of christian souls. What they were themselves possessed of, in the way of secular knowledge, so much, doubtless, they imparted to their son; but that was little. The knowledge they had of their faith, and of the means requisite to give to it vitality, they also imparted to him; and that was much. He grew up a dutiful and christian youth, and, as was afterwards made manifest, a patriotic one. In the year 1814, a call was made on the authorities of Nelson county for troops to defend the country from British aggression, and Robert Byrne, with others of his young cotemporaries, shouldered his musket and his knapsack and marched to the defense of New Orleans. "In one pocket," writes a correspondent, "he carried his cartridges, and

much as Yorick of the play, or anybody else, was a man of infinite jest. Mounting the vacated stand, he cried out: "Well done, Elder Elkins! I tell you what, boys," he added, turning to the crowd, "the elder has proved himself this day to be a man of sense; the wind has been knocked out of him, and he has gone to recover it."

*I have not been able to learn even the christian names of these two priests. Neither of them was ordained in the diocese. Father Butler remained only six months at his post. Father O'Bryan, as I learn from one who knew him, was a priest of unblemished character and excellent abilities. After laboring on the mission for about a year, he was seized with a mental malady which rendered his removal a necessity. He recovered his normal faculties after a time, and soon afterwards left the diocese.

† Several other Catholic families had settled in the same neighborhood, and among others, that of Ignatius Greenwell, whose house for many years afterwards was a church station.

in the other his prayer-book and beads. To the end of his life his devotion to the Holy Mother of God found its expression in the daily repetition of her rosary." The company to which he was attached only reached New Orleans after the battle had been fought and the victory won by the army under the command of General Andrew Jackson. Peace was soon afterwards proclaimed, and the volunteer forces were disbanded. Returning to his home, Robert Byrne began to reflect seriously on the subject of a vocation for life. His short experience as a soldier had given him something of an insight into the ways of the world, and its hollowness and frivolity disgusted him. The more he reflected, the clearer opened his way before him, and that led him to the army of the Lord of Hosts, whose antagonism is "against principalities and powers; against the rulers of the world of this darkness." He entered the seminary of St. Thomas, most likely, in 1817, and he was ordained priest in 1825. Immediately after his ordination, he was given charge of the church and congregation of Holy Cross; a position retained by him for more than twenty years.* From the beginning, his conduct of the mission was marked by the most gratifying results. The people recognized in him the true priest, thoroughly unselfish, and thoroughly imbued with the mild and merciful spirit of the Great Master whose commission he carried, and with whose work he had been intrusted. He gained their respect at once, and it was not long before they accorded to him their love. He had an innate sense of justice, and this virtue was as

* A reverend correspondent who knew Father Byrne intimately thus writes me concerning him: "He never went through what is called a formal course of theology, but he had a fair knowledge of the science, could preach a good sermon, and was as efficient a priest for good as is ordinarily to be met with nowadays among those who have been favored with superior educational advantages. He did not stoop to refute or confound either the avowed infidel or the fanatical sectarian; but he explained in simple language the dogmas of the Church, and used all his powers of persuasion to induce his hearers to become practical Catholics. So successful were his efforts in this direction, that his parishioners were recognized far and wide as a 'confession-going people.' He was very abstemious in eating, and he drank nothing intoxicating. The only excitant he ever used was snuff, and that only in moderation. Not unfrequently, after having heard a confession, he would offer his box to his penitent, and say to him: 'Take a pinch, my child, and thank God it is no worse.' I never yet heard any one complain that his neighbor was too kind, but if Father Byrne had a fault at all, I should express it by the term, over-kindness. His walk was that of a father in the midst of his children. Everybody loved him, and the little ones most of all. His visits to the houses of his parishioners were regarded by them as red-letter occasions, and it was pleasant to witness the delight that was manifested in the countenances of an entire household when the announcement was made, 'Here comes Father Byrne!' At the sight of him riding 'down the fence' or 'up the lane,' the children of the family, white and black, uproariously joyful, would sally out to meet and escort him to the house, where the elders stood ready to give him a less demonstrative, but a no less hearty welcome. It is no wonder that Father Byrne was content to live and die among the simple-minded people of his first and only mission."

natural to him as eating and drinking. It never failed him, and it aided him wonderfully in defining lines of duty in human action in respect to those who were in the habit of consulting him. "Give to God," he would say, "what belongs to God; to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar; and to your neighbor what belongs to your neighbor." He never spared himself. He was prompt at the altar, prompt in the confessional, and prompt in his visits to the sick and the dying. Neither heat, nor cold, nor flood, nor darkness, was an obstacle sufficiently formidable to keep him from the bedsides of the sick. In 1845, Father Byrne's failing health demanded at the hands of his Ordinary some measure of relief from excessive labor. Though he was but fifty-three years of age, he was fairly broken down. He was offered the smaller neighboring parish of St. Vincent, and accepted its pastorate. The duties of the position he fulfilled without assistance for a little more than a year, when his increasing infirmities forced him to retire from the ranks of the active ministry. St. Vincent's, however, was his home for the remaining years of his life. Up to the year 1849, his residence was with Mr. Joseph Clark; after that time it was with a family known throughout the district as "the Brown children." This family consisted at the time of two bachelor brothers, of whom Peter Brown was the elder; six maiden sisters, all advanced in life; and a widower brother with two girl children. With these good people Father Byrne lived for nearly seven years, engaged at times in such light missionary work as was not unequal to his strength. His death took place on the 7th day of April, 1856.*

"In answer to your request that I should furnish you with my own estimate of Father Byrne's character," writes his successor in the pastorship of Holy Cross church, "I can simply say that he lived a truly christian life, and died a most edifying death. He was a representative priest of the class known as workers. He was not in the

*The annexed details of Father Byrne's sickness and death are from a letter addressed to me by Rev. Francis Wuyts, who was one of his successors in the pastorship of Holy Cross church: "About a week before that event took place I assisted Father Byrne for death. I doubted at the time if his condition was extreme enough to warrant me in administering the last sacraments; but he told me he felt that his end was fast approaching, and I submitted to his judgment. Six days later, I again visited him, and I found him almost *in extremis*. I stayed with him all night, and said mass in his room the next morning. At the elevation, his agony commenced, and when I approached him, immediately after mass, he was exhaling his last breath. He was buried from the Trappist Monastery, Abbot Eutropius singing the mass of requiem, and Father Robert Abell delivering an effective eulogy. The veteran preacher reviewed the life of his deceased brother, with which he had been familiar from the time they had both been inmates of the Diocesan seminary. He spoke of his youthful example of worth and piety; of his after life of usefulness; and of his devotion to God and humanity. He eulogized the virtues that had distinguished him living and would form his crown of glory for eternity. His remains were consigned to the earth in the old cemetery of the Lorettine Sisterhood at Gethsemani, a short distance from the convent of the Trappist fathers."

habit of putting off the duties of the present for a future day, nor for a future hour. His faith was firm, his piety sincere, and his charity overflowing. His people looked upon him as a saint when he walked in their midst, and they now revere his memory as that of a saint in heaven. Naturally of a quick temper, he had so schooled his nature as to be able to preserve christian equanimity under the provocations of insult and injury. His life as a priest was one of incessant toil, and insignificant enough was the worldly recompense accruing to him for his labor. When he came to die, he divided his little personal effects among his friends, his beneficiaries for the most part being poor and hard-worked priests. At the time of his death, and a little before that event, Rev. J. DeVries was endeavoring to build a church in Hodgensville. The work progressed slowly for lack of funds, a circumstance that was well known to Father Byrne. Said he to me one day: 'DeVries is a pert* little fellow, and I think I will give him a hundred and fifty dollars.' Then and there, he had me open a drawer in his table, and count out the money from his little savings kept therein."

In 1846, Rev. Daniel Kelly was named pastor of Holy Cross church, and remained attached to the congregation for a little over a year."†

From 1847 to the middle of the year 1850, the congregation of Holy Cross was served by Rev. Athanasius A. Aud.‡

*The term *pert*, ordinarily pronounced as if spelt *peart*, is a common expression with many people to denote activity or sprightliness.

† I knew Father Kelly, a few years later, when he was holding the position of chaplain of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, in Louisville. He was educated for the ministry in the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, and was ordained priest by Bishop Flaget on the 23d day of November, 1828. Holy Cross was his first mission in the diocese. He remained in Louisville till 1856, when he returned to Ireland, and there died some years afterwards. He was a good man and a well meaning priest, but too lethargic by nature to be effective as the pastor of a congregation.

‡ Father Aud is still living, and I trust he will be spared for many years to serve and edify the good sisters and pupils of Calvary convent and school, among whom he has passed the later years of his long and useful life. It had not been my purpose to refer in this history, except in a casual way, to living persons; but I think I will and should be excused for speaking my thoughts of the only two remaining to the present time of the old missionary priests of the diocese. Athanasius A. Aud was born near Fairfield, Kentucky, on the 21st February, 1803. His father was Zachariah Aud, one of the original emigrants to the settlement, and his mother was Margaret Wathen, a widowed daughter of Francis Coomes, another of the first settlers, and a man who was as remarkable for his christian virtues as he was for his longevity. He died a centenarian on the 3d day of April, 1822. Among the descendants of Francis Coomes born in Kentucky, were four priests, more than double that number of members of religious orders and hundreds of orderly practical Catholics. His daughter Winifred was the mother of Rev. J. C. Wathen; Margaret was the mother of Rev. A. A. Aud, and Anna C. was the mother of Rev. Charles I. Coomes. His daughter Rachel was the wife of William Coomes, of Owensboro, whose house was a station and resting-place for Fathers Nerinckx, Abell, Durbin and other priests in their visitations to that part of the State. The house of his son, Rich-

Zachariah Aud and Margaret Wathen were married by Father Badin in 1799, and their first children, including the subject of this sketch, received baptism at his hands. The early education and training of Father Aud were such as to fit him for his after vocation. When he had reached his sixteenth year, he was sent to Father David, at St. Thomas' seminary, with the view to his education for the ministry. To a letter of inquiry lately addressed to him, he thus answers respecting the date of his entrance into the seminary: "It was on the 11th day of February, 1819. The beautiful peach trees along the road were in full bloom, and notwithstanding the early spring, they bore a bountiful crop that year." After pursuing his studies for several years at St. Thomas', the young man's health began to fail, and it was thought best that he should be returned to secular life. He afterwards studied medicine, and would doubtless have become a successful practitioner had he not felt that his calling was in another direction. With health fully restored, he again entered the seminary, and for about four years his time was divided between study and teaching. His ordination to the priesthood, in conjunction with that of the late Rev. Joseph Haseltine, took place in the cathedral of Bardstown, in the year 1836. "Bishop David," he writes, "was the ordaining prelate, and I think we were the last priests he ever did ordain. I may be mistaken in this belief, but my reason for so thinking is based upon the fact that he was afterwards in the habit of calling Father Haseltine his 'Joseph,' and me his 'Benjamin'" Father Aud's first mission was at St. Thomas', three miles from Bardstown, and it included the care of the growing congregation at New Haven. There were also four stations in the district, extending from New Haven to Nolynn creek, and thence to Green river, to each of which he was engaged to pay periodical visits. He retained the mission until 1844, when he was intrusted with the pastorship of St. Stephen's, Owensboro, with several outlying stations. He was subsequently removed to the Church of St. Lawrence, near Knottsville, in the same county, where his pastoral charge extended over three other churches and five stations, some of them being in Hancock, Ohio and Muhlenburg counties. As has been stated above, Father Aud became pastor of the old Church of Holy Cross in 1847, and he retained his position until the year 1850. During this time he also served the congregation of St. Vincent, aided, no doubt, by such assistance as the former pastor, Rev. Robt. Byrne, who was an invalid, was able to render. In the year 1850, Father Aud was attacked by serious illness, consequent upon unavoidable exposure. Unable longer to discharge the duties of his position, he was sent to Calvary convent to say mass for the sisters and to assist the pastor of Holy Mary's church in the labors of his

ard, a short distance from Fairfield, in Nelson county, was a church station for many years, kept up principally for the benefit of his aged parents and other infirm persons living in the neighborhood. Francis Coomes' wife survived her husband but a few years, dying at the age of one hundred and two years. Their son Richard lived to see his 96th birthday.

ministry. He remained in this position until the death of Rev. D. A. Deparcq, in 1864, when he became pastor of Holy Mary's and chaplain of Calvary convent. The first named of these positions he held until 1873, and the chaplaincy of the convent he has ever since retained. *

During the three years ending with 1853, the congregation of Holy Cross, as well as that of St. Vincent, were served by Rev. James Quinn.†

The later pastors of Holy Cross church were: Rev. Francis Wuyts, who served the congregation for about fifteen years; Rev. Thomas Faunt; Rev. F. Fauran; Rev. E. Vantroostenberghe; Rev. D. O'Sul-

* My acquaintance with Father Aud began when I was little more than a child, but I have a more perfect recollection of him when he was a student of medicine in Bardstown, in 1830-31. At that time there was not a young man in the county who was held in higher regard by all classes of citizens, Protestants and Catholics. He was tall and sparely built, and his general appearance indicated a delicate physical organization. In this particular he is little changed to the present day. His most favored acquaintances were persons devoted to scientific and literary pursuits. He was himself a graceful writer and a critic of no mean pretensions. One of his most pleasing characteristics was his constant cheerfulness. I need scarcely say, that not the less than when he was an inmate of the diocesan seminary, was he regardful of his duties in respect to religion. From the time referred to, it has been only at long intervals that I have been favored with opportunities to see and converse with Father Aud. But all his old friends of the clergy were my own also, and with these he was a not unfrequent theme of conversation and of friendly eulogy. He was never referred to by them except in terms of kindly interest. This was specially the case with the late Dr. McGill, bishop of Richmond, and the late Very Rev. B. J. Spalding, of Louisville.

† Rev. James Quinn's ordination took place, most likely, in 1844. In 1845 and 1846, he was assistant to Rev. Elisha J. Durbin, on the missions of southwestern Kentucky. He was afterwards stationed at Holy Mary's, at Holy Cross and at St. Francis Xavier's (Raywick), Marion county. "Father Quinn," writes a clerical friend who knew him well, "was a man of solid piety and of a zeal that was active, charitable and winning. When he left the diocese of Louisville, about the year 1859 I think, he took the pastorship of a respectable congregation in one of the New England States, where he remained till the failure of his health necessitated his retirement from all onerous duties. In 1868 or 1869, he returned west, and thenceforth lived with his sister in Newport, Kentucky, occasionally aiding the pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception of that place. He was also, by request of the bishop of Covington, confessor for one or more communities of sisters. He was less brilliant than talented, but he was altogether an efficient priest, and was much respected by the clergy among whom he labored." A lay friend writes me thus concerning him: "Father Quinn, when I knew him in 1848, as a frequent visitor at St. Mary's college, had the reputation of an accomplished gentleman and a laborious priest. He was tall and spare, and he stooped slightly in walking. Father J. Delaune, who was then president of the college, and who, as you may know, was a man of superior talents and acknowledged piety and worth, was in the habit of referring to him in terms of respect and strong affection. I remember to have heard it stated of him that he never permitted a day to pass without evincing his devotion to the Blessed Virgin by the recitation of the rosary." The death of Father Quinn took place at Covington, Kentucky, December 6th, 1876.

livan; Rev. David Russell; and Rev. R. P. Feehan, whose pastorate ended in the fall of 1877. Since that date the present pastor, Rev. Edward Lynch, has had charge of the congregation.

No truth can be plainer than that Catholicity in Kentucky is largely indebted for its wonderful extension, and for the religious fervor that still distinguishes very many of its adherents, to the fidelity of those who first brought their religion into the State, and who, in many instances, made sacrifice of their worldly prospects in order to enjoy the advantages of Catholic association and, as was their hope and common belief, the ministry of a priest. There is scarcely a Catholic congregation in the State that has not its representative from that of Holy Cross; and beyond its borders, and especially in Indiana and Missouri, very many resident Catholics of the present day are able to trace their ancestry to those who, first of all in the wilds of Kentucky, told their beads in the shadow of Rohan's Knob. The writer cannot better conclude his account of the Pottinger's creek Catholic settlement than by presenting his readers with the substance of a letter lately received by him from one who, for fifteen years of his ministerial life, occupied the position of pastor of souls in Holy Cross congregation:

"Holy Cross and its congregation have little to boast of that is purely conventional. The lands upon which the first Catholic emigrants to the State settled are not noted for their fertility. One sees, to be sure, plenty of dwarf pines and hardy weeds; but it is only here and there that the soil is at all generous. But let it not be thought that Holy Cross is voiceless of jubilation on other accounts. Here was set the cradle of the Church in Kentucky. Here was planted the mustard seed of divine faith that has grown indeed into a great tree whose overshadowing branches are to-day giving shelter to tens of thousands of ardent believers, symbolized by 'the birds of the air' of the holy Gospel.

"Outside of the duties of my ministry, at least, there was nothing that so much interested me during my pastorship of the Holy Cross congregation as the strong affection evinced by visiting pilgrims—most of whom, no doubt, had first drawn breath in the neighborhood—for everything connected with the old church. These would come from all parts of the State, but the greater part of them, I was informed, were residents of Daviess county, whither they had removed years before I came to the country. It was a common thing with these good people to pay periodical visits to the spots of earth upon which they were born, and to seek revivification of their faith where its divine truths were first unfolded to their infant minds. Their strange faces would appear before me in the church, and I would afterwards find them in the graveyard; the men with uncovered heads, and the women with clasped hands and tearful eyes, now stopping before one mound of earth and now before another, and all engaged in prayer for relatives and friends whose earthly tabernacles were there awaiting the trump of resurrection. Upon addressing them, as I

sometimes did, they would tell me: 'This is father's grave,' or 'here rests mother,' or 'sister' or 'brother.' When I saw them, as was not unfrequently the case, standing by some sunken headstone and devoutly reciting the rosary of our Blessed Lady, I could but feel that their teachers and guides, and those of their parents, must have been apostolic men indeed; otherwise, they had not laid in their hearts foundations deep and broad enough to support the grand and beautiful superstructure of faith and piety upon which my eyes were resting.

"Of old Holy Cross church, built by Father de Rohan in 1792, there is no vestige remaining. The present beautiful and commodious structure owes its erection to the indefatigable zeal of one whose name should be heard and pronounced with reverence by all Kentucky Catholics. I refer to the late Very Rev. Charles Nerinckx. Called to the temporary pastorship of the congregation in 1822, he could but feel that the decency of divine worship required at his hands an effort to provide a more fitting abode for the Immaculate Lamb of God when visiting His people, than was afforded by the stable-like structure—meaner than was that wherein the eyes of His infant humanity first opened to the light Himself had made—that had served the absolute wants of the congregation for more than thirty years. Sunday after Sunday he referred to the matter in the presence of the congregation, and at length he astonished his hearers greatly by telling them that he had fixed upon the following day as a proper time to begin the work. He was aware of the fact, he said, that not many amongst them were so circumstanced as to be able to set their names down for money subscriptions, at least in large amounts, but all of them could do a little, and the greater number of them could at least give the labor of their own hands, and that of their cattle and horses, to the undertaking. He ended by inviting all the able-bodied men of the congregation to meet him at an early hour next day, and to come prepared with such tools and implements as they might have at command, to enter upon the work with willing hands and cheerful hearts.

"They did come in goodly numbers, and with them they brought the appliances of their farmer's calling—horses and wagons, oxen and sleds, crows and mattocks and spades, saws and axes and adzes—and day after day gangs of them were to be seen, some engaged in felling timber, and others in shaping it into girders and joists and rafters by the aid of a whip-saw; some in hauling clay and sand to be used in the manufacture of bricks; some in one species of labor and some in another; but all directing their best energies to the accomplishment of the task that had been set before them.

"It is said that Father Nerinckx experienced much difficulty in raising funds with which to pay for the skilled labor he was under the necessity of employing in the building of the church. But his was a fearless soul, and he was never known to turn back from any needed work to which he had once set his hands. In a greater degree than any of his cotemporaries of the Kentucky mission was his name con-

nected with the work of church building. Already he had caused to be erected nine churches in different parts of the State, and now, with zeal unabated, he was giving to the immediate work before him the still unyielding energies of his nature. Obstacles to the enterprise seemed to clear themselves away before the momentum of his own christian courage, and he was enabled to open the new church and to offer therein the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving for the happy close of his labors in a comparatively short time after he had brought the people to consider and to act in reference to the undertaking.

"I have not seen a single one of the old churches of the State, saving, it may be, the former cathedral of St. Joseph, at Bardstown, that presents so fresh an appearance as does that of Holy Cross.* The figures 1823, the date of its erection, formed of iron anchors running through the wall, appear high up on one of the gables of the church.

"The good people of Holy Cross congregation have sometimes been regarded as wanting in polish, and in those delicate virtues which form the basis of what is known as social gentility. I am not going to deny that very few of them, whether men or women, have the appearance of having just 'stepped out of a band-box.' It is further said of them that they are not a sedate people. This charge is in part true and in part false. On proper occasions they can be and are sedate. But it is to be acknowledged that they are the reverse of puritanic in their every-day conversation and modes of life. They will dance, as their fathers and mothers did before them; they are not averse to playing a game of cards now and then; and it is to be feared that some amongst them are a trifle too much given to joviality. But whatever may be their foibles, I can say of them with truth, that I never witnessed amongst them anything that was deserving of severe censure. Under rough exteriors they carry honest and open hearts. They are kind and hospitable and obliging. They are compassionate of human suffering, and they are to the full as liberal in their benefactions, according to their means, as others who are more boastful of their givings. But it is because of their warm and steadfast Catholic faith that they are most deserving of praise from without their own gates. Little affluent otherwise, they esteem themselves rich in possessing this precious gift of God. But theirs is by no means a faith that is inoperative of good works. It is fruitful of good works, of charity and practical piety. There are few households in the parish that are not gathered together morning and night for prayer in common, and I have never known a people who were more exact in their observance of the wholesome laws of the Church in relation to religious duty and moral obligation.

* The brick masonry of both churches named was the handiwork of Col. James M. Brown, of Bardstown. This gentleman was not only a master of his trade, but he was never accused of slighting his work in the least particular. Col. Brown died at an advanced age only a few years ago, and no one stood higher than he in public esteem.

"It was my privilege to administer the last sacraments to two of the original Maryland emigrants, who, in 1785, settled on Pottinger's creek, and formed the first Catholic colony of the State. These were John Downs, who died in 186—, at the age of one hundred and four years, and Mary Clark, widow of Joseph Clark, who had been noted in the early history of the settlement for his staunch adherence to the faith of his fathers, and for the free-handed hospitality it had pleased him to extend to the old missionary priests of the State. This venerable lady had reached the ninety-fifth year of her age when, in 1863, she was called to the reward of her faithfulness.

"Mr. Downs, or 'Uncle Johnny Downs,' as he was called by the young and the old of the congregation, was as remarkable for his simple faith and the hardy virtues he practiced in life, as he was for his longevity. He was known to everybody, and he was respected by all. Almost to his last day it could have been said of him as it was said of Moses, 'His eye was not dimmed; neither were his teeth moved.' The first were still as the eye of the eagle, and the last were sound in his head. He was twice married, and his children and his grand and great-grand children cover the land. His home was the home of the priest, and the stranger was never turned away from his door. He ground his corn and baked his bread alike for his own household and for goers and comers without distinction of race, religion or nationality. People respected him and what belonged to him, and he was never known to keep a lock on his meat-house. He never paid a doctor's bill, for the reason that, up to his first and last illness, he was never sick in his life. He was a type of true humanity as well as of true christian spirit and deportment. All loved him, all spoke well of him, and to this day the recollection of him and his many virtues is cherished in the hearts of all to whom he was known in Holy Cross congregation.

"The life of Mrs. Mary Clark was beautiful in its christian simplicity and meekness. She was a stranger to the Church until about the time of her marriage; but from the day upon which the regenerating waters of baptism were poured upon her head to that of her happy death, she was ever faithful to the obligations imposed upon her by her religion. During her husband's lifetime she seconded all his efforts to promote Catholic interests, and during her long widowhood, like Anna of old, it was her delight to serve God in His holy temple. In conversing with others, it was her habit to speak only of holy things. Of her great charity, she was constant in prayers that all might be led, as she had been, into the ark of God's Church. Meeting a stranger, she was sure to ask him if he were a Catholic; if he had ever read Catholic books; and if he did not consider it a great blessing to be a member of Christ's mystical body. Her conversation was edification itself, as much so to me as to others; and after listening to her for a brief while, as I had frequent opportunities of doing, I was disposed to thank God for having led me to a land wherein such exemplars of primitive christian piety were to be met with and

honored. 'Grandmother' Clark—so was she called by everybody—left behind her dying the sweet aroma of her many virtues. Who of her sex would not esteem it a privilege to live as she did, a life of faith and goodness and thanksgiving; and to die as she did, offering her divine Master an undivided heart."

CHAPTER III.

HARDIN'S CREEK SETTLEMENT.

This settlement, situated about ten miles east of that of Pottinger's creek, and about eight miles southwest of that of Cartwright's creek, had its beginning as early as 1786. It is asserted by some, indeed, that several of the earliest emigrants to the district were members of the emigration league of sixty families formed in Maryland, to which reference has already been made. This may well be true, since the intervening distance between the Pottinger's creek lands and those of Hardin's creek was but a few miles. It is the more probable, too, for the reason that, after the Church of Holy Cross was built in 1792, very many of the Catholic people living on Hardin's creek were in the habit of going thither to hear mass and for the reception of the sacraments.

The first Catholic settlers on Hardin's creek are supposed to have been Edward Beaven and his brother, Col. Charles Beaven. Many of the name, residents of the State, and some living in the neighborhood of their ancestor's former holding, are the descendants of the first mentioned of these brothers. Col. Charles Beaven, who was a widower, and whose title had been acquired in the service of the country in its struggle for independence, not relishing the hardships that are inseparable from pioneer life, returned to Maryland after a few years, where he passed the remainder of his days.

The next emigrants from Maryland to the settlement were Mathew, Zachariah, Sylvester and Jeremiah Cissell, brothers, and all, as is supposed, from St. Mary's county, Maryland. It is stated that all of them lived to be old men, and that there were none to speak ill of them after they had passed away. Mathew, the most noted of them all, was a man of rare intelligence, equally displayed in his temporal affairs and in those that had relation to his own future, and that of those whom God had committed to his charge. His influence in the settlement was great, and it was always exerted for the furtherance of common interests. Of his sons, Charles and Mathew Cissell, Jr., long ago deceased, it would be unnecessary to speak in the hearing of those who knew them living. Equally with their father, they were

respected and confided in by their cotemporaries. Honorable men, good citizens and faithful Catholics, the example of their lives has not been lost upon their children.*

Early in 1786, the settlement was much strengthened by the addition to its numbers of the families of William, Leonard and Lucas Mattingly, three brothers, whose previous homes had been in St. Mary's county, Maryland. To these three is to be traced the descent of a family connection that is known in every State of the South and West, and is represented by hundreds in the single congregation of St. Charles, in Marion county.†

William Mattingly, the first to reach the settlement of the three brothers named, was married in Maryland to a Miss Spalding, who, with their three sons, James, Edward and Richard Mattingly, accompanied him to Kentucky. His wife dying, he afterwards intermarried with Elizabeth Clark, a sister, as is supposed, of Joseph Clark, of the Pottinger's Creek settlement.‡

Leonard Mattingly, the acknowledged patriarch of the family in Kentucky, must have been past middle life when he came to the State. His children, all born in Maryland, were named, without reference to order of birth: Leonard, Basil, John, William, Joseph, Ignatius, Jane, Margaret, Susan, and another daughter whose christian name is not now remembered by the surviving members of the family.||

* The brothers Cecil, of Cecilia College, Hardin county, are sons of Charles and grandsons of Mathew Cissell, the elder. Many years ago, Charles and Mathew Cissell, Jr., secured the passage of an act by the Kentucky legislature empowering them, and all who bore the name in the State, to change its orthography from Cissell to Cecil. It is not believed, however, that the change was adopted outside of the families of the brothers named.

† When Leonard Mattingly died in 1827, it was estimated that his living descendants numbered nearly three hundred souls.

‡ William Mattingly was the father of ten children by his second wife. These were respectively named: William, Mary, Benjamin, Felix, Ignatius, Julia, George, Susan, Catherine and John. Of these, there were living in 1879, Felix and John, of the congregation of St. Charles, with large families of children; Ignatius, an old and respected citizen of Bardstown; and Julia, known as Sister Theresa, of the Sisterhood of Loretto. One of George Mattingly's daughters, now deceased, was known as Sister Mary Charles, of the same society; and one of John Mattingly's daughters is a member of the Sisterhood of St. Francis, in Shelbyville, Kentucky.

|| A great-grandson of Leonard Mattingly furnishes me with the annexed account of the after lives of his grand-uncles and aunts named above, which he characterizes as "lamentably imperfect:" Leonard Mattingly, Jr., took to wife a sister of Mathew Cissell. Basil Mattingly's first wife was Monica Miles, a sister of Harry Miles, of the Pottinger's creek settlement. Their children were: Harriet, who became the wife of Irvin Buckman; Martha, afterwards Sister Generose, of the Loretto society; Austin, now of Mississippi; and George, now of Daviess county, Kentucky. His second wife was Polly Hagan (of whom I will speak later). Joseph married Mary, daughter of Joseph Hayden, and a sister of the late Rev. George Hayden, who died in Texas about forty years ago. Ignatius married a Miss Fowler. John took to wife Polly Fenwick. Of six of their children, it is said, not others in all the congregation of St. Charles were more devoted Catholics, or exemplified their

Of Lucas Mattingly, last of the trio of brothers named as having settled on Hardin's creek in the year 1786, the writer has learned absolutely nothing beyond the fact that one of his descendants, John G. Mattingly, was living a few years ago near the village of Manton, in Washington county, a respectable member of the congregation of Holy Rosary church.*

faith by acts that betokened a fuller understanding of its spirit. Margaret Mattingly, the elder of the daughters, was of the band of christian maidens out of which grew the now well-known Sisterhood of Loretto. Nancy, another daughter, would have followed her sister's example had she not been a cureless invalid. She wore the habit of the sisterhood in her own home, and it is said that her short after life was that of a saint on earth. The sisters of these, Susan, Elizabeth and Polly, married respectively John Thomas, John Miles and Basil Payne, and, in their different spheres of life, were patterns of virtue and christian propriety. Their brother, Benjamin F. Mattingly, married Susan Mary Graves. Two of their children, John G. and Benj. F. Mattingly, are to-day widely known and respected, not only as consistent and pious Catholics, but as business men of enterprise and integrity. The residences of both are in the vicinity of the Church of St. Charles, but they both have large distillery interests in Louisville. William, son of Leonard, Sr., married Henrietta, a daughter of Charles Buckman. Dr. C. P. Mattingly, of Bardstown, is one of their sons. Jane, eldest daughter of the elder Leonard, married Charles Russell, who is the progenitor of all of that name in the present congregation of St. Charles. Through his son, Ignatius, Charles Russell became the grandfather of Rev. David Russell, a priest of the diocese of Louisville. Margaret and Susan, daughters of Leonard Mattingly, Sr., married respectively, Dr. —— Davis and Mr. Absalom Ray, both non-Catholics. The life of the former is said to have been rendered most unhappy through her husband's tyranny, exerted in opposition to the religious rights of his wife, and in direct conflict with his own pre-marital promises. The poor woman was forbidden to go to church, and though she did manage, often at extreme peril, to comply with the absolute requirements of her faith in respect to the reception of the sacraments, she was constantly tortured by the thought that her children, unbaptized because her husband would have it so, and without religious instruction for the same reason, were growing up around her in the condition of heathens. The late saintly Father Vital Gilles, S. J., who was then pastor of the church of St. Charles, once told me of the edification he experienced beside the bed of death of one of Mrs. Davis' sons. He had been sent for by the dying man, and though he found him speechless, he easily divined from his beseeching look that he was asking for the rite of baptism. The sacrament was administered at once, and a few minutes later the man was dead. Father Gilles was well convinced, as he said, that this happy result had come about through the prayers of the mother, whose purgatory had been passed on earth.

*The Mattinglys of Maryland and Kentucky are evidently not of one lineage. Some of them have dark and some of them light complexions, and this peculiarity is as much observable in the families of either class today as it was in those of their grand-parents nearly a century ago. With the fair-skinned of the name, the descendants, possibly, of Joseph, Philip and Richard Mattingly, of Washington, Nelson and Breckinridge counties, respectively, my acquaintance has been limited. Among the swarthy of the name, I have had friends from my youth upward. At a time when impressibility was one of my weaknesses, I remember to have fallen into the company of a young lady descendant of Leonard Mattingly, and to have associated her in my mind with the opening couplet of Handel's well-known song, "Ruddier than the cherry—Browner than the berry!"

John Lancaster came to the settlement in 1788. It has been said by some that he had previously visited Kentucky as an *attaché* of a party of surveyors. He was of English and Irish descent, and of Maryland birth. Family tradition says of the Lancasters that the first of the name to come to America was John, the son of a Lancashire landlord of the same name, who had given offence to his father by uniting himself in marriage with Fanny Jarnigan, a portionless Irish girl. It would appear that the young man was a lad of spirit, and that, rather than see his wife snubbed by his family, he concluded to remove both her and himself to America, where disgrace was not likely to attach to either of them on the score of misalliance. The pair settled on the lower Potomac, in a locality known as Cob Neck, where they reared a family of sons and daughters. One of the sons, Raphael Lancaster, married Eleanor Bradford, whose mother was a Darnell, a sister of the mother of Dr. John Carroll, first bishop and archbishop of Baltimore. Two of Raphael Lancaster's sons, John and Raphael, removed to Kentucky in 1788, the first-named to the Catholic settlement on Hardin's creek, and the other to the neighborhood of Bardstown.

John Lancaster was a man whose capabilities would have been considered extraordinary anywhere. This will be recognized by the reader when he shall have perused the account given below, condensed from Dr. Spalding's "Sketches of Kentucky," of his capture by the Indians while on his way to Kentucky in the year named:

"The party on the flat-boat comprised four persons, viz: Col. Joseph Mitchell and his son, Alexander Brown and John Lancaster. On the 8th of May, while proceeding down the Ohio, below Maysville, at a point where it was impossible for the voyagers to escape, they found themselves confronted by a large party of Indians with leveled guns. One of the chiefs, known afterwards to Mr. Lancaster as Shawnee Jim, caused a white flag to be displayed from the shore, and he intimated in broken English that the object of the Indians was but to trade with the occupants of the boat. At this juncture, a skiff manned by four Indians was rowed rapidly toward the boat, which it struck so violently as to cause it to upset and precipitate three of the Indians into the river. Mr. Lancaster did not hesitate to obey the impulse which prompted him to jump to their rescue. He succeeded, and his success furnished him with a hope that in his case, at least, the good will of the red-skins was assured. The parties in the boat were soon made prisoners, two of the Indians struggling with each other for the possession of the person of Mr. Lancaster. The quarrel between them was renewed when the party reached the shore, and a desperate fight ensued. Shawnee Jim here interposed, and he decided in favor of the Indian who had first seized Mr. Lancaster's person. Having robbed the boat of its effects, which included a considerable amount of whiskey, the Indians, accompanied by their prisoners, decamped with their booty. Camping for the night, they bound the prisoners, hands and feet, and attached them to stakes driven in the

ground. Instead of their clothing, of which they had been previously stripped, a blanket was thrown over each, and in this condition they passed the night, care and bodily torture rendering sleep impossible. Though the savages had spent much of the night in drinking, they were up with the dawn, unbound the prisoners and hurried them onward until an Indian village was reached, situated, as Mr. Lancaster supposed, about sixty miles from the mouth of the Miami river. There their experiences proved of stirring interest. Mr. Lancaster was adopted into the tribe by his captor, the name *Kiohba* or *Running Brook* being given him, and he was treated with kindness. Eight days after his arrival at the village, however, he was left by his captor in charge of Shawnee Jim, who happened to be in a sullen and vindictive mood at the time, and at length began to quarrel with his wife. The poor woman, fearing his vengeance, fled from the camp, and was thence followed by her husband. Very soon he was seen returning alone, after having, as Mr. Lancaster supposed, murdered the woman in cold blood. A daughter of the chief was standing near Mr. Lancaster at the time, and she said to him, *puckete—run!* Being assured by her looks that the girl apprehended danger to him from her father's ungovernable temper, he turned and fled swiftly away. Reaching a hill that overlooked the village, he glanced backward, and saw enough to put wings to his feet. A burly savage was seen raining blows upon the body of Capt. Mitchell with a tent-pole. Mr. Lancaster afterwards learned that young Mitchell had been burned at the stake. The others of his companions in misfortune were finally ransomed and returned to their friends."

After six days of fatiguing travel, and without other food than four turkey eggs discovered by him in the hollow of a fallen tree, Mr. Lancaster found himself on the northern bank of the Ohio river. He managed to cross the stream on the floating trunk of a tree, and he afterwards succeeded in constructing a raft upon which he was finally borne to the Falls of the Ohio. Finding his way, a little later, to the settlement of his co-religionists on Hardin's creek, the natural energies of his character found lodes upon which to work, and it was not long before he came to be recognized as a leader of the people in whatever was esteemed beneficial to their material prosperity. About the year 1790, as is supposed, he took to wife Catharine Miles, a daughter of Philip Miles, of the Pottinger's Creek settlement. The children of this connection were: Joseph B., whose wife was Anna Blair; Raphael, married to Caroline Carter, a sister of the late Rev. Charles Carter, of the arch-diocese of Philadelphia; Henry, married to Catherine Hagan; John, married to Mary Hayden; Benjamin, married to Ann Pottinger; Ellen, married to Judge A. H. Churchill; Ann, married to E. B. Smith; James Madison, a priest; William, married to Malvina Churchill; Catherine, first wife of Leonard A. Spalding, the only surviving brother of the late archbishop Spalding of Baltimore; and Mary Jane, married to Richard M. Spalding. This admirable christian and amiable gentleman died as late as the

25th of September, 1883.* John Lancaster was a man of wonderful energy, especially in business affairs. He was well known, too, in politics, and was generally regarded as a safe representative of the people. He was a representative from Washington county in the sessions of the Kentucky legislature for the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802 and 1820.† He amassed quite a fortune for the times, and died in the spring of 1838.

Of James Elder, who came to the settlement in 1791, nothing need here be said. The reader is referred for a sketch of his life to the history of "The Cox's Creek Settlement," given further on, under the sub-heading, "The Elder Family of Maryland and Kentucky."

Henry Hagan was an early settler on Hardin's creek, but the writer has vainly sought for evidence that would convince him that he came to the State earlier than the year 1794. It is the common belief

* John Lancaster and Catherine Miles were the parents of one priest, the late Rev. James Madison Lancaster, administrator at the date of his death of the diocese of Covington; the grandparents of a bishop and a priest, Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding and Rev. Benedict J. Spalding, of the diocese of Peoria; and the great-grandparents of a priest, Rev. Samuel B. Spalding, of the arch-diocese of Philadelphia. Two of their grandchildren, daughters of Richard M. Spalding and William Lancaster, are members of the order of the Sacred Heart.

† In one of John Lancaster's canvasses for the legislature, he was opposed by Jeroboam Beauchamp, one of the sharpest and least scrupulous politicians of his day in all Kentucky. Finding the canvass going against him, Mr. Beauchamp resorted to a trick, through the perpetration of which he had no difficulty in securing his own return. A joint discussion had been arranged between the two for a given time and place, where Mr. Lancaster was first to address the people. But a limited number of the voters had reached the spot when time was called, and Mr. Lancaster began his address. Instead of listening to his opponent, Mr. Beauchamp betook himself to a point upon the principal road leading to the place of speaking, where every new comer could not help seeing him, and where, as a specimen of the colloquies that ensued, the following will sufficiently explain the ruse by which he carried his election:

"Why, what are you doing here," cried one of his friends, possibly before taken into his confidence, "when you ought to be listening to John Lancaster, and considering your own reply to his speech?"

"I am already beaten, boys," replied Beauchamp, "and I might as well surrender. Do you know," he added, so as to be heard by a dozen horsemen who had by this time reached the spot, "that he is telling the people that there is not a respectable man in Washington county who is going to vote for me; that I have not a friend anywhere who is able to put shoes on his feet, or is ever seen with a whole pair of suspenders." It is needless to say that Mr. Lancaster had given utterance to no such assertion; but the story, nevertheless, got public credence before he was able to contradict it. When the election took place, there was never such a show seen of independent, barefooted, one-gallowsed voters as the one that was presented around the polls of Washington county on that day. So strong was public sentiment aroused against the man who, as was supposed, had offered public insult to a class of voters, common enough, it may be, at the time, but none the less to be trusted on account of their independence of the conventionalities of social life, that hundreds against whom no such charge could have been made were seen to denude themselves, so to speak, before going to the polls, and appeared there in their shirt-sleeves, barefooted, and with their pantaloons held up by a single suspender.

of his descendants that he was by birth an Irishman. It is quite certain that for several years before the first Church of St. Charles was built by Father Nerinckx, in 1806, his house was the church-station for the Catholic people of the settlement. He was a man of better resources than his neighbors, and his house was better suited for the purpose to which it was put by Father Badin and his successors in the pastorate of the congregation. He was fairly liked by his neighbors, and he brought up an interesting family of children, of which one, in particular, was a special favorite of Father Badin. Polly Hagan was a precocious child, and she soon evinced capabilities of culture that naturally attracted the notice of the priest. Her headway in this direction would have been slow but for the assistance of her pastor. He loaned her books, and, as occasion served, directed her in her application of their contents. Under his tuition and direction, she became in time an accomplished reader of the vernacular of the country, and this faculty of hers was put to use by her pastor, no doubt, in the reading of lessons previously selected by himself in the hearing of the children and youth of the congregation assembled for catechetical instructions. In time, Polly Hagan, grown to womanhood, became the wife of Basil, second son of Leonard Mattingly, the patriarch of the settlers on Hardin's creek.*

Edward H. Mattingly, of Marion county, a son of Basil and Polly Mattingly, and an intelligent and highly respected farmer, still living in the neighborhood of his mother's former residence, relates the following amusing incident, in which his mother and Father Badin were the most conspicuous actors:

In the winter of 1837–8, soon after his return to Kentucky, the renowned missionary referred to paid a lengthened visit to the Jesuit fathers then established at St. Mary's College. His quarters were about a mile away from the old Hagan place, and one night he took it into his head to visit the house and see for himself the changes that time had wrought in surroundings that had once been familiar to his eyes. He knew, no doubt, that there was no face there but that of Polly Mattingly upon which he had ever cast eyes; but he wished to see that, and to learn from lips that could tell the story, what had become of friends not yet forgotten, in whose service he had passed no small part of the earlier years of his missionary life. Disguising himself as well as he could, and putting on for the occasion a manner that was the least natural to him, he tramped through the crispy snow the intervening distance, reached the house, lifted the latch without

* Basil and Polly Mattingly had issue: Mahala, married to Washington Mattingly; Edward H., married to Alethair, daughter of Thomas Spalding, who was an uncle of the late Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore; Nancy, married to A. J. Mudd; Mary Jane, married to Joseph Spalding, a half-brother of Archbishop Spalding; Henry, married to Susan Jane Spalding; and Burrilla M., married to J. W. Montgomery. Dr. Ernest Mattingly, a well-known physician of Lebanon, Kentucky, is a grandson of Basil and Polly Mattingly.

knocking, drew up a chair toward the fire, around which Mrs. Mattingly, then a widow, and her sons and daughters were sitting, and, without uttering a word, and without having previously divested himself of either hat or wrappings, deliberately took his seat in their midst. His silence continued so long that the mother and her elder children began to fear that they had been intruded upon by a madman, and the younger of the brood were to be seen edging away from the fire with frightened faces. Lifting his head at length, which had previously been bent toward the fire, but without removing the muffler that hid the lower part of his face, as his hat did the greater part of his forehead, he asked abruptly:

"Is not this the house in which Henry Hagan used to live?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mattingly; "but that was years ago, and there have been many changes in it since."

"Henry Hagan had a daughter named Polly; what has become of her?" asked the unceremonious visitor.

"I am Polly," answered Mrs. Mattingly, "and I am a widow, and these are my children."

Having cast his eyes around the group, as if to ascertain if the Polly of his remembrance had not been reproduced in one or another of the younger generation, the aged missionary thus continued his inquiries:

"And who was it that used to keep church here?"

"At first it was Father Badin, and afterwards Father Nerinckx," answered the lady.

"I have heard of them," said her visitor, in a musing sort of way, and then he asked abruptly:

"What sort of a priest was Father Badin, and how did the people like him?"

"He was a good priest, I make no doubt, and I thought a great deal of him, because he was kind to me," replied the woman; "but the people generally did not like him a bit; he was cross and crabbed, and he wouldn't let the young folks dance and have a little fun now and then."

Laughing heartily, as he arose and laid aside his cloak and hat and muffler, the old man exclaimed gleefully: "And so, Polly, Father Badin comes back to his people of long ago to find that he is only remembered for his accredited faults! Well, well, it is better so than for lack of severity to have opened the door to all manners of evil."

Mrs. Mattingly was distressed beyond measure when the identity of her visitor and her old pastor was established in her mind, and she tried hard to modify the effects of her unfortunate speech. She was silenced at length by the good father's "Tut, tut, Polly! Don't distress yourself for having given me assurance that you are no less truthful now than when you were a girl!"

Without waiting for a reply, he wanted to know if Polly Mattingly had improved in reading over Polly Hagan.

"Not at all, Father," replied the lady. "Any of the older of my children can read better than the Polly Hagan of your remembrance."

Nothing would satisfy the priest but that a book should be brought and trial made on the spot. One after another the children were invited to read; but, whether from natural timidity, or from disinclination to exhibit their elocutionary powers in direct rivalry with their own mother, and in the hearing of the friend of her youth, one after another found excuse for declining the ordeal. It was only at the direct bidding of her mother that Mary Jane, only then a short time returned from the school of Loretto, could be induced to exhibit her skill as a reader. She had been prejudged by her critic, however, and her failure was the natural consequence. Having read but a few sentences, he interrupted her by saying:

"That will do, my child! You will never read as your mother did before she was of your age."*

A long conversation followed between Mrs. Mattingly and her ancient pastor, the burden of which was the dead past. Their minds were peopled with shadowy forms, once known to them as living personalities; and it is not unlikely that the old priest's after walk to his temporary home at the college was signalized by many a *de profundis* offered up by him for the souls of former friends, laid to rest since he left the diocese in the not distant grave-yard attached to the Church of St. Charles.

The name of Bennet Rhodes, another early settler on Hardin's creek, and that of his wife, Nelly Medley, are not to be overlooked in writing out the history of the settlement. The Catholic faith of the twain was no mere sentiment, to be lightly held and slothfully practiced, but a reality that had in it for them the complement of all that was to be most hoped for and sought after and clung to while life's pilgrimage lasted. As they were themselves, so did they endeavor to rear their children, and when they passed away these "rose up and called them blessed." Two of Bennet Rhodes' sisters, Mary and Nancy Rhodes, were of the Sisterhood of Mary at the Foot of the Cross, when the community so called was first established by Father Nerinckx.

A beautiful character was that of George Hardisty, whose name, among the early Catholic settlers on Hardin's creek, was synonymous with whatever distinguishes the christian above the worldling, the true man above the trickster and time-server. His virtues were so ingrained,

* Mary Jane Mattingly, the young girl alluded to in the text, afterwards intermarried with Joseph Spalding, a half brother of the late archbishop of Baltimore of that patronymic. The husband died this present year, 1884, leaving the greater part of his considerable estate to Catholic charitable uses. The wife survives to continue, in the sight of the good people of the congregation of St. Augustine, Lebanon, the example of her marked correspondence with both the precepts and the counsels of the faith that has been to her hitherto as a lamp to guide her footsteps in the way of salvation.

and they were of such public recognition, that when his neighbors wished to express themselves forcibly, they were in the habit of appealing to his name in confirmation of their utterances. With them, the thing done or said could be no more proper and no more true had it been performed or enunciated by George Hardisty himself. How true it is that what constitutes the life of the true christian on earth ends not with his death. The sun of such a life sets not until there is no tradition of its brightness left to attract susceptible hearts. *

William and Andrew Mudd were always reckoned among the old settlers on Hardin's creek. They were men of much prominence in the Church and in society, and they lived and died respected by all to whom they were known. Several of William Mudd's children intermarried with the Russells.

Lower down on Hardin's creek, settled Ignatius Medley, a well known Catholic patriarch of his day, whose descendants are still numerous in the neighborhood.

On the Rolling Fork, about where now stands the town of Raywick, long afterwards a part of the parish of St. Charles, settled Thomas Medley, who left behind him when he died, a name that has not yet ceased to be referred to with veneration by his numerous descendants. Some of these have now their homes in the county of Meade, and one of his granddaughters, Sister Adelaide, of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, is now occupying the position of Mistress of Novices at the mother house of the order, near Bardstown.

There were quite a number of settlers of Irish birth among the early colonists on Hardin's creek—more, possibly, than were attached to any Catholic settlement in the State, with the single exception of the wholly Irish settlement on lower Cox's creek, in Nelson county. In addition to the family of Henry Hagan, already referred to, there were those of James and —— Hughes, Robert Cook, —— Flannigan, Robert and Patrick Raney and James Gannon. Descendants of all these, good citizens, and still faithful to the religion of their fathers, are numerous in Marion and the adjoining counties, especially in the congregation of St. Charles. Elizabeth, a daughter of James Gannon, intermarried with John Graves, a non-Catholic. These were the parents of the late Rev. James Graves, S. J., whose death took place in Louisville about twenty years ago. One of their sons, Hon. Edward Graves, represented Marion county in the Kentucky State legislature of 1871–3.

Ignatius Clark married Aloysia, a daughter of Thomas Hill, of the settlement on Cartwright's creek. Both himself and his wife were singularly pious, and much respected. Mr. Clark was a nephew of Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, first bishop of Cincinnati, and the father

* Of the names of George Hardisty's children I have those of only five, all sons. These were: James, George, Richard, Cornelius and Benjamin Hardisty. There are descendants of some of them living still in Marion county, mostly in the congregation of St. Xavier, Raywick.

of the late Rev. Edward Clark, of the diocese of Louisville.* He was also the father of Sisters Isabella, Eleanora and Rosalia, of the Sisterhood of Loretto.

Joseph Hayden was a neighbor and friend of Ignatius Clark, and their families were intimate. This intimacy extended especially to a son of each, George Hayden and Edward A. Clark, who together entered the seminary of St. Thomas and became priests. Reference is made to Father George Hayden, whose missionary career was a short one, in the note last written.

William Bryan, still living as this is written, at the advanced age of ninety-three years, is supposed to be the only human link that connects the present of St. Charles' congregation with the past of the

*Edward Clark most likely entered the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas as early as 1824. I remember him as a tutor in the college of St. Joseph, Bardstown, in 1827, and afterwards as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the same institution. Together with Rev. Charles Coomes, Rev. Edward Quinn and Rev. William Whelan, he was raised to the deaconate by Bishop Flaget, on the 15th September, 1830. Though the exact date of his priestly ordination is unknown to me, it is reasonable to suppose that it took place towards the close of the year named. His first mission included the large district of country covered by the county organizations of Hardin, Grayson, Hart, Breckinridge and Edmundson. He was afterwards associated with the Rev. E. J. Durbin in the mission of Union and the adjoining counties. In 1836 he was one of the assistant priests of St. Louis church, Louisville, of which Rev. I. A. Reynolds was pastor, having for his associates Rev. John McGill and Rev. George Hayden. The last named had been an intimate friend of Father Clark's from boyhood, a fellow-student with him in the seminary, and, if I mistake not, they were together raised to the dignity of the priesthood. With the consent of their ordinary, toward the close of the year 1837, the two left the diocese with the avowed purpose of exercising their ministry in Texas, and, if circumstances proved favorable, of establishing there an institution of learning. This latter purpose was frustrated by the death of Father Hayden within a comparatively short time after the two had reached the State referred to. After the death of his friend, Father Clark's time was wholly occupied in missionary work among the widely scattered Catholic population of the country. He built several churches in the State, doing much of the work with his own hands. About the year 1852, as it is supposed, he settled in Houston, where he built a church, a parsonage and a school, and where his memory is still treasured by many pious souls. His health failing him at length, he returned to Kentucky with the hope of finding relief. Reaching Louisville in June, 1856, he was warmly received by his friend, Bishop Spalding, with whom he remained until removed by death, November 23d, 1858. Father Clark was a zealous priest, and I never knew the man whose amiability was greater. The *Catholic Guardian* of December 4th, 1858, contains a short sketch of his life written by the late archbishop of Baltimore, who was then bishop of Louisville, from which I extract the following: "The incidents of his protracted illness and last moments were particularly edifying. Never could any of his friends visit him without deriving benefit. Unable to speak above his breath, he whispered words of advice into the ears of those who approached him. Throughout his sufferings, he was never heard to complain. . . . . He received the last rites of the holy religion, of which he was a minister for twenty-five years, at the hands of his old friend, Rev. Walter S. Coomes, and he died as he had lived, quietly and calmly, poor in the goods of this world, but rich in the virtues of his holy state."

early Catholic colonists on Hardin's creek. As he is known to the entire congregation, so is he held by them in esteem and reverence.

The list that follows comprises the names of other early emigrants settled on Hardin's creek, almost exclusively from Maryland, most of whom left descendants who are to-day well known and highly respected Catholic citizens of Marion county: Thomas S. Alvey, John Alvey, Edward Beaven, Edward Berry, —— Borders, Richard Beaven, Thomas Beckitt, George Brown, John Bolton, Roswell Bowman, John Boone, John Clements, John Cissell, —— Fenwick, Wilfred Goodrum, Benj. Green, Leonard Green, —— Hoskins, John Howard, James Howard, John Hardisty, Clement Hayden, Walter Jarboe, Samuel Livers, James Mollahorne, Luke Mudd, Ignatius Mudd, Joseph Mudd, Walter Madden, Barton Miles, John S. Miles, John Mills, John Medley, Thomas Raney, Samuel Sims, Samuel Smith, Zachariah Tucker, Richard Thompson, Bennet Thompson, Thomas Tucker, John Thompson, Bennet Wheatley, Alexander Williams.

The first church of St. Charles, on Hardin's creek, was built by Father Charles Nerinckx in the year 1806.* It was a substantial log structure, and though the number of souls attached to the congregation was then estimated at six hundred, it was made to serve in some sort the ever-increasing needs of the Catholic body of the district until the year 1832, when the then pastor, the late Rev. D. A. Deparcq, pulled it down and caused to be erected in its stead a church of brick, eighty feet long by forty wide.† The congregation has been served by Rev. Charles Nerinckx, Rev. William Byrne, Rev. D. A. Deparcq, Rev. John Wathen, Rev. John B. Hutchins and other zealous priests, long since deceased.

* In his life of Father Nerinckx, Rev. C. P. Maes classifies this church as the *fourth* church in the State. This is certainly a mistake. The old church of St. Joseph, near Bardstown, is known to have been used for divine worship in 1802, and is believed to have been so used for four years previous to that date.

† The church was much enlarged by its present pastor, Rev. P. Fermont, in the year 1874.

CHAPTER IV.

SETTLEMENTS IN AND NEAR BARDSTOWN.

Bardstown, the county seat of Nelson county, was already a prosperous inland village when Kentucky was admitted into the Union of States in 1792.* Its incorporation as a town by the legislature of Virginia bears date November 4th, 1788. It is not believed that there was a single Catholic resident of the town at that date. Two years later there were but two—Anthony Sanders, an emigrant from Maryland, and Nehemiah Webb, a convert, from Pennsylvania, both young, unmarried men. In the country, however, from one to five miles from the town, there were already settled several families of Catholics. It is not improbable that William Coomes and Dr. George Hart, referred to in chapter II of this history, bought the farms upon which they settled, lived and died, in the vicinity of Bardstown, as early as the year 1786.†

The first arrival of emigrants direct from Maryland was certainly in 1776. In that year came Capt. James Rapier, with his sons, Charles and William Rapier, both grown or nearly so, who settled on lands a few miles southeast of Bardstown, on the Beach Fork of Salt river, and in a district of country known at the time and since as Poplar Neck.‡

* The county of Nelson, established by act of the general assembly of Virginia in 1784, was so called from Gen. Thomas Nelson, of the State named. Out of its original territory, since 1792, has been taken that now included in the boundaries of Hardin, Washington, Marion, Breckinridge, Grayson, Daviess, Hancock, Meade, Larue, Taylor, and parts of Green, Bullitt, Spencer, Edmondson, Anderson, Hart and McLean counties.

† The farm of William Coomes, comprising a thousand acres, was situated about three miles northeast of Bardstown. It is said that Mr. Coomes was induced to purchase the property for the reason that there was a cave upon it to which, in case of danger from the proximity of Indians, he might retire with his family. At his death, the land was divided among his children. With the exception of what is known as "The Cave Place," which, I am told, is owned by Aloysius Coomes, a grandson of the original proprietor, the estate has passed away from the family. The late Rev. and venerable Charles I. Coomes, of the diocese of Louisville, was a grandson of William Coomes.

‡ The Captain Rapier referred to above did not bear any exalted reputation for practical religion. His wife, however, was a woman of strong faith and fervent piety. To the present day her memory is venerated by her numerous descendants. Charles and William Rapier, whom I remember well, were good citizens and pious Catholics.

Three years later, and possibly, as to the first mentioned, a little earlier, came Thomas Gwynn, Anthony Sanders and Nehemiah Webb. Mr. Gwynn bought and settled on a farm about two miles northwest of Bardstown, near the site of the now well known Nazareth Convent and Academy. Previous to the erection of the first church of St. Joseph, a mile nearer town, his house is said to have been the church station for all Catholics residing within a circuit of eight miles. His name, with that of Anthony Sanders, is closely associated with the early Church in that part of Nelson county out of which was afterwards formed the cathedral parish. Certainly, than these, no other two laymen in the State did more to advance Catholic interests and to secure a firm footing for the faith in Kentucky. Though the first named was a farmer, and the other a mechanic, neither was without culture. Each had a comprehensive knowledge of the sublime truths of his religion, and the life of each was squared to the equally sublime morality which is its just measurement in human action.*

Anthony Sanders was a hatter by trade, and did business when the material of his specialty was all drawn, in the shape of wool and furs, from the surrounding country, in which lived the greater number of his customers. He was an industrious, careful man of business, and though he lived well and was exceedingly generous, especially toward the Church and its suffering missions, he acquired a considerable estate. The lot upon which stands the church of St. Joseph, the former cathedral of the diocese, was purchased of Mr. Sanders at a nominal price. At the beginning of the present century, the county of Nelson and those counties previously formed out of its territory had not within their borders a resident citizen who was better known or more generally respected than Anthony Sanders. He was above the ordinary stature of men, of a full habit, and weighed, possibly, two hundred pounds. His face was an intelligent one, but its blandness was its leading characteristic. He was pleasantly humorous, too, and an interesting conversationalist.†

*About the beginning of the present century two daughters of Thomas Gwynn were married to Charles and William Rapier, and a third, some years later, was taken to wife by Alexius Hagan, and became the mother of the late Rev. Alfred Hagan, a most deserving priest of the diocese of Bardstown. In his old age, Mr. Gwynn had his home with his daughter, Mrs. Hagan, whose residence was more than five miles distant from Bardstown. Up to a short time preceding his death, which took place, if I mistake not, in 1830, he was in the habit, even on week days, of walking the entire distance, in order to be present at the first mass in the cathedral of St. Joseph. The late Rev. John B. Hutchins, only a few months before his own death, told me that he saw him on one such occasion, in the depth of winter, and long before it was light, waiting patiently for admission to the church. His remains are buried in the cemetery of St. Thomas.

† As I write, an old Douay Bible lies open before me, upon the fly-leaf of which is written in bold characters, "Anthony Sanders, his Book." Than his, from my earliest years to the date of his death, few forms have been more familiar to me. He was born, most likely in Maryland, March 25th, 1764. Just thirty-five years thereafter, he took to wife Eleanor Knott, probably a

Nehemiah Webb, a convert from his 18th year, was a native of Pennsylvania, and his parents were of the sect known as Quakers. He was a mill-wright by trade, and, until about the year 1800, when he became himself a mill proprietor in Bardstown, his business took him frequently from home, sometimes for months together. Hence it was that he was as well known in other Catholic districts of the State as he was in the place of his residence. It is more than likely that he was the contractor for all the mills built in the large territory covered by the county of Nelson previous to the year 1798.*

The next Catholic emigrants to reach Bardstown were undoubtedly Mrs. Mary McManus and her four fatherless children, Margaret, Mary, Charles and Naomi. Both herself and her deceased husband

member of St. Rose's congregation, of Washington county. Their children were: Stephen, Cyprian, Urban, Benedict, John, Ignatius, Susan, Catherine and William. With the two daughters I had such acquaintance as to warrant me in saying that they were at once amiable, accomplished and pious. The first named was the wife of the late Pius G. Thompson, once a citizen of Louisville. She died at the age of 22 years, January 12th, 1839. The younger, Catherine, was the wife of the late James McGill, Jr., a brother of the late Rt. Rev. John McGill, bishop of Richmond. She died of yellow fever in Louisiana, September 16th, 1855. For several years preceding his death, I was a frequent visitor at the residence of Mr. Sanders, in Bardstown. Though confined to the house by reason of age and infirmity, he was always cheerful and always ready to talk of the past. Said he to me one day: "I often think of the time when your father and myself were the only Catholics residing in Bardstown. We used often to joke with each other of the weighty representation the Church had in our town in those days." The death of this patriarch took place on the 6th day of January, 1839.

*Nehemiah Webb was the writer's father. His first wife was Mary Waller, a daughter of John Waller, the proprietor of a mill on Cartwright's creek, afterwards sold by him to Rev. Edward Fenwick. She became a Catholic after her marriage. Their children were named Sarah, Elizabeth, Jerome and Leo. His second wife, Miss McArdle, died childless. The children of the third wife, Clotilde Edelin, were, Benedict Joseph, John Carroll, Mary, Eliza, Jane, Lucretia and Clara. With the exception of Leo, now living at the age of seventy-five years, with a married daughter in McLean county, the children of the first wife are all dead. A singular circumstance attended the death-bed of Elizabeth. In 1833, when that part of the country was first visited by cholera, she was living with her husband, Patrick Green, in Texas, and at a point where there was no priest stationed within a hundred miles of them. Seized with the malady, and feeling that her hour was come, she asked her husband to read the prayers for the soul departing. The poor man, overcome by grief and excitement, was unable to find the page in his wife's mass-book where the petitions appeared. "Give me the book," she said, and having received it, she turned the leaves until the formulary was found, and then handed it back to her husband. By the time the reading was finished, she had passed away. She had done what she could, and God is merciful. Nearly ten years ago all, save one, of the third wife's children were gathered around the table of the writer and elder brother in Louisville. Only a short time before, death had invaded the band and taken from us our unmarried sister, Eliza. Content were we all if death should find us prepared, as she was, to enter into the presence of our Judge. Jane Webb has long borne the name of Sister Felicitas in the Loretto Society. Nehemiah Webb's death took place in the year 1828.

were of Irish birth, and their first home in the United States was Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where they were married and their children were born. In 1791, concluding to remove to Kentucky, Thomas McManus took his family to Pittsburg and thence embarked with them on a flatboat for the prosecution of his voyage down the Ohio. When a short distance above the town of Gallipolis, the boat was fired upon by Indians and the husband and father killed. Not knowing what better to do, the distressed widow continued her journey with the other emigrants of the boat, and settled with them near Winchester, in Clark county. Here another misfortune befell her in the destruction of her house by fire. With the exception of a few treasured books, everything she had was destroyed. Another in her place might have given way to despair; not so this truly courageous woman. Her dependence was upon Providence, and Providence raised up friends for her in her sore distress. It is uncertain how long she remained in Clark county, but it is believed that her removal to Bardstown took place at a date not long anterior to that of the erection of the old church of St. Joseph, near the town. She made up her mind that it was her duty to go where it was possible for her to put in practice the precepts of her religion, and no persuasion on the part of her neighbors had any effect in shaking her resolution. She managed somehow to get to Bardstown with her children, and she afterwards managed to support herself and them without being dependent on public or private charity.*

Charles McManus, the only son of his mother, was as remarkable in youth for his industry and filial piety as he was afterwards for his business integrity, and for his christian manner of life. From early manhood to the date of his death, May 22d, 1840, he was the leading merchant of the town, and one of its most honored citizens †

Among the earlier emigrants to the neighborhood of Bardstown was John Reynolds, who, with his wife, Ann French, and their family of children, settled on a small farm almost within sight of that upon which was afterwards built the convent, school and chapel of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. But for the fact that John Reynolds

* I remember to have heard when a boy, an edifying anecdote related of Mrs. McManus: One evening an emigrant family approached her cabin door and asked for food and shelter for the night. She was herself in great straits at the time, not knowing whence was to come the next day's supplies for herself and her little ones. At first she was much troubled, but her face soon brightened up, and she said: "God will provide! In His name I bid you welcome."

† In the year 1817, Charles McManus was married to Mary Ann, daughter of Bartholomew and Priscilla Roby. She was a woman of rare personal beauty, and of an affectionate disposition. She survived her husband a little more than five years. Mary McManus became the wife of Edward Hayden, whom I remember as one of the older and more venerable members of the cathedral congregation. Her youngest sister, Naomi McManus, died in the year 1817. Margaret McManus, the older child and daughter, outlived all the members of her family, her death occurring November 27th, 1862. The aged emigrant mother, full of merits and ripe for heaven, died October 5th, 1825.

was the husband of an extraordinary wife, and the father of a still more extraordinary son, no special mention of his name would be here necessary. He was an industrious, well-meaning man, to be sure, and after a manner, pious. But he was given to the vice of intemperance. His wife was altogether of another standard. To use the expression applied to her by an aged sister of the Nazareth community, she was "a living saint." It is doubtful if there has ever occurred in Kentucky a more noteworthy example of healthful influence exerted over a household than that which is presented in the case of Mrs. Ann Reynolds. In addition to the fact that her religion was as the measure of her life, she was of that precise temperament that is most attractive of love and confidence. Modest, retiring, helpful, prayerful, sweet of temper and loving her children in God and for God, it will not be considered strange that these latter should have readily yielded themselves to her molding hands and become, even as she was herself, exemplars of christian life and social respectability.*

Among the emigrants of 1788 who came to the neighborhood, were Edward Howard and his son, Thomas, to whom reference has already been made. The latter, by whom was bequeathed to the Church of Kentucky the seminary farm of St. Thomas, is to be regarded as the most munificent of the benefactors of the early church of the State.

Raphael Lancaster, a brother of John Lancaster, of the Hardin's Creek settlement, is supposed to have come to the neighborhood of Bardstown in 1788. He is said to have been not a little improvident, and, as a consequence, his family suffered from his remissness. For several months after he reached the town, his dwelling was a cave, still to be seen in the hillside that fronts its eastern edge. He had a cow, and an excellent one, and good Mrs. Lancaster being unable to procure other vessels for dairy use, was in the habit of keeping her milk in sugar troughs inside the cave. In time, Mr. Lancaster bought a farm about eight miles north of Bardstown, not far from what is now known as Samuels' Depot, upon which he lived and died. Some of his descendants are still living in the neighborhood, though most of them are to be found in the counties lying southwest of Jefferson.

In the congregation of St. Joseph, Bardstown, previous to the year 1812, there were living several families of Hagans, all of whom were held in the highest esteem by their fellow Catholics. Among these were the families of Basil, Robert and Alexius Hagan.

* John and Ann Reynolds were the parents of five children, viz: Bernard, whose wife was Polly Brown; Ignatius Aloysius, who became a priest and died bishop of Charleston; Elizabeth, who married John Coomes; John, who died a most edifying death in his 22d year; and Ellen, who married John Horrell. The aged couple passed the last years of their lives in the old seminary of St. Thomas, in Nelson county. Mrs. Reynolds died suddenly and without previous illness, in August, 1840. Her husband, utterly prostrated by the occurrence, took to his bed, and, two weeks later, he was buried by her side in the cemetery attached to the church of St. Thomas.

Among the earlier Catholic residents of Bardstown was a man named Hottenroth, much thought of by Father Badin, and especially by Bishop Flaget, on account of his singular piety and the zeal he displayed in every work undertaken for the good of religion. After the church of St. Thomas was built, it was his habit to repair thither, walking or riding the intervening distance of three miles, in order to be present at the Holy Sacrifice. On one of these occasions, while attempting the passage of the Beech Fork, the course of which lies between the town and the church named, he was swept away and drowned. The event caused much sorrow throughout the Catholic settlements of the State.

As early as the year 1800, there were living in Bardstown two Catholic heads of families, whose surnames were, respectively, Bean and Kelly, the latter supposed to be of Irish birth. The writer has no remembrance of having seen either of them, and their names are here introduced solely for the purpose of referring to their widows, than whom the congregation of St. Joseph at a later day had no more edifying members. It was something for edification to visit these ancient sisters—for such was the degree of their relationship—at their retreat a few miles west of Bardstown. In the year 1838, in the company of a number of youthful friends, the writer paid them such a visit, and so impressed was he with everything he witnessed and heard, that when he would now picture to himself a home wherefrom everything is banished that obstructs insight to heaven, he has but to renew in his mind his experiences of that day.

Edward Hayden, whose wife was Mary McManus, emigrated to Kentucky when he was a young man, and settled in or near Bardstown. He was always a pious Catholic, a good citizen and a liberal benefactor of the Church.*

Felix Cashot and Stephen Gates were Frenchmen. They came to the country with the Trappist fathers in 1805. For some reason, upon the removal of the community to Illinois in 1809, the two remained behind and settled in Bardstown, where, for many years, they carried on business as jewelers and manufacturers of clocks. The habits they had formed in the Trappist monastery clung to them in after life. Except in church, they were seldom seen beyond their own premises, where they lived more like hermits than men of the world. Mr. Cashot's death took place in 1840, and his compatriot and business partner, led thereto by a countryman of unknown antece-

*The pew fronting the epistle side of the altar, in the cathedral of St. Joseph, was occupied by Edward Hayden's family, and the opposite pew, on the gospel side, by that of my father. As I remember him first, he was tall, spare and erect. His features were angular, but agreeable, and in manner he was wholly free from conventionalism. His son, Charles Hayden, whether as an intelligent and practical Catholic, a good citizen, or as an honorable merchant, was a man in a thousand. It has been said of Edward Hayden that he was one of the principal purveyors for the army of defense under General Jackson in the war of 1812.

dents, but strongly suspected of imposture, removed soon thereafter, with his supposed considerable fortune, to the State of Illinois.

Among the elders of the cathedral congregation in the year 1820, were Harry Wathen, Thompson Beaven, Roger Smith, Charles Drury, Ambrose Aud, Lewis Hayden, Elisha Gates, —— Cooper, Charles Jarboe, James Warren, —— Deavers, Bennet Smith, John Merriman, Alexius Adams, Walter Osborne, John and James McArdle, Daniel Harkins, John Stuart, Patrick Blacklock, John Stevens, Thomas Aud, Robert Livers, Henry Livers, George Ross, —— Blandford, William Osborne, William McAtee, Charles Coomes, —— Higdon, Thomas and David McGill. All of these were farmers residing beyond the environs of the town, and the greater number of them were certainly born in Maryland.*

In the town proper, at the same date, in addition to those whose names have been already given, there were living: John Rogers, Alexander Moore, Bernard Wheatley, William Westcott, Robert Warden, Peter Wickham, James McGill, F. X. McAtee, James Green, George and John R. McAtee, Thomas Price, E. Baker Smith, Joseph Price, Thomas Glasgow, —— Merimee, Ignatius Mattingly, Benedict Smith, Charles Warren and Joseph Queen.†

* As late as the year 1836, more than one-half of the names enumerated were those of living men to whom I was myself indebted for helpful acts in connection with the establishment of the first Catholic paper published in the State, *The Catholic Advocate*. More particularly than of others mentioned, possibly from more intimate association, my memory retains impressions, cast thereon at the time, of those admirable men and Catholic christians, Henry Wathen, Charles Drury, John Stuart, Elisha Gates, James Warren, Robert and Henry Livers, and Lewis Hayden. The house of Elisha Gates was for many years the church station for Catholics residing in the neighborhood. Three daughters of Lewis Hayden, all still living, are members of religious communities. Charles Drury was the father of Sisters Isabella and Martha, of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. The last named of these—God's blessing on her honest, cheery face!—after having served the community for sixty years, is still engaged, with energies unabated, in ministering to the sick of the St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, an institution which has been under her charge for the past fifteen years. Two grandsons of David McGill, Samuel and David, sons of the late Stephen McGill, have long been highly respected citizens of Louisville.

† One-third of these, possibly, were born in Kentucky, and were from one or other of its older Catholic settlements. A few of the emigrants among them I am constrained to notice. John Rogers was the architect and builder of the cathedral of St. Joseph. He will be noticed elsewhere. Alexander Moore, who was a house-builder, removed to Kentucky after the war of 1812, in which he took part as a soldier, notably at the defense of Baltimore. The letter of introduction brought by him to Bishop Flaget, written by Rt. Rev. Leonard Neale, afterwards successor to Dr. Carroll, thus refers to him: "I have been acquainted with Mr. Moore for several years, have always known him to be a regular practical Catholic, and in the public eye, a man of invariable integrity and honest repute." The family of Mr. Moore and that of my father were intimate, and his children were my associates in boyhood. The only two of these known by me to be living are Lewis and Augustus Moore, long residing in McLean county. James Green first emigrated to

Patrick Donohoo, Simon and William McDonough, and William and George Dougherty were Irish residents of the town. The two last named were lay teachers in the college of St. Joseph. In addition to those, there was an entire colony of Irish settled from almost the beginning of the century on lower Cox's creek, about seven miles north of Bardstown, who were members of the cathedral congregation and liberal benefactors of the Church. The Celtic tongue, almost exclusively, was spoken in the families of these colonists.*

Woodford, afterwards Scott county, whence he removed to Bardstown about the year 1815. He was known to Catholics as a consistent christian, and to everybody as the proprietor of the most noted tavern-stand in Bardstown. He removed to Louisville in 1831, where he died in 1845. James McGill, a native of Ireland, came to the United States in early youth, and settled in Philadelphia, where he married Lavinia Dougherty, and where the elder of their children were born. In 1818, he came to Kentucky and settled in Bardstown. He was a man of excellent natural abilities, and of much and varied acquired knowledge. So well was he informed in dogmatic theology that he was not only able to defend the principles of his own faith, but to expose, also, the inconsistencies and absurdities of opposing systems of religion. His intercourse with the clergy of his day was marked by the most obliging kindness and by a hospitality that was as free as it was bountiful. His children, now deceased, were: John, who became a priest, and died bishop of Richmond; James, who died in Missouri, in 1854; Augustine, who died of cholera in 1833; Mary, who, together with her husband, Pius G. Thompson, perished in the Last Island calamity of the Gulf of Mexico, August 10th, 1856; Joseph H., whose exemplary christian life was closed by a happy death March 28th, 1872; and Stephen, who died of yellow fever in Louisiana, November 4th, 1855. Three of James McGill's children are still living, viz: William F., who is a highly respected citizen of Bardstown; Sarah A., wife of the writer, living in Louisville; and Susan E., wife of Richard P. Edelin, of Washington county. The death of James McGill, Sr., took place in Bardstown in 1850. His widow died at the home of the writer, in Louisville, August, 1855. Bernard Wheatley and his amiable wife, a thoroughly lovable old couple, were my father's nearest neighbors when I was a child. They were pious, cheerful people, and particularly kind to little children. Captain William Westcott was a man of high respectability and worth. One of his sisters became a member of the Loretto Society of religious, under the name of Sister Generose, and is still living. Captain Peter Wickham, an Irishman, if I mistake not, and a retired sea captain, was a man of considerable wealth and of unbounded generosity. He was a good Catholic, strict in his principles and strict to duty, and one of the most polished men in his manners I have ever known. Some time after his death, his widow and his elderly maiden sister had charge of the old seminary building in Bardstown. There they lived in semi-seclusion, and engaged, for the most part, in the performance of delicate acts of charity; and there, ripe for heaven and honored of their entire acquaintance, some time about the year 1850, they passed away. What remained to them of their estate was left to charitable objects. John R. McAtee was for many years a teacher of mathematics in St. Joseph's college. Two of his sons are much respected citizens of Louisville. Several of Robert Warden's sons removed to Cincinnati, where one of them was afterwards a judge of one of the courts of Hamilton county.

*The principal families of this colony were the Fahertys, the Connellys, the Welshes, the Flahertys, the Tuells and the Whelans. The first slave property that came into the colony is said to have been a negro boy-child of five years of age, bought by a Mr. Tuell at a public sale of an insolvent

It is scarcely to be doubted that all of the earlier missionary priests sent to the State, including Fathers Whelan, de Rohan, Badin, Barrieres, Fournier, Salmon and Thayer, were in the habit of paying occasional visits to the Catholic families living within a circuit of ten miles of Bardstown. The church stations of the district, up to the year 1798, when the first church of St. Joseph was opened for divine service, were certainly the houses of Edward Howard, three miles south of the town; Thomas Gwynn, two miles to the north; Clement Gardiner, near the present site of the town of Fairfield; and, more than likely, that of Capt. James Rapier, of the Poplar Neck neighborhood, and that of Anthony Sanders, in the town itself. The precise date of the erection of the old church of St. Joseph cannot now be ascertained. Some claim that it was built as early as 1795, but the more general opinion refers its erection to the year 1798. The deed of conveyance to Father Badin of the lot upon which it stood, signed by Dr. George Hart, is dated July 12th, 1802; but that deed specifies the church building as then its chief appendage, and that is known, for several years previous to that date, to have been used as a church.*

debtor's estate. In connection with this negro boy, I remember to have heard an amusing anecdote related by the late Daniel Dwyer, Sr., at the time, nearly a half century ago, a leading wholesale grocer of Louisville. I was his guest, and seated at his own table when he related the incident: "The Irish settlers on Cox's creek," said Mr. Dwyer, "had been my customers for many years. It pleased them to deal with a countryman who could speak their own mother tongue. One day I was waited on by one of their number, Patrick Tuell by name, who bought of me a pretty large bill of goods. His instructions were that the goods should be delivered to his negro wagoner, who would call for them on the following morning. Since you must have observed it, Mr. Webb, I need not tell you that what is known as the brogue of my country is in my case ineradicable. Though it is something of which I am not ashamed, and have no right to be ashamed, I am not a little sensitive to its mimicry by those who have it not. Well, on the following morning after I had closed my business transaction with Mr. Tuell, a negro fellow, some twenty years of age, entered the store, and with as honest a Tipperary brogue as ever fell from tongue, asked for his 'masther's groceries.' I had but one idea, and that was, that the black rascal was trying to imitate my own manner of speech. Picking up an ax-helve, I made after him, and he, frightened at my demonstrative attitude, backed out of the store and leaped into the wagon that was standing in the middle of the street. Turning to me before he could reach the saddle-horse of his team, with a most piteous look, he asked, *in native Irish*, what he had done to offend me. I was utterly confounded, you may be sure, and the weapon I held dropped to the pavement as from a nerveless hand. Questioning the boy, I found that he had been brought up from childhood in his master's family, where he had not only naturally contracted the brogue which I had regarded as mere mimicry, but had learned, with the other children, to understand and speak the Celtic of the family's daily intercommunication."

*Old St. Joseph was a structure of logs, fairly commodious, and it stood in the middle of the graveyard in which most of the early Catholic settlers in and near Bardstown lie interred. All that I remember of it comprised a few decaying logs and a pile of stones where once arose the sacristy chimney. About the year 1836 the graveyard was greatly enlarged by the purchase of additional grounds.

As early as the year 1806, the congregation attached to the church of St. Joseph had so largely increased as to necessitate further provision of church accommodations in the district. The remedy was partly found the following year in the erection of St. Michael's church, Fairfield. A little more than four years later, Rt. Rev. Dr. Flaget having been then but recently installed bishop of Bardstown, caused to be erected on the Howard place, three miles south of the nominal seat of his authority, the church of St. Thomas. Thus was the parish of St. Joseph relieved of more than a third of its former members. But the influx of Catholics to the town and neighborhood, many from Maryland, and still more from other Catholic settlements in the State, continued at such a rate as to necessitate the use of private residences in the town for church stations.*

In another chapter will be found an account of the building of the cathedral of St. Joseph, and the subsequent history of its congregation and pastorate.

*I am inclined to the belief that the old log church of St. Joseph was little used, except, it may be, as a mortuary chapel, after the year 1812. After that date, up to the year 1814 or 1815, mass was celebrated in the town on Sundays and holidays, either in the house of Benedict Smith or in that of Anthony Sanders. From the latter date to the consecration of the cathedral of St. Joseph in 1819, the church station of the congregation was the house of my father, Nehemiah Webb. My earliest recollections refer to the latter years of this period. Unable to understand the nature of the business that had brought so many people to the house, I could but stare and wonder as group after group of them, after having hitched their horses to the garden fence, filed into the parlor and there fell upon their knees. The room was much too small for the crowds that came, and hence many had to stand or kneel at points where they could see neither priest nor altar.

CHAPTER V.

THE CARTWRIGHT'S CREEK CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT. *

One of the most continuously prosperous Catholic settlements of Kentucky was first known by the title above given, which was also borne by a small watercourse, a tributary of the Beech Fork of Salt river, on either side of which, stretched out for miles, the bordering lands gave evidence of strong fertility. This settlement, begun in 1787, was situated about twenty miles from Bardstown and about ten miles from the point afterwards selected by Father Badin for his residence, and known as St. Stephen's. Up to the year 1792, the entire district was a part of Nelson county, but when the county of Washington was created in the year named, it passed to the jurisdiction of the new organization, its very center being occupied by the county-seat, to which had been given the name of Springfield. Long before the advent of Catholics in any numbers in Kentucky, the farming lands on Cartwright's creek had been monopolized by speculators and capitalists who were holding them for sale and settlement. Among these the most noteworthy was General Mathew Walton, to whom, for the most part, is to be traced prior title to lands upon which the majority of the emigrants from Maryland afterwards lived and died.†

*Cartwright's creek, which gave its name to the settlement, had its own name, doubtless, from Samuel Cartwright, a companion of James and Jacob Sandusky, who prospected through the district in 1777, and built on a neighboring stream, afterwards known as Pleasant Run, a stockade to which they gave the name of Sandusky's fort.

† General Mathew Walton was a Virginian by birth, and his title accrued to him through his services rendered in the war of independence. He came to Kentucky soon after the capitulation at Yorktown, and he represented Nelson county, which then embraced the territory now occupied by the counties of Washington and Marion, in the Virginia convention, by which was ratified the present constitution of the United States. He also represented the same county in the sessions of the Virginia legislature of 1789 and 1790. He represented the same county in the conventions held at Danville in 1785 and 1787, and in the first constitutional convention of Kentucky, held in 1792. He was its representative in the first legislature after the admission of the State into the Union, in 1792, a member of Congress from 1800 to 1803, and a presidential elector in 1809, when James Madison became president of the United States. He is said to have been the proprietor of 160,000 acres of land in Kentucky, and was as much noted for high breeding, gentlemanly deportment and liberality, as he was for his wealth. Tradition speaks well of

At the beginning of the year 1787, Thomas Hill and Philip Miles, brothers-in-law, living up to that time near Leonardstown, St. Mary's county, Maryland, arranged with each other to remove with their families to Kentucky. Their idea at the time was to settle on Pottinger's creek, whither had previously gone quite a number of their friends and neighbors. Their proposed journey was begun in February, and toward the end of March, on the very day they expected to make landing above the falls of the Ohio, their boat was fired on by Indians with fatal effect. A negro belonging to Thomas Hill was killed, as were, also, all the horses on the boat, and Hill himself was seriously wounded by the passage of an ounce ball through both of his thighs. This happened at a point then and still known as Eighteen Mile Island, its distance above Louisville being just so many miles. Happily for the remainder of the emigrants, the boat was soon carried by the current beyond gun-shot range of the lurking savages, and before night its living freightage of men, women and children was safely housed in Louisville.*

The journey to Bardstown was a rough one for the wounded man; but he was borne along by his companions, and the party reached the town in safety after a toilsome march of several days. The trail followed by the emigrants on this occasion was a new one. Only a month before, another party of Catholic emigrants, under the leadership of Edward Howard, had established the route by blazing the trees along its course.† The entire party remained in Bardstown about a year, and Thomas Hill, owing to the severity of his wounds, for a longer period. In March, 1788, Philip Miles and Harry Hill, the latter being a grown-up son of Thomas Hill, purchased farms in the Pottinger's Creek neighborhood, to which they removed immediately, and upon which they passed the remainder of their lives.‡

his courage as a soldier, especially at the battle of King's mountain during the revolutionary era. The dwelling house he built for himself is said to have been the first of any pretensions to elegance put up on the soil of Kentucky. Among the most distinguished of his cotemporaries living on Cartwright's creek in 1785, were Richard Parker and —— Pirtle, the latter being the father of the late chancellor Henry Pirtle, of Louisville.

*Clement Hill, a seven year old son of Thomas Hill, was lying on the deck of the boat when his father's slave was shot, as related above, and he was covered by his body when he fell. This episode in the life of Clement Hill is not unfrequently referred to by his grandchildren at the present day.

†Edward Howard settled about three miles south of Bardstown, in a nook of country known as Poplar Neck. It was to his son, Thomas Howard, that the Church in Kentucky is indebted for the bequest of the St. Thomas seminary farm. It is very generally believed that Father Whelan, the first priest sent to Kentucky, accompanied Mr. Howard on the occasion referred to in the text.

‡Harry Miles, a son of Philip Miles, lived for many years on the place upon which his father settled in 1788. His second wife was Nancy McAtee, most likely a daughter of Henry McAtee, of the Pottinger's Creek settlement. The death of this amiable lady, who survived her husband many years, is but of comparatively recent occurrence. One of her sons, Edward Miles, still

Catholic emigration to Kentucky was much accelerated in 1788; but few of the emigrants, either during that or the following years, were content to establish themselves for life on Pottinger's creek. Nominally, the end of their journey was Bardstown, and there they ordinarily remained until they had made selection of lands for permanent residence. With rare exceptions, a single visit to "the settlement on the creek," as it was then called, was enough to convince them of the undesirableness of the situation. The result was ordinarily as favorable to the worldly prospects of the emigrants themselves as it was to the diffusion among the non-Catholics of the country of less prejudiced views respecting their religion. In 1791, the year before Kentucky was admitted into the confederation of States, there were settled within its borders no fewer than six distinct and large colonies of Catholics, five of which were in the single county of Nelson.*

Among the most noteworthy of the Catholic emigrants to Kentucky in 1788, was Henry Cambron, previously a highly respected citizen of Montgomery county, Maryland. He was accompanied by his aged father, Baptist Cambron, and by a number of his brothers and sisters.† After stopping for a few days at Bardstown, Mr. Cambron proceeded to Cartwright's creek, where he bought and settled upon a farm adjoining that occupied by John Waller, whose mill, built upon his land, was the only property of the kind in that part of the country. This mill, with the land of which it was an appendage, was afterwards sold by Mr. Waller to Rev. Edward Fenwick, and upon the latter stands to-day the church and convent of St. Rose.‡

occupies the place upon which his grandfather settled, and another, Rev. Thomas Miles, is a member of the Society of Jesus, of the province of Missouri.

*These were severally known as *The Pottinger's Creek* settlement; *The Bardstown*, or *Poplar Neck* settlement; *The Cartwright's Creek* settlement; *The Hardin's Creek* settlement; *The Rolling Fork* settlement, all in Nelson county; and *The Woodford*, afterwards *Scott County* settlement, north and east of the Kentucky river. There was also a small colony of Catholics, composed principally of the families of the Durbins and Logsdons, settled in Madison county. One Catholic family, too, that of Leonard Wheatley, had already settled in that part of Nelson county which now forms the county of Breckinridge. It is believed, too, by a number of their descendants with whom I have consulted, that the first Catholic settlers on Cox's creek, in Nelson county, were occupying their lands, in the neighborhood of the present town of Fairfield, as early as the year 1791. Others, however, refer the settlement to the year 1795.

† Henry Cambron's descendants are numerous in Kentucky. They are all of the highest worldly respectability, and better still, they are all faithful to the ancient faith of their fathers. One of his sons, Charles C. Cambron, died in the neighborhood in which his father settled as late as 1880. Another son, Ralph Cambron, was still living in 1878, a much esteemed member of the Sacred Heart congregation in Union county.

‡ It is not unlikely that the mill referred to in the text was built by the writer's father, the late Nehemiah Webb. It is quite certain that his first wife was Mary Waller, a daughter of this same Washington county miller; that the match was bitterly opposed by the father from motives of pure bigotry; that soon after her marriage the daughter became a Catholic and

In the spring of 1789, Thomas Hill, now fully recovered from his wounds, moved from Bardstown to Cartwright's creek, where he purchased and settled upon lands adjoining the farm of Mr. Cambron. The Catholic faith of these two worthy pioneers is well illustrated by the following occurrence, which remains till now a tradition in the families of their descendants:

They had as yet put in and gathered but a single crop when the two, being together one day, began to talk of the sad predicament they and their families were in, in respect to the practice of their religion. The nearest station at which Father Whelan was in the habit of saying mass was too far away to render it possible for all to be present on these occasions, and their children were growing up with little opportunity of learning, in a practical way, the extent and character of their religious obligations. If they could but increase their numbers, so they thought, and thus be enabled to put up a church, Providence would assuredly send them a priest to administer to their spiritual necessities. At length, one of them said to the other, "Let us go upon the uplands to the south, buy lands, gather about us the Catholics now coming into the State, and build a church."

As it was suggested, so it was done. The lands were bought, and it was not long before they were occupied by the precise character of emigrants needed for the realization of the idea that had been advanced and acted upon by these patriarchs of the settlement. But they were still destined to disappointment. When their hopes were brightest, news came to them that Father Whelan had abandoned his mission, and that there was no telling when another priest would be sent to supply his vacant place. Bereft now of all pastoral care, as were their brethren throughout the State, and left to do battle against the enemy of their souls unsupported by the grace of the sacraments, they could but look upon their position as pitiable in the extreme. There was some relaxation of their wretchedness six months later upon the appearance in the State of Rev. William de Rohan, mentioned in a former chapter; but it was not till the arrival of Father Badin and his earlier companions, Fathers Barrieres, Fournier and Salmon, that the Catholic settlers on Cartwright's creek felt that the dawn of a brighter day had broken for them as children of the church of God. From one cause or another, however, the erection of a church in the neighborhood was long delayed. It was not until 1799 that it was finished and blessed by Father Badin, assisted by Father Fournier, and had given to it the title of the church of St. Ann.

In connection with the Catholic settlement on Cartwright's creek, the annexed letters in reply to inquiries made of the writers, both

lived and died one; and that, though the father was esteemed honorable, and was, in point of fact, a wealthy man for the times, the daughter never afterwards experienced at his hands either affection or kindness. Leo Webb, the youngest and only living issue of this marriage, is now a resident of McClean county, Kentucky.

written in 1878, will not be found devoid of interest. The hands that penned these letters, it must be premised, to-day lie crossed over bosoms that feel not the clods that cover them. The first is from the late Alexander Hamilton, who was born in Maryland and brought to Kentucky by his father when he was a child of eight years, and whose death took place in 1879, in the 90th year of his age. The other is from the late Charles C. Cambron, who died in 1880, aged 90 years. Mr. Hamilton's communication reads:

"My father emigrated to Kentucky from Maryland in the spring of the year 1797. He settled in this (Washington) county, about six miles north of the town of Springfield, on the road leading from that place to Bardstown. He brought with him a family of eight children. At that time the only officiating priests in the State were Fathers Badin and Fournier. The first named was stationed on Pottinger's creek, and the other on the Rolling Fork. There was a small church at the time on Pottinger's creek, and a little chapel attached to Father Fournier's house on the Rolling Fork. Father Fournier died in 1803, and Father Badin was left the only priest in the State.*

"St. Ann's church was built, about five miles west of Springfield, in the year 1798. It was attended from Pottinger's creek by Father Badin. Sometime in the year 1806, Fathers Wilson and Tuite, of the order of St. Dominic, came to Kentucky and stopped for awhile near Bardstown, in Nelson county. From there, in 1807, they came to Cartwright's creek and took up their residence with Henry Boone, where they kept church for several months. They were shortly afterwards joined by Father Edward Fenwick, afterwards bishop of Cincinnati, and by a Mr. Young, now Father Dominic Young, of the Dominican order. That fall they purchased a farm and residence, the present site of the convent of St. Rose, and it was not long before they began the construction of the church of St. Rose.† Almost immediately after they came to the neighborhood, the charge of the church of St. Ann was transferred to them by Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, who had previously been in the habit of serving the congregation at stated intervals. After the church of St. Rose was finished, that of S Ann was abandoned.‡ Father Nerinckx was the last pastor."

*This is a mistake. Father de Rohan was still living in the Pottinger's Creek settlement, but without faculties in other than extraordinary cases. As late as the year 1823, he was teaching school in or near the village of New Hope, in Nelson county. Becoming incapable, shortly afterwards, of earning as much as would supply him with the simplest necessaries of life, he was removed, by direction of Bishop Flaget, to the seminary of St. Thomas, where he passed the remainder of his life.

† The venerable writer's statements of facts are accurate; not so his dates. The reader is referred to the chapter on "The Dominicans in Kentucky" for more reliable information on this point.

‡ Not finally till the year 1817. It was used occasionally after the completion of the church of St. Rose, most likely for the accommodation of Catholic families living in its immediate vicinity. It was pulled down finally

The letter of Mr. Cambron reads as follows: "*Dear Sir*—My father's name was Henry Cambron; that of my mother before her marriage, Margaret Harbin. They removed to Kentucky from St. Mary's county, Maryland, in 1790 or 1791.* I was myself born in Kentucky on the 5th day of November, 1791. My parents were then living on Cartwright's creek, near by the farm afterwards bought by Father Fenwick for a Dominican convent. I helped to build the old St. Rose church in 1808. I was married on the 17th day of January, 1817, by priest Miles (Rev. R. P. Miles, afterwards first bishop of Nashville). I will here name a few of the old Catholic settlers on Cartwright's creek. The first named, and the oldest among them, was my grandfather: Baptist Cambron, Thomas Hill, Thomas Osborne, Joseph Carrico, Acquilla Blandford, Thomas Yates, William Montgomery, James Austin, James Raney, Thomas Hamilton, James Carrico, Henry Boone and Basil Montgomery.

"Before the completion of the church of St. Ann, mass was commonly celebrated for the Catholic people of the settlement at the house of Thomas Hill, which came in time to be known as the Cartwright's creek church station.† Yours respectfully,

"CHARLES C. CAMBRON."

The arrival in the State of the Dominican fathers, Revs. Edward Fenwick, Thomas Wilson, William Raymond Tuite and R. Angier, marked an era of hopeful possibilities for Catholicity in Kentucky, which we of the present day have happily seen realized. They were the first to develop a source of Catholic missionary enterprise west of the Alleghany mountains. While doing their whole duty in the present, they had thought also for the future, and sought to provide for its needs by establishing a school in which the divine science should be of perpetual inculcation.

Thomas Hill is to be regarded as the leading spirit among the early Catholic colonists on Cartwright's creek. He was by birth an Englishman. His father, of the same name, is supposed to have been of an old English Catholic family. About the middle of the last century, Thomas Hill, the younger, emigrated to the United States, and settled in St. Mary's county, Maryland, where, about the year 1754, he intermarried with Rebecca Miles, a sister of Philip Miles, who afterwards accompanied him to Kentucky.‡ They had a

in the year 1819. The grave-yard, by which it was surrounded, where rest in undistinguishable graves many of the early Catholic settlers of the district, is still sufficiently marked to indicate its former use.

*This is evidently a mistake.

† Rev. Walter H. Hill, S. J., of the Province of Missouri, whose father was Clement Hill, a son of Thomas Hill, mentioned in the text, writes me concerning this station as follows: "I learned from Father Badin himself that my father was in the habit of conducting him, sometimes from St. Stephen's, and sometimes from Bardstown, to my grandfather's house, in order to afford the people opportunities to attend to their religious duties."

‡ When Thomas Hill came to the United States, he was accompanied by his only brother, Henry Hill, who soon became dissatisfied and returned to

family of seven children, three sons and four daughters. Two of the former, Harry Hill, of the Pottinger's creek settlement, and Clement Hill, of the settlement near the present town of Lebanon, were afterwards well known in Kentucky. The latter, Clement, who was born in Maryland, March 22, 1776, was the youngest of their children. Though he was past middle life when he came to Kentucky, Thomas Hill was still strong and active; and, above all, he was earnest in his desire to provide for his children every facility of culture that was within the compass of his means. Especially did he labor to found them securely in the Catholic faith and to present them reasonable motives for its constant and systematic practice. The death of this veteran among the faithful of the settlement, took place in 1820, at the age of 97 years, and his name is to the present day held in benediction in the homes of his descendants scattered all over the western country.

The history of the Cartwright's Creek settlement would be incomplete without reference being made to Clement Hill, youngest son of Thomas Hill, who, as will be remembered, shared with his father the dangerous passage of the Ohio river when the boat upon which the family had embarked for Louisville was attacked by Indians. Clement Hill remained with his father until after his majority, when he took to wife Mary Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas Hamilton, whose brother, Leonard Hamilton, was the maternal grandfather of the late Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, bishop of Louisville and archbishop of Baltimore.* The marriage service was performed by Father Badin in 1798. In the year 1803, Clement Hill removed to a farm lying within two miles of the site of the present town of Lebanon, where he lived to the date of his death, December 13, 1832.†

England. The only information concerning him that was afterwards received by his brother was in the nature of a report that he had gone to sea soon after his return to his native country. It is supposed, however, by at least some of the descendants of Thomas Hill, now living in Kentucky, that he eventually found his way back to Maryland and settled in the county of Prince George. This belief is founded on the identity of family names with the Hills of that county; on the fact that both families are Catholic; and on a reputed agreement in features. Thomas Hill's only sister, Dolly Hill, did not emigrate to the United States.

*The late Alexander Hamilton, of whom I have already spoken, was a son of the Thomas Hamilton referred to in the text. He was named after a famous English progenitor of the family, as was also the still more famous American politician and financier, Alexander Hamilton, who was Secretary of the Treasury under the first administration of the Government, and who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr. The Secretary's father was of the same Catholic stock; but, as runs a tradition in the family, he lost his faith while residing in the West Indies.

†The wife of Clement Hill bore to him seventeen children. To each of these reference is here made. Cynthia, married to Henry Calhoun, who left many descendants. Maria, married to Josiah Turner, who died leaving children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren; one of her sons, Rev. J. P. Turner, is a Dominican priest, and one of her daughters became a Lorettine

Though it is no part of the author's design, in the compilation of this historical record, to make more than simple reference to individuals still living, he feels himself impelled, from motives arising out of friendship and long intimacy, to speak more fully than he has yet done of two of Clement Hill's sons. One of these, bearing his father's name, is a well known lawyer of Marion county. Clement S. Hill was educated at St. Mary's College, when that institution was still controlled by its founder, Rev. William Byrne. He afterwards prosecuted his law studies in the office of the late Benjamin Chapeze, of Bardstown, a lawyer of great ability, and a man of singular worth and purity of character.* Entering in due time upon the practice of his profession, it was not long before he was looked upon as a rising member of the bar. Possessed of an analytic mind, and rarely gifted as a speaker, he soon secured a lucrative practice and full recognition of his legal acquirements at the hands of the leading lawyers of the State. In the years 1852–3, he served one term as representative of his district in the Congress of the United States.

Walter Henry Hill, another son of Clement Hill, and better known to Catholics, probably, than any other member of the family, has long been an associate of the Society of Jesus of the Province of Missouri. His collegiate studies were prosecuted under what many persons would call discouraging difficulties. I am inclined to the belief that

nun. Thomas, who died in infancy. Thomas, second of the name, who became a lawyer and died in Louisville, after having received the sacraments from the hands of Rev. Robert A. Abell, in October, 1829; a son of his, of the same name, is at present a citizen of Lincoln county. Ann E., who became a Dominican nun, and whose death occurred at the house of the order in Ohio, April 1, 1840. Pamela, married to James Adams; one of her sons became a priest, and she has many descendants. Richard H., who removed to Texas, where, at this date, 1879, he is still living; he has descendants to the third generation. Mary, married to John J. Mattingly, still living at Florissant, Missouri; she has a large family of children and grandchildren; one of her daughters is a member of the Loretto Sisterhood. Clement S., a lawyer of great ability, residing in Marion county; he has several children and grandchildren. Lloyd E., a resident of Lebanon, who has a large family of children and grandchildren; one of his daughters is a member of the Loretto Society. William A., who died leaving a family of children. Elizabeth, married to Benjamin Cooper, who left a family of children at her death. Rebecca, married to Joseph Hocker, of Lincoln county; she died leaving a family of children. Walter Henry, who became a priest in the Society of Jesus, and is now a member of the faculty of St. Louis University. Robert G., who became a physician and died several years ago, leaving a numerous progeny. James A., also a physician, who died without children. Bennet Franklin, who still lives on the paternal homestead; he has a large family, and one of his daughters is a member of the Loretto Society. With the exception, possibly, of those of Leonard Mattingly, of the Hardin's Creek Catholic settlement, the living descendants of Clement Hill are in excess of those of any other of the early Catholic emigrants to the State.

* Mr. Chapeze was not a Catholic; but his amiable wife, whom I remember well, was a most pious one. There was a large family of children, all of whom were reared in their mother's faith. Mr. Chapeze was himself received into the Church a short time before his death.

these very difficulties were providential, and that their recurrence secured to the service of religion a faithful minister, and to many a bewildered soul a competent director and guide. He was anxious to learn, but no other resource had he upon which to draw for the costs of his education than his capacity to labor. Under these circumstances, he proposed to the President of St. Mary's College, then under the control of the Jesuit fathers, to exchange the labor of his hands, to be exerted on the college farm, for the intellectual culture he coveted, and which was otherwise beyond his reach. His request was promptly acceded to, and he at once entered upon his mixed term of labor and study. This happened in 1839, when he was not yet 17 years of age. No less studious than he was industrious, in due time he was admitted to his first and second degrees. After graduation, he was retained in the college as a teacher until 1846, when the Jesuit fathers left Kentucky for New York, where they afterwards remained. With the idea of entering upon a course of medical studies under the direction of the late Dr. Moses L. Linton, formerly of Springfield, Kentucky, but then a leading professor in the medical department of the University of St. Louis, the young man repaired to the city named, saw his old friend, now in the zenith of his fame, was received by him kindly, and was given by him opportunity to carry out his design. He had scarcely begun his studies when he felt that he had made a mistake. His next step was to acknowledge the blunder he had committed, and to seek the advice of his preceptor. Happily for him, Dr. Linton was a no less conscientious Catholic than he was a skillful physician. He saw, or thought he saw, that the young man's true vocation was the sacred ministry, and seeing this, he advised him to study for the priesthood.*

* If I could but find words wherein to shape my thoughts of the late Dr. M. L. Linton, it would please me well to present him to my readers as the entire man, form and features, mind and manners, affections and principles, is pictured in my memory and in my heart. I would like to be able to perpetuate, if that might be, the memory of this true man and true Catholic in the State in which he was born, and among the children and grandchildren of those who were his patients forty years ago in the district of country watered by Cartwright's creek. I knew him well when he was a young man, and when, if I mistake not, he was also a young convert to the Catholic faith. I knew him better when, in the city of his later and last residence, he was equally honored for his skill and conscientiousness as a physician and teacher of his art, and for his devotion to his religion and his sterling qualities as a man. He was one of the comparatively few that are to be met with in this world of crookedness and sham and so-called policy, who are in the habit of speaking their thoughts after having shaped them to the measure of truth and christian charity. No man was then bolder in his denunciation of wrong-doing and wrong-thinking, or more commendatory of what is just before God and men. I never heard him lecture, but I can well believe, from the specimens of his writings that have come under my notice, that he had a happy faculty of imparting knowledge of his art in the hearing of his students. In the year 1859, when circumstances led to my acceptance of the editorship of *The Catholic Guardian*, published in Louisville by authority of the late Most

He hesitated just so long as was requisite to bring the matter before God in prayer while he performed the exercises of a spiritual retreat. At its close, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Florissant.

Father Hill's ordination to the priesthood took place August 24, 1861. He has since occupied many important positions in the houses of the Society in the West. He published in 1873, a valuable Treatise on Moral Philosophy, a book that has already run through several editions. In 1878, he published his *Ethics*, or *Moral Philosophy*, a much more elaborate work, and a most valuable contribution to the higher literature of the country. In the pulpit, Father Hill is singularly unpretentious. His manner is easy, to be sure, but it is the ease of nature rather than of art. Learned above most men, his vocabulary for use in preaching would seem to include only the simplest terms known to the language. His felicitousness as a speaker, and there are few better able to attract and rivet attention, is as much owing, possibly, to the fact mentioned as it is to his mastery of the art of logic.*

The Edelins, the Clarksons and the Worlands, of Cartwright's Creek Catholic settlement, between which families there was kinship by marriage, deserve special mention in these annals from the fact that they were the progenitors of men and women who devoted, and are now devoting, their lives to the service of God, either as priests or as members of religious communities. The surname Edelin is supposed to be unaffiliated with any form of personal nomenclature that has its derivation from sources not distinctly English. It is generally believed by those who own the patronymic, that when christianity was first preached to the Britons by missionaries sent from Rome, these had for their hearers and after converts men to whom the name was as familiar as were the voices of their children. It is supposed, too, and this supposition has the support of coincidence, there having been Edelins in Maryland time out of mind and without record of their coming, that one or more of the name answered at roll-call on that memorable March 27th, 1634, when Leonard Calvert and his pilgrim

Rev. M. J. Spalding, then bishop of the See, I was indebted to him for a series of papers, to which publication was given, on The Incongruities, Contradictions and Absurdities that are to be found in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, and in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. Dr. Linton's style, as shown in these articles, is epigrammatic and forcible; he abounds in wit, and his logic is invincible. In St. Louis, as in Springfield in our own State, Dr. Linton was as much respected by non-Catholics as he was beloved by his own co-religionists. Such a man should have a more enduring monument than any I can raise to his memory; but I do what is possible to me in in this direction, by giving to his name honorable association in my narrative with those of hundreds of others who were like him in their love of truth and in the stability of their Catholic faith.

*I cannot but fear that Father Hill will deprecate what I have here written concerning him. Should that be the case, let him lay the blame upon our ancient friendship.

associates took rejoicing possession of their Canaan in the wilds of Maryland.*

In the year 1795, three of the name came to Kentucky, who bore to each other the relation of cousin. One of them, and most likely the elder of the three, Joseph Edelin, settled on Pottinger's creek, near the then recently constructed church of Holy Cross.† The other two, Samuel and Robert Edelin, settled in the neighborhood of Springfield. Of the last named, little that is reliable has come to the knowledge of the writer. He is inclined to the belief, however, that he died early, and that several of his children were reared by Protestant relatives and friends, and thus lost their faith.‡

Samuel Edelin, whose wife was Molly Smith, was the father of nine children, four sons and five daughters. Of these, it will be necessary to speak of but two, viz: Theresa, afterwards Sister Magdalen, a Dominican nun; and Charles Fennel, whose wife was Ann Worland, a daughter of Henry and Margaret Worland, the last named of whom was regarded as an exemplar of piety and prudence and practical religion for all the matrons of the settlement. Sister Magdalen, or Mother Magdalen, as she was ordinarily addressed for the greater part of her long life as a religious, was a woman of rare administrative talents, and to her, possibly, more than to any other of her associates, is to be ascribed the sterling reputation that attaches in our day to the Sisterhood of St. Catherine of Sienna as a teaching community.‖

Charles Fennell and Ann Edelin were the parents of James and Richard P. Edelin, both living. The first named, Rev. James Edelin, is a well known priest of the Order of Preachers, and the second, R. P. Edelin, is living near Springfield. He is a brother-in-law of the writer, his wife being Susan McGill, youngest daughter of the late James McGill, Sr., of Bardstown, and a sister of the late Rt. Rev. John McGill, of the diocese of Richmond.

*Of course I can neither know nor be supposed to know in how far either hypothesis stated in the text is reasonably held.

†This Joseph Edelin was my maternal grandfather.

‡Instances such as the one here referred to have been common, alas! in all the old congregations of the State. The Hamilton brothers, so well known in business circles in Louisville a few years ago, and all of them amiable and much respected citizens, would have been Catholics, undoubtedly, had they been reared in their father's faith. As notable an instance of defection, accidental it is to be presumed, is to be found in the case of a great-granddaughter of Thomas Gwynn, of Nelson county, than whom the early Church of Kentucky was represented by a no more worthy or consistent member. This young lady, married as a non-Catholic, is the daughter-in-law of a leading non-Catholic officer in the army of the United States.

‖I first saw Mother Magdalen in 1837, twenty-eight years before the date of her death. She reminded me at the time, in some respects, of the late Rev. Mother Catharine Spalding, of the Sisterhood of Charity of Nazareth. The frame was larger, the face more angular, and she was decidedly more abrupt in both manner and speech. Hard as had ever been Mother Catharine's experiences in building up, out of nothing, as it were, the great conventual

Knotley Clarkson, another of the early emigrants from Maryland to the settlement on Cartwright's creek, had for wife Lucy, a sister of Samuel Edelin, who bore to him three sons, Henry, Edward and Lloyd, and two daughters. Henry Clarkson took to wife Elizabeth Worland, of whom was born James and Sidney Clarkson, both of whom became Dominican priests.*

Of the surname *Smith*, there were several fathers of families settled at an early day on Cartwright's creek. Among these were Samuel, Benjamin, William, Richard and Giles Smith. They were all Catholics, and the writer has no knowledge of the degree of their relationship, if any. Of but two of them has he any information that would be now considered of interest. In an old prayer-book, that had evidently been the property of the father or mother of Benjamin Smith, he reads this announcement: "B. S. left me to go back to Kentucky this 2nd day of April, 1793." Benjamin Smith's wife was Christiancy Blandford. Among the children of Giles Smith were Daniel Smith, afterwards a leading Catholic citizen of Louisville; Dr. John Smith, a physician of prominence, of Washington county; and Levi Smith, than whom few men were better known in his native county.†

and educational establishment with which her name was connected from the beginning, I judged that those of Mother Magdalen had been still more exacting and more wearyful. They were alike in their gravity and in that indefinable something that makes one feel that he is in the presence of personified purity and goodness and truth. Mother Magdalen died at the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, near Springfield, June 21st, 1865.

*Rev. James Clarkson, O. P., died of cholera in the year 1833. His brother, Rev. Sidney Clarkson, is still living, a greatly beloved and most useful member of his order. Edward Clarkson, son of Knotley, married a Miss Buckman; one of his sons is still living. Lloyd Clarkson, third son of Knotley, married Elizabeth, daughter of Hoskins Hamilton, and he had for second wife, Elizabeth Duncan. The daughters of Knotley Clarkson married, respectively, —— Constantine and John Sutcliffe, of Nelson county. Washington Worland, a brother, if I mistake not, of Harry Worland, mentioned in the text, first settled in Woodford county, but soon afterwards removed to the settlement on Cartwright's creek. He was best known for his exact correspondence with the precepts of his faith. Another of the same family name, James Worland, was prominent as a member of the congregation of St. Ann.

†More than thirty years ago I was a guest for the night of Levi Smith. Death had then but recently invaded his household and taken from him his second wife, a niece of the late Rt. Rev. I. A. Reynolds, whom I had known from her childhood as Ann Horrell, a most interesting and amiable young lady of my native town. The occasion was one of interest to me by reason of an incident that I propose to relate. At an early hour of the evening Mr. Smith invited me into the room adjoining the one in which we were sitting, where the members of the family were assembled for night prayers. The greater number of these were my entertainer's colored slaves. Having prostrated ourselves on our knees, I was surprised to hear the prayers given out, not by the master of the house, but by one of his female slaves. The voice of the woman, who appeared to be about forty years old, was so pathetic and well balanced, so true in its enunciation of the words of the petitions, and so evidently a reflex of the emotions of a heart that had at the time no place in it for anything beyond the act in which she was engaged, that I caught myself wondering where she

Daniel, son of Giles Smith, was already an old citizen of Louisville in 1832. He was then one of the trustees of St. Louis church in that city. His first wife was Catherine Miles, a sister of the late Rt. Rev. R. P. Miles, bishop of Nashville. He afterwards intermarried with Henrietta Palmer, a sister of the late Dr. R. C. Palmer, of Washington county, who long survived her husband, her death having taken place this present year.*

James Rudd removed with his family to the neighborhood of Springfield from Prince George county, Maryland, in the year 1796. His children, eight in number, were named, William, Charles, Henry B., John, Richard, James, Margaret, and Christopher. James Rudd died in the year 1816, and his wife, Susannah Brooke Rudd, in 1822.†

The patronymic Montgomery was held by quite a number of families settled on Cartwright's creek before the beginning of the present

could have acquired gifts and graces which, under like circumstances, I have not unfrequently seen disregarded by better educated people of the white race. Without hurry, and with proper modulation and emphasis, she uttered the petitions set down in the formularies, and, with equal truth to their sentiment, she was answered by the rest. When we arose from our knees that night, I felt that I would like to ask that christian woman's blessing. Compare this with another meeting for family prayers at which I was present a year or two later. The head of the family in this case, a good and pious man, though an unreflecting one, occupied the position that had been taken by the negress in the other. The prayers were the same, but oh! how differently were they recited. Where the feelings of the heart, in the one case, found their faithful expression in the tone of the voice, and in the whole manner of the petitioner, there was nothing to be observed in the other beyond a monotonous outpouring of words, tame and spiritless, except when the stream was interrupted by such expressions as the following, given parenthetically: "We fly to thy patronage—" ("Nancy, that boy is asleep again!") "Give us this day our daily bread, and—" ("Willie, kneel up straight!") "Suffered under Pontius Pilate—" ("Jane, why don't you hush that child?") How is it possible for anyone to pray aright who is compelled to listen to such a travesty of a solemn act as is exemplified in this case? A daughter of Levi Smith is married to Charles C. McGill, a son of Wm. F. McGill, of Bardstown.

* Four daughters of Daniel and Henrietta Smith were, and are, well known in society and in the church in Louisville, viz: Mrs. Isaac Caldwell, Mrs. L. M. Flournoy, Mrs. E. D. Standiford, and Mrs. Warren Green. Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Green died in 1882.

† Of James Rudd's children, it will be necessary to speak of but three. Richard Rudd was a soldier of the war of 1812. He was a bachelor lawyer of much prominence, practicing in Bardstown when I was a boy. He was much esteemed for his probity and for the blamelessness of his life. He died more than forty years ago. The late Captain James Rudd, of Louisville, was his father's sixth son. Of him I will have to speak in another chapter. The late Dr. Christopher Rudd, of Springfield, was as well known and as much respected as any man in the county. Having studied medicine and established himself as a physician in Springfield, he took to wife Nannie Palmer, a sister of Dr. R. C. Palmer, of Washington county. He was a skillful practitioner and a deservedly popular man. One of his daughters, Louisa Rudd, became the wife of the late Hamilton Smith, proprietor of the Cannelton [Indiana] cotton mills, and one of her sons, Ballard Smith, was but lately, if he is not now, managing editor of *The World* newspaper, in the city of New York. Dr. Christopher Rudd died in 1840.

century. Charles Montgomery, whose wife was an Elder, was the father of the Dominican priests, Stephen and Samuel Montgomery, ordained by Bishop Flaget in the year 1816. Basil Montgomery was the father of Rev. Charles P. Montgomery, of the same order. In addition to these, there were the families of James, John, Bernard and Jeremiah Montgomery, most of whom have descendants still living in the county of Washington.

There were nearly as many families named Jarboe among those who came to the settlement from Maryland in an early day. John Jarboe and his wife, Dolly Hill, were the parents of the venerable and Very Rev. J. T. Jarboe, O. P., still living, who is known so favorably to the clergy of the entire country. Others of the name among the settlers were: Henry, Stephen, Benjamin, and Arnold Jarboe.

The Rineys were as numerous, numbering the families of Jonathan, Zachariah, Jesse, James, John, Basil and Clement Riney.

The Osbornes numbered five families, viz: Those of Thomas, William, Walter, Joseph and Basil Osborne; the Blacklocks three, those of Joseph, William and Nathaniel Blacklock; the Carricos three, those of Joseph, Cornelius and Nathaniel Carrico; the Howards three, those of Richard, Charles and James Howard; the Fenwicks three, those of Thomas, Cornelius and Henry Fenwick; the Buckmans three, those of Joseph, Harry and William Buckman.

There were two heads of families of the name of Adams. Eli and James Adams; two of the name of Blandford, Charles T. and Ignatius Blandford; two of the name of Spink, Ignatius and Raphael Spink; two of the name of Janes, John and Austin Janes; two of the name of Wheatly, Edward and James Wheatly; two of the name of Offutt, Z. B. and Augustine Offutt; two of the name of Neeley, James and David Neeley; three of the name of Hayden, William, Wilfred and Bennet Hayden; two of the name of O'Neil, Jonas and Thomas O'Neil; three of the name of Thompson, Gabriel, George and J. B. Thompson; two of the name of Knott, Joseph and —— Knott; and two of the name of Johnson, John and Simeon Johnson.

In addition to these, there were the families of Bennet Bean, Walter Bell, Mathew J. Boyle, Thomas Clements, Thomas Craycroft, John and Zachariah Edelin, Hugh Fitzpatrick, Wilfred Field, McKenzie Gettings, Clement Gallihan, William Gau (a teacher), Walter Hamilton, Peter Higdon, William Jenkins, John Kelly, Charles Kennett, Zachariah Lanham, Thomas Mudd, Jacob McAdams, Joseph Mattingly, John S. Miles, Peter Powell, Patrick Payne, Joseph Pierceall, Hezekiah Roby, Richard Ryan, Abram Rhodes, Basil Speaks, —— Sweeney, Nicholas Sansbury, John Simms, Josiah Turner (father of Rev. J. P. Turner, O. P.), Kenrick Williams, Joseph McDaniel, John Willett and William White.*

*It is not unlikely that a few of the names given above were those of men born in Kentucky. They were all recognized, however, as patriarchs of the settlement, and as having been among the elders of the congregation of St. Rose, which, after the year 1808, was identical with that of St. Ann.

A lady friend of the writer, and a descendant of one of the early emigrants to the settlement on Cartwright's creek, thus describes, as the story was told her by an ancient dame of her kindred, the manner of life of the women of the Catholic settlements at the beginning of the present century:

"Five miles to church was considered exceptionally convenient. All, or nearly all, walked; the women as well as the men plodding along the road with shoeless feet. Some of the former, however, carried in their reticules pairs of coarse cloth slippers, fashioned by themselves, to be put on when they came in sight of the church. Their tiring-room was ordinarily in the shadow of a clump of trees in the vicinity of the chapel, where their simple toilets were made, and whence, with their cotton bonnets pulled closely over their faces, they marched demurely to the church. Under other circumstances, the natural curiosity of the sex would have indicated itself by furtive glances directed toward their neighbors; but here and now, every sentiment that had not reference to the Great King whose earthly tabernacle they were approaching, was smothered in their hearts, and neither turning to the right nor to the left, they entered the chapel with bowed heads and silently took their places.

"Service over, and beyond the precincts of the church, absorbed recollection in the minds of these unsophisticated beauties gave place to the mingled feelings that ordinarily prompt human action. They were still modest and sedate, to be sure, but the "return from church" was always for them a pleasant time. Then it was that the family groups found themselves minus the young men of their own households and plus those of their neighbors. Not unfrequently on such occasions, and under the eyes of observant and well-pleased parents, words were spoken that bound young hearts together for life.

"The chief employment of the women in those days was spinning and weaving. When the flax was mature in the field, it was, as a general thing, the task of the young girls to 'pull' and 'spread it to rot.' The process of 'breaking' was the only one in connection with the manipulation of the flax fiber that was considered too laborious for the hands of women. Separated by this process from the stalk of which it had been the covering, it was again taken in hand by the girls of the family, assisted, it may be, by their younger brothers, by whom it was 'swingled' and 'hackled' and made ready for the spinning wheel. The spinning and weaving was equally the work of the mothers and elder daughters, but it rarely happened that the latter were intrusted with work in either line that required delicacy of manipulation. The elders were always regarded as the experts, and when it was a question of 'wedding raiment,' it was considered their exclusive privilege not only to spin the yarn that was destined to enter into the finished fabric, but to weave it as well, and to dictate in everything relating to its after make-up. A curious mode had our great-grandmothers of testing the fineness of the thread they were spinning. When a hank, comprising fifteen hundred distinct threads,

could be run through an ordinary finger-ring, the yarn was considered fine enough to answer for shirt fronts and wedding dresses. It was a rare circumstance, indeed, to find a young girl of the period clad in other than coarse, unbleached cotton; but I have little doubt that such an one, thus dressed, appeared just as charming in the eyes of her friends, including her male admirers, as does the belle of our own day, clad in silks, in those of her more fastidious devotees.

"The amusements of our grand and great-grandmothers were not unmixed with an element of thrift. 'Apple peelings,' 'quilting frolics' and 'corn-shuckings' were in those times terms that severally meant 'a good time generally.' On these occasions fathers and mothers accompanied their sons and daughters to the place of entertainment, and if the nominal object of the meeting happened to be the peeling of apples or the husking of corn, all hands were expected to take part in the work. Ordinarily a couple of hours were given to labor, and double the number to the dance that followed.

"I do not know whence our progenitors of the times acquired the taste they had for dancing; but it is quite certain that it was the amusement *par excellence* in which they were in the habit of engaging. In vain did Father Badin and the other early missionaries of the State inveigh against the custom as nonsensical and fraught with danger to sound morals. They could not suppress it; and they wisely undertook to surround it with safeguards. These were the presence of parents at all parties of the kind, and the diminution of the hours that were commonly devoted to the pastime. The young women of 1800, if reliance is to be placed upon the statements made to me by certain elderly ladies known to me in my own girlhood, were very generally expert dancers. It is to be doubted, however, if their style of dancing was not more energetic than graceful.

"The use of coffee was so little known in Kentucky at the time of which I am writing, that many persons, born in the State, grew up to be men and women before they ever saw a specimen of the berry or tasted of its infused principle. All, however, had knowledge of the taste of tea, a small store of which was regarded as a necessity by all the elderly women of the settlements. I remember being told when a child, by a great-aunt of mine, that she had known many young women who had never seen the reflection of their faces in a looking-glass. Tutania tea-pots or plates, rubbed to the point of reflection, served them for mirrors.

"In the year 1800, and for two decades thereafter, wives and daughters in the Catholic settlements of Nelson and Washington counties had no other resource for pin-money than the labor of their own hands expended in certain privileged industries, over the financial results of which neither husbands nor fathers were supposed to have any control whatever. Among the most important of these industries were the preservation of fruits by sun-drying and the spinning of shoe-thread. Twice a year the accumulations of these products were

intrusted to local traders and shipped off, ordinarily by flat-boat conveyances, down the Beech and Rolling Forks of Salt river, and from the mouths of these through the larger streams to the city of New Orleans, where a ready market awaited them at remunerative prices. Thus it was that the matrons of the settlements were enabled, independently of the purses of their husbands, to purchase many small comforts for themselves, and bits of finery with which to trig out their daughters.

"I will now tell you of a wedding in the olden time, the account of which came to me from my grand-aunt at an epoch in my own life when such recitals are supposed to be of uncommon interest. The bride was the daughter of one George Brown, a respectable member of one of Father Badin's congregations in Washington county. She had been 'promised' to a young man who had come from Maryland with her father, but who had stopped short of Washington county by a hundred miles or more. He had been told that he might come and claim his wife whenever he could give assurance of his ability to provide for her. Two years had passed since the engagement, and neither had heard a word from the other. How could they? There were no postoffices in the country, and the expectant bridegroom, poor fellow, was too busy fixing up things for the time when he would be able to demand his wife in accordance with the terms to which he was pledged, to think of making her a visit of mere ceremony. He came at length, however, mounted on a serviceable horse, but without an attendant. With no greater delay than the time needed by the bride's mother to prepare the wedding-feast, the twain were made one by Father Badin, and the next morning found them mounted for their journey to their future home. The father's gift to his daughter was a horse, properly caparisoned, and that of the mother was forty yards of linen. From the pommel of the young wife's saddle swung a canvass bag containing her somewhat extravagant store of extra clothing, and loosely flung across that of her husband, appeared her mother's gift, the treasured bolt of linen. For the reason that the wedded pair, on this occasion, were enabled to make their journey homeward on separate horses, this was considered by their neighbors a wedding in high life.

"The extent and character of the bride's trousseau, as described by one who was in her confidence, should be a study for those who are contemplating matrimony in our own day. Permit me to figure it out for your readers: Two suits of underwear of home-made linen; a wedding dress of cotton, with blue and white stripes; a yellow and white dress, 'second best,' of the same material; another of linen, of butternut color, to serve as a traveling suit; a blue-striped cotton sunbonnet; home-knit gloves of linen thread colored yellow, and white cotton slippers. The parents' parting gifts to their daughter should not be forgotten: From her father she received a tea-pot of britannia metal of the capacity of about a pint, and from her mother a blue calico cape that had been brought from Maryland.

"Among the 'women of mark' of the Cartwright and Hardin's Creeks settlements, the most notable, possibly, was Mrs. Margaret Thompson, otherwise known as 'Dr. Peggy,' whose husband, John Thompson, would appear to have derived from his connection with her all the reputation he ever had in the neighborhood in which he lived. Dr. Peggy was an expert accoucheuse, and her services were in periodical request by half the married women in the two settlements. She was a wonderful gossip, but by no means a mischievous one. There was nothing that transpired within a circuit of ten miles of her nominal home that she did not know all about, and she had to go no further than the threshold of a sick-room to find listeners to her recitals. She was a faithful, pious soul, and it is to be said of her that she never allowed an infant to die on her hands without first making of it a christian by the administration of lay baptism. I have a number of anecdotes of Dr. Peggy Thompson, but as these would be found more interesting to a conclave of old-lady tea-drinkers than to the general public, I will not burden your history with any one of them."

Among the names hitherto given of emigrants to the neighborhood of Cartwright's Creek, will be found that of John Janes, who is said to have been an Englishman by birth. A great-granddaughter of his, a resident now of Marion county, writes me this concering him and a member of his family whose death took place as late as the year 1845:

"My great-grandfather came to Kentucky in 1798. He was accompanied by his wife and children, the latter being mostly grown at the time. It was his idea to make the falls of the Ohio his future home, but after a short stay in Louisville, he concluded that he had better seek further for an abiding place. Eventually he secured lands a few miles removed from the church of St. Ann, and about equally distant from St. Stephen's. the residence of Father Badin. Mr. Janes was not a Catholic then, but his wife and children were, and in the course of time the family came to be recognized as important factors in whatever was of local popular enterprise respecting the welfare of the Church. Father Badin was a frequent visitor at Mr. Janes', and sometimes said mass there for the benefit of the neighborhood. On one of these occasions took place an incident that ought not to be omitted from your historical sketch of St. Ann's church and its first pastor:

"Julia Janes, her father's youngest daughter, was as remarkable for her industry as she was for her piety. Her mind was comprehensive, and she was quick to execute what she had decided on as being the right thing to do. Having celebrated mass one morning, and afterwards partaken of breakfast with the family, Father Badin was invited by Miss Julia to enter the best room in the house in order to look upon a piece of her handiwork, in which, as the priest soon discovered, she took no little pride. Spread out on the floor of the room was a veritable carpet. Such articles of home garniture and comfort were uncommon enough in those days to attract any one's

attention when seen, and there was just so much show of surprise on the priest's face when his eyes fell upon it as to induce the young girl to ask: 'What do you think of it, Father Badin? Is it not handsome?' 'It is both handsome and comfortable looking, Jooly,' replied the priest. 'I like it so well, my child,' he immediately added, 'that I would not object to having one like it for my own room. It would certainly make it more comfortable in the cold nights of winter.' Nothing more was said at the time, and the priest began to say his office, pacing the carpeted floor during its recitation.

"Returning afterwards to the family room, he was met and thus accosted by his clever and sprightly young friend: 'While you were saying your office, Father, I was studying out a plan to get you a carpet without money. I have got it all here,' she added, tapping her forehead with her finger, 'and if you will but follow my directions, I will engage that you shall have a carpet for your room before winter sets in, and without the cost of a sixpence.'

"'Do you say so?' exclaimed the priest, with a grave smile on his face; 'and pray, young miss, how are we to go about this grand undertaking?'

"'Easy enough,' replied the girl, 'and with no longer delay for a beginning than next Sunday a week, when you are going to keep church at St. Ann's. When you will have finished your sermon, you will just say to the women of the congregation that you want a carpet for your room. You will tell them what I know to be a fact, that the flooring puncheons of the room have so shrunken as to leave gaps between, through which the winds of winter sweep so continously as to render you uncomfortable, whether waking or sleeping. You will tell them further that you want each of thirty among them, mothers and daughters, to bring with them the next time they come to church two pounds of rag carpeting, cut into strips and wound into balls. You will then tell the other women of the congregation—there are more than sixty of them, all told, you know—that you want them to furnish you, in the aggregate, with thirty cuts of tow thread, reeled off into hanks. I will weave the carpet and see that it is put down properly. That's my plan, Father Badin.' she added gleefully. 'What do you think of it?'

"'It's an admirable plan, Jooly; an admirable plan, indeed!' replied the priest; 'I could wish that others might plan as well in matters of much more importance.'

"The announcement as suggested was made in due form, and very soon thereafter, for the first time during his missionary career in Kentucky, Father Badin's room at St. Stephen's was provided with a carpet. But this was not the end of the matter. The very next visit paid by the priest to the Janes family, his young friend observed that he seemed out of sorts. 'What troubles you, Father Badin?' she asked; 'are you not well?'

"'Well enough in body,' he replied, 'but not a little troubled in mind, Jooly. I fear that I have been thinking more of myself than of

our dear Lord in the Sacrament of His love. The home in which He abides for the love of us is bleak and bare. He, the Master of all, is meanly lodged, and I, His poor servant, am provided with comforts. Jooly, my child, you must take up the carpet you put down in my room and transfer it to the sanctuary floor at St. Ann's.'

"While the priest was speaking, Julia Janes could scarcely restrain her tears; but when he had concluded, she promptly opposed the arrangement.

"'No, Father,' said she, 'your carpet is not half good enough for the sanctuary. We will do better than that for our dear Lord! Just listen to me. You will repeat your call upon the women of the congregation; but, instead of rags, you will tell them to fetch woolen yarns. They will do it, Father, never fear; and when the yarns and thread come in, I will take the lot and weave it into such a carpet as was never turned out of loom in all Kentucky!'

"Looking at the girl in astonished admiration, Father Badin exclaimed: 'God bless the child! She shames me as much by her practical good sense as she does by her christian confidence! Ah, Jooly,' he added, 'the labor that is undergone for God is never vainly expended. Remember that, my child, and let your heart rejoice that you are able and willing to do something for Him who has endowed you so richly.'

"The second appeal was made as Julia Janes had suggested, and the result was even more gratifying than on the former occasion. The women of the congregation, recognizing the fact that their handiwork was to be put to a sacred use, not only selected the best of their fleeces, but they sought to give to the finished yarn every requisite of smoothness, strength and durability. Warp and woof having come into the hands of Julia Janes at length, that tasteful young woman searched the woods for vegetable dyes with which to give to them tone and color, and, a little while later, she cut from her loom a carpet that was long regarded as a wonder of textile art.

"I do not know that the incident related below will enhance respect for the memory of Father Badin, or have a contrary effect. You have not now to learn that he displayed at times toward his penitents a spirit of severity that would be characterized in our day as downright tyranny. Father Badin was an excellent judge of character, and it may be that, in the case to be related, he saw that there was little hope of reformation through recourse to measures less marked by severity. The facts related are of such authenticity as to warrant me in vouching for their truth:

"Once on a time, Father Badin had an appointment to keep church at the house of a lady of distinction, residing at no great distance from my grandfather's place. She had acquired the title, possibly, from the fact that she had a larger house than any one of her neighbors, and possibly from the circumstance that she was the happy possessor of certain articles of table garniture, fashioned out of sterling silver, that had been brought by an ancestor from England,

and were kept by her, not so much for use as for tokens of ancestral respectability. She had brought with her to Kentucky her ancient Catholic faith, which was well; but she had also brought with her an uncommon stock of worldly pride, which was bad.

"Now it was known by Catholic colonists in Kentucky, far and wide, that Father Badin had peculiar notions respecting the wholesomeness and unwholesomeness of certain articles of diet. For instance, he was a veritable Israelite in respect to the use of swine's flesh; and he never would partake of poultry unless it had been killed previous to the day upon which it was served. On the occasion referred to, my lady had invited a number of her neighbors, my grand-aunt, Julia Janes, among the number, to meet the priest at dinner, which was fixed for an early hour in order to give penitents opportunities of going to confession during the afternoon and evening. When dinner was announced, Father Badin asked a blessing on the company and on the food that had been set before them; and then plunged his fork into a fowl that had been placed near his plate. He was seen to recoil with something of disgust in his looks. Laying down his knife and fork, he abruptly asked, 'When was this fowl killed?' 'Last night,' answered his hostess, boldly. Turning to the colored girl in waiting, he put to her the same question, to which she answered as had her mistress, 'Last night, Father.' Looking straight into the face of his hostess, the priest exclaimed: 'The mistress tells an untruth, and the maid swears to it.'* Blushing scarlet, the mistress of the house managed to say: 'Indeed, Father, I ordered the fowls to be killed last night, but the servants were kept busy till a late hour, and they deferred the job till morning. I hope you will be able to make out your dinner on roast lamb.' 'Yes,' returned the priest, 'I can readily dine on roast lamb, and I will; but you, for having told an untruth before all these people, will have to say this evening, before you come to confession, mind you, twelve pairs of beads; and unless you do so, I will not grant you absolution.'

"The witnesses to this public rebuke were far from satisfied that it had been wisely rendered; and Julia Janes went so far as to give the priest afterwards a piece of her mind in opposition to its propriety. With a manner that was half serious and half comical, he turned to her and said: 'Go your ways, Jooly! I did it for her soul's sake. I wished to humiliate her, lest she should be lost! A priest is God's surgeon, and he must cut to cure.'

"When the last of the penitents, after having gone to confession, was mounting his horse to return home, the poor woman was still to be seen traversing the orchard and saying her beads."

* One can readily imagine how perplexing the housewives of the time often found these notions of sanitary propriety on the part of Father Badin. To use the expression of an old lady of my acquaintance, at the house of whose father the missionary occasionally visited, "Mother was often put to her wit's end to find something he would eat."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCOTT COUNTY CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT.

Hitherto the writer has had encouragement in the performance of his assumed task of historical research in the richness of the deposits that have been laid open to his sight. Here and now, he has to acknowledge that there is little presented to his vision that is for edification. The Scott county Catholic settlement of Kentucky, so-called, is an anomaly in the Catholic religious history of the State. Judged by the standard that is ordinarily received by reasoning men, it should have led all others, not only in numbers and influence, and in the adherence of its members to the faith in which they had been reared, but also in its display of practical religion. Alas! that it should have to be said of it, no earnest Catholic can follow its history, up to the very day of the transfer of its territory in 1853 to the authority of the bishop of the then newly created See of Covington, and not feel humiliated. Situated in a beautiful and fertile district of country, with a Catholic people who, so to speak, had but to stir the surface of the ground in order to secure a hundredfold the measure of their seed-time plantings, waxing rich by yearly accumulations of property, and hence better able to do something for God and the christian education of their children, we find its Catholic standard of well-being and propriety at no time in the ascendency, and at last so lowered as to bring shame and reproach on the diocese itself.

To what cause or causes are to be attributed results so humiliating, and so evidently indicative of God's displeasure—whether to the preference given by the first settlers to their personal and merely temporal interests when they refused to follow their fellow emigrants from Maryland to a less favorable situation in a worldly point of view, but where they had been promised the ministrations of a priest; to worldly pride that has too often its root in the love of riches, or to the evil influence of pastors who were at times weak and vacillating, and at others themselves the provokers of scandals—it is not for the writer to say. He can but give place in his history of the settlement to the record as he finds it, leaving to others more competent in analysis to draw from it, if little for edification, something at least by which to show that there are in this world things more valuable than riches; that pride is dishonorable to the christian, and that the service of a true and competent pastor of souls is one of the greatest blessings God can bestow upon a people.

The earlier of the Catholic settlers in Woodford, afterwards Scott county, are supposed to have come to the State in the years 1786 and 1787. It is said that the first colony of these was made up of men of some means, who were also wide-awake farmers. Their destination, when they started on the journey from Maryland, was Pottinger's creek, whither had gone, a year or two before, quite a number of their farmer neighbors, who were at the time expecting the arrival of a priest to be sent to them by Dr. Carroll. They left the flatboat which had conveyed them down the Ohio river and thus far on their journey, at the landing known as Limestone, now Maysville. Their road from that point took them directly across the beautiful, fertile and then virgin soil that lay east of the Kentucky river. They stopped to admire, and their admiration was soon followed by the determination to seek no further for an abiding place. The fair land that lay stretched out before them, offered them every worldly advantange they could hope for through more extended journeying.

It is not likely that the settlement in Woodford, or Scott county, numbered over twenty-five families in the year 1793, when it was first visited by the missionary priests, Fathers Badin and Barrieres. The names borne by the greater part of these have been kindly furnished the writer, together with personal points respecting a few of them, and these are hereto appended:

The first of the colonists are supposed to have been James Leak, Thomas Courtney Jenkins, James, Ignatius and John B. Gough, Robert and James Combs, Jeremiah and George W. Tarleton, Thomas and Bernard Worland, Bennet and Henry S. Greenwell, and Mrs. Ann James.*

In the year 1808, James Leak, T. C. Jenkins, James Gough and Thomas Worland, applied by letter to Bishop John Carroll for instructions in regard to a proposed sale of the church property in Scott, and the investment of the proceeds of the sale in more desirable realty for church purposes. From a copy of Dr. Carroll's answer to this letter, the writer is permitted to quote: "The property must be vested in three persons, in trust for the congregation, and these should be Rev. Mr. Badin, Rev. Mr. Angier (the pastor) and one layman, to be selected by the clergymen named."

Mrs. Ann James would seem to have been a widow when she came to Kentucky, and it is said that mass was celebrated in her house by Father Badin before the little chapel of St. Francis was erected in the year 1794 or 1795. It is quite certain that she was an intelligent and pious woman, and that the early missionaries of the State were at all times joyfully welcomed under her roof. Her daughter, Theresa James, became the wife of James Twyman, a

*The wife of Thomas C. Jenkins was a Miss Elizabeth Tarleton. John B. Gough died in 1869, aged 102 years. James Leak, who is said to have settled on the site of the present town of White Sulphur, died in Missouri. Bennet Greenwell died in 1838, aged 67; James Gough, Sr., in 1826, aged 78, and Jeremiah Tarleton in the same year, aged 91 years.

survivor of the battle of Blue Licks, then a leading lawyer practicing in the courts of Eastern Kentucky, and afterwards a convert of Father Badin, and a judge of the courts of the district. The ancient homestead of the James and Twyman families is now owned and occupied by Stephen Theodore Twyman, a son of Judge Twyman.

From 1793 to 1810, in addition to the families named above, there were attached to the settlement in Scott quite a number of others and of unmarried Catholics, the names of whom, as far as could be ascertained, were: John B. Gough, Jr., who died in 1828, at the age of 53 years; Henry Clarvoe, who died in 1808, aged 33 years; Walter Dearing, who died in 1841, aged 60; Fielding Jones, who died in 1844, aged 66; Junius Combs, who died in 1852, aged 80; S. Todd, who died in the 80th year of his age; Keene O'Hara, afterwards of Frankfort, one of the most noted instructors and classical scholars of his day in Kentucky; —— Jamison; Solomon H. Moon; John Manning; James Green; John McManus; Bernard and James Dougherty; Abner Richardson; Patrick McDonough; Mrs. —— Gardiner; Robert Lee, and Mrs. Martha Ruth Powell.

The two last named, both of whom were converts, intermarried about the year 1807, as is supposed. The conversion of Mrs. Powell was brought about so curiously that an account of it is not likely to be found otherwise than interesting. Her family consisted of four children, three girls and one boy; she was the owner, besides, of a number of slaves. Among these latter was a negress who was dying of consumption, and who was anxious to be baptized. Mrs. Powell was a Baptist, but she felt that the poor invalid was in no condition to be introduced into her church through the administration of the ordinance by the formula of immersion. She was greatly troubled, as was the invalid herself, and neither knew what to do. Going into her room one morning, Mrs. Powell found the negress very much excited over a dream that had come to her in her sleep. She dreamed she had been approached by a man singularly dressed and of a most affable countenance, who proffered to make a christian of her without requiring her to submit to the formulary of immersion. By some means, not wholly unaccountable to those who have knowledge of certain peculiarities that are inherent in female character, the story of the negress' singular dream was soon known to the entire neighborhood. Upon hearing it, a Mrs. Gardiner, a pious Catholic of the village, thought it worth her while to carry it to Rev. Edward Fenwick, who happened to be in the neighborhood at the time, and this zealous servitor of the Great Master was not prepared to say that it might not be in the direct line of his duty to heed even so intangible a call as a dream formulated out of the disturbed mind of a dying negress. He called upon Mrs. Powell, by whom he was received kindly, and having stated his wish to be permitted to see her dying dependent, he was introduced by that lady to her presence. Upon seeing her visitor, the negress exclaimed in great excitement: "You are the man I saw in my dream, and I want you to baptize me!"

Her wish was gratified, and she died as die the elect of God. Mrs. Powell was so affected by the coincidence that she soon afterwards sought for herself and her entire family instruction in Catholic doctrine and admission to the Church.*

It would appear from Dr. Spalding's account of the visit made by Fathers Barrieres and Badin to the settlement on that memorable first Sunday of advent, 1793, that the missionaries found the people already "contemplating the erection of a church." It will be remembered, too, that the same writer states in his Sketches, that the order of missionary duty arranged between the two at the time was to the effect that while Father Badin was to make his nominal residence in Scott county, that of his co-laborer was to be with the main body of Catholic emigrants in the county of Nelson. This arrangement was followed out, and, says Dr. Spalding, "Father Badin remained in Scott county for almost eighteen months." It is reasonably certain that the church of St. Francis, said to have been built of boards, thirty by thirty feet, was put up as early as the year 1795. This little chapel stood on a knoll, near the residence of Thomas Courtney Jenkins. As has already been seen, negotiations were entered upon in 1808 for other property upon which to build a larger church, and we find that, in 1815, one hundred and eighty-six acres of land were bought for the use of the congregation, the deed for which is executed in favor of Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget. The present church of St. Pius was built in the year 1820, under the pastorate of Rev. Samuel H. Montgomery, of the order of St. Dominic, and its entire cost is stated at $3,600.†

*The late Rev. E. W. Powell, whose death took place in Breckinridge county in 1840, was the only son of Mrs. Martha Ruth Powell. "His last conscious words," says a clerical friend, "were these: I am in the hands of an all-wise and all-merciful God! May his will be done!" Father Powell's body rests beneath the floor of the church of St. Romuald, in Hardinsburg.

Later lists—from 1820 to 1827—of heads of families and individual Catholics attached to the church of St. Pius, in Scott county, give the following additional names: Michael Algair, Walter Bowles, Joseph Bell, John Burke, James Bell, Wilfred Cissell, Ann Carter, Thomas Dolan, Paul Dufriend, John Dooley, Cornelius Donnelly, John Durham, James Elliott, Cornelius Fenwick, Henry Green, John Gross, Andrew A. Harper, John Howard, John A. Holton, George Hall, Austin Jenkins, B. Lynch, William Little, Patrick McGowan, Richard McAtee, Jansen Musgrove, David Mulholland, Dennis Morgan, William Mudd, Joseph P. Newton, Florence O'Driscoll, Miss —— Palmers, William Pulliam, David Palis, Christopher Reid, Samuel Riddle, James Tarleton, Anderson Taylor, Thomas Thompson and James West.

†In early days in Kentucky, as is well known, *tobacco* was made to assume, in the settlement of debt, the characteristic of a legal tender. In the congregation of St. Pius, among whom there was little tobacco raised at the time referred to in the text, another commodity would seem to have entered into competition with the currency of the country in the dischargement of pecuniary obligations. The records of the church of St. Pius reveal the following singular agreement: "We, the undersigned, agree to advance whatever money and *pork* may be needed to pay workmen—the same to be returned to us in rent of pews—each of us to pay one-tenth in money and the remainder in

Up to the year 1806, it is doubtful if another priest than Father Badin had been in the habit of visiting the Catholic people of Scott county. After that time, it is supposed that the congregation was frequently served by the Dominican Fathers, Fenwick and Angier, and at times, too, by Rev. Father O'Flynn, an Irish Franciscan of great piety and worth, but of a frail physical organism, who came to Kentucky in 1808 and remained till 1816, when ill health compelled his return to Europe. In 1808, the congregation was temporarily transferred to the Dominican fathers of St. Rose, by whom it was cared for until 1823.

That there was at an early day an element of turbulence in the congregation of St. Francis, afterwards St. Pius, is primarily proved by a single sentence embodied in a letter addressed to Rev. G. I. Chabrat by Father Badin, in 1823. The latter was then in France, and the former had been sent to Scott county by his bishop with the hope of healing a formidable dissension in the congregation that had already driven from it its last Dominican pastor. Says the writer of the letter, alluding to the congregation of St. Pius: "No one congregation in Kentucky has given more exercise to my weakness"—by which term he meant, no doubt, his patience.

Father Robert Angier, O. S. D., took charge of the congregation in 1808. His mission included small settlements and isolated Catholic families in the counties of Fayette, Woodford, Bourbon, Franklin, Gallatin and Madison.* His connection with the mission is supposed to have ended in the year 1817, when he was observed to be suffering from serious mental disorder, brought about, it is not unlikely, by his efforts to control the troublesome elements in his congregation. He was at once taken back to St. Rose's, whence he was afterwards sent to one of the houses of the order in England.

Father Angier's successor was Rev. Samuel H. Montgomery, O. S. D., ordained the previous year. Up to the year 1822, Father Montgomery's pastorate was considered at least moderately efficacious of good results. He had a trying mission, however, and being young and inexperienced, and possibly a little impulsive, if not imprudent, in the manner of his control over the disturbing spirits of his congre-

pork." It will be interesting to learn that the price put upon the commodity named, was just one-fourth of its present commercial worth in the great provision marts of the West.

*The most important of these minor settlements were those of Madison county and the town of Lexington, in Fayette county. The former, which was sixteen miles above Boonesboro, was made up of a half dozen families, viz: Christopher Durbin, with his family of six sons and six daughters, most of whom were fully grown at the beginning of this century; Elisha Logsden, with six sons and seven daughters; Joshua Brown, Edward Logsden, Clement Howard and —— Spink. With here and there an exception, the early Catholic settlers of Madison county afterwards found homes in one or another of the other Catholic settlements of the State. The venerable Father E. J. Durbin, who was born in Madison county in the year 1800, and who, when a youth, was a penitent of Father Angier, speaks of him with unstinted praise.

gation, he found himself in the year named involved in difficulties with a considerable minority of his people, that threatened not only to destroy his usefulness as a pastor, but to disintegrate the congregation itself. The malcontents, numbering thirty-seven persons, some of whom were men of social standing and influence, believed, or pretended to believe, that the grievances of which they complained were due to unjustifiable acts on the part of the pastor, and the latter, with the majority of his congregation standing in his defense, was as earnest in declaring that he had been traduced and unjustly arraigned. Petitions were sent to his superior and to Bishop Flaget, calling for his removal, and even hand-bills were struck off and distributed broadcast by the disaffected, rehearsing the story of their grievances. Father Thomas Wilson, the pastor's superior, was too wise a man not to see his own direct line of duty. He recalled Father Montgomery, and notified Bishop Flaget of his action; and the latter, hoping to heal the dissension that had now grown scandalous, sent to St. Pius another pastor in the person of his compatriot and friend, Rev. G. I. Chabrat. While the change was acceptable to many, it was distasteful to more, and there was little abatement of the troubles.

It was not until the Jubilee promulgated in 1825, and preached in Kentucky the year following, and the after appointment of Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, afterwards Bishop of Philadelphia and Archbishop of Baltimore, as their temporary pastor, that the Catholic people of Scott county were brought into charitable relations with each other.*

*I have in my possession three letters, all bearing upon the disturbances mentioned in the text, and all written in the month of June, 1823. The first of these is addressed by Father Chabrat to Rev. W. T. Willett, O. S. D., who had been previously sent by his superiors to assist Father Montgomery in the care of his outlying missions. In this letter the new pastor of St. Pius animadverts severely against his predecessor in office; but beyond saying that he had been guilty of conduct unbecoming a priest, he says nothing from which can be drawn the least knowledge of the causes that led to his displacement. The second letter is in answer to Father Chabrat's communication, and it embodies a strong defence of the writer's late colleague on the mission, and of his priestly integrity. Father Willett says, in effect, that the former pastor's leading accuser was angered against him for the reason that the priest had been obliged to labor for the frustration of an attempt that had been made by him to secure to himself certain property to which the church of St. Pius had title. The third of these letters is addressed to Rev. G. I. Chabrat, and bears the signature of the then leading Catholic convert of the State, the late Judge James Twyman. The Judge appeals to the new pastor to be prudent in everything he may be called upon to say or do touching the disturbances in the congregation. "I fear," he writes, "that our troubles are by no means near their end, and that there are some amongst us who are rife for mischief and rebellion." He cautions him to use circumspection when speaking on the subject, and not to incur suspicion of partisanship, by giving too free expression to his own views. From the fact that the disturbances were in no wise allayed while Father Chabrat had charge of the congregation, it is to be inferred that the future Coadjutor Bishop of the See of Bardstown was not sufficiently appreciative of Judge Twyman's wise counsels.

Father Chabrat was recalled in 1824, and a young priest, six years ordained, was sent to supply his place. For reasons that have appeared satisfactory to the writer, the name of this greatly erring ecclesiastic will not appear in his pages. He fell as fell the angels, not to outward seeming while he officiated at the altar of the church of St. Pius; but here he was confronted by the occasion of his great disaster, and here its effects were most seriously felt in the disaffection of weak and wavering souls. The length of his stay at St. Pius' is uncertain, but, more than likely, it was of short duration. So long as his pastorate lasted, there was no dissatisfaction on the part of the congregation, and none was heard as having come from his superiors. It was otherwise a little later, and after his bishop had charged him with the care of another mission, in the southwestern part of the State. Suddenly, and most unexpectedly, word came to his Ordinary that he had abandoned his mission and the Church together, and had taken to himself a wife. So extraordinary a circumstance was well calculated to fill Catholic minds with horror; and there were many who refused credence to the story when it first reached their ears. It was true, alas! In an evil hour he had listened to the voice of the tempter, cast his vows to the winds, crushed the hopes of his friends, and abandoned his God. Shortly afterwards he was publicly excommunicated—the first and last time the awful ceremonial was witnessed in the diocese—from the high altar of the cathedral church of St. Joseph, Bardstown.*

* I was present on this occasion, and occupied a place in my father's pew, immediately in front of the sanctuary. I was under twelve years of age at the time, but I can say that, from that day to this, the scene I witnessed, in all its terrible significance, has remained firmly impressed in my memory. It had become publicly known that something extraordinary was to take place in the cathedral on that day, and the building was filled by a dense and expectant crowd, many of whom were non-Catholics. In the sanctuary appeared Bishops Flaget and David, accompanied by a numerous retinue of priests and seminarians. While the dread formulary was being read by the late Rev. I. A. Reynolds, afterwards raised to the See of Charleston, the attitude of the venerable Bishop of Bardstown was itself a study. His face was stern, but very sad. As it has since appeared to me, it was as if another Abraham, at the voice of God, was on the point of sacrificing the beloved of his heart. As was their head, so were the ecclesiastics by whom he was surrounded. One could discern the sorrow that was in their hearts by its pictured impress on their faces. The stillness that pervaded the church was so profound that the reader's voice, rendered tremulous and deeply pathetic by his own emotion, was audible in every part of the sacred edifice. The saddest of obsequies could not have been more impressive, nor more significant, indeed, of death and the grave. In very truth, then and there were consigned to a grave of dishonor the name and fame of one who had been called by God to a high estate, and who, in a moment of rebellious passion, had turned away from his loving spiritual mother and gone into outward darkness, there to be the companion of despair.

Little is known of the after life of this unhappy man and priest, and the best that can be said of him is this: He never attempted to justify his action by impugning Catholic faith and practice in any particular; and he died, as is generally believed, heartily repenting his great sin and the scandal he had occasioned.

The Jubilee preached in Scott county in 1826, by Bishop Flaget and Fathers F. P. Kenrick and I. A. Reynolds, was considered at the time a gratifying token of restored peace in the congregation. During its continuance two hundred and fifty was the registered number of communions at the church of St. Pius. That nothing might be left undone by him to give permanency to the work of reconstruction, Bishop Flaget, much as his services were needed in the diocesan seminary, was induced, a few months later, to send Dr. Kenrick to St. Pius as temporary pastor. Father Kenrick was at the time a young priest, but his zeal was as earnest and as judiciously directed, and his perception of duty and propriety was as clear, as when, in later years, he was esteemed a fitting subject for the honors and responsibilities of the archiepiscopacy. What he did and what he strove to do for his congregation all over the district will never be known, but it will appear to his credit on the scrolls of God at the last day.

Father Kenrick's connection with the mission of Scott and other counties east of the Kentucky river ended with the summer of 1827, when Rev. George A. M. Elder, up to that time President of St. Joseph's College, was named pastor of St. Pius. A fragment of a letter addressed to the incoming pastor by Dr. Kenrick, which has happily fallen into the writer's hands, will give the reader some idea of the extent and difficulties of the mission, and also of the earnestness which was so characteristic of the writer. The initiatory pages of this letter, all that have been preserved, read as follows:

"ST. PIUS, SCOTT COUNTY, August 14, 1827.

"*Rev. and Dear Sir:*

"In delivering over to your pastoral care the congregations which, for the last six months, I have visited, I deem it proper to detail in writing the different points which I have visited, that you may have no difficulty in ascertaining localities in the extensive district which is to be the theater of your zeal. To the south of Frankfort, five miles the other side of the river, reside two Catholic families, viz: the Odriens and the Carlisles. I celebrated mass at the house of the latter, which I think it expedient occasionally to do, that the younger part of the family, who can scarcely be deemed Catholics, may be informed of our principles, and that the others may receive the sacraments, their distance preventing their frequent approach thereto. A widow lady named Ellis lives four miles from Mrs. Carlisle's, on South Benson (creek), who is attached to our religion, and who endeavors to instruct in it her four children. I feel interest in procuring her opportunities to approach the sacraments, for the reason that her husband, on his death-bed, was admitted by me into the Church at Gethsemani over a year gone by, and because she appears anxious to become a member herself. The only opportunity she can have will be when you keep church at Mrs. Carlisle's, or at Mrs. Dearing's, near whose place her brother-in-law lives, and the means to acquaint her of your expected visit will be to send a line by Mr. Wheat, the son-in-law of old Mr. Howard.

"In Frankfort, Mrs. Barton professes the Catholic religion. She embraced it in an English nunnery, but she has not as yet practiced it. Mr. Byrne, an Irish carpenter, and his family, are also Catholics. I have preached in the town, and I think it expedient that you shall do so two or three times a year; and, when accommodations can be procured, it will be well to give the few Catholics living in the town and neighborhood the opportunity of hearing mass. Kean O'Hara, of Woodford county, means to settle in Frankfort next January, and to make every arrangement for that purpose. Two miles below Frankfort, on the river, resides the West family. Mr. West is not a Catholic, but his daughters were at one time fervent communicants. Since their pious mother's death, they have in some manner abandoned the practice of their religion. However, they manifest some disposition to embrace it once more, and as they were converts, and cousins of our worthy seminarian, Mr. Powell (the late Rev. E. W. Powell), they deserve our attention and sympathy. The father is a polite gentleman, and will welcome a priestly guest.

"Four miles east of Frankfort resides Mr. Cornelius Fenwick, an aged and pious Catholic. His home has been for many years the church-station for the neighborhood, though no Catholic family lives nearer to it at the present time than one and a half miles. I think it fitting to keep church there in journeying to and from Bardstown. The old gentleman, by reason of his infirmities, cannot otherwise receive the sacraments, and his sons, who neglect their religion, may be induced thereby to practice it.

"At the Forks of Elkhorn resides Mrs. Holton, and several nominal Catholics live in the neighborhood. They now manifest a desire to attend to their religion, which most of them had seemed to abandon. I shall keep church there next Monday, and I think it would be well to continue the practice, say four times a year, for the convenience of the aged and the excitement of the neglectful.

"There are no vestments or church utensils at any of these places save at Mr. Fenwick's, which is supplied with two suits. One of these might be left at Mrs. Holton's.

"Five miles from Frankfort, on the Versailles road, lives Mr. Walter Dearing, whose family is Catholic. They are converts, of exemplary piety, and merit the particular attention of the clergy. It would be expedient to keep church there at least four times a year; otherwise they cannot conveniently receive the sacraments. They are provided with vestments and altar-stone, but not with missal or chalice. In their neighborhood resides a Catholic family by the name of Morgan.

"On Flat creek, in Franklin county, at a distance of about seventeen miles from St. Pius', live six or seven families of Catholic origin, few of whom attend to the practice of any religious duty. Other families of like character are living a few miles removed from this point. If church were occasionally kept at Mr. Dennis O'Nan's, the lingering spirit of faith might thereby be revived in some who, even

there, sigh for the consolations of religion. James O'Nan, Jr., and his wife are strongly attached to their religion. There are no vestments or church utensils, you will remember, and in order that the people may know when you will keep church at Mr. O'Nan's, it will be necessary for you to leave a notice with Mr. Fenwick. When I last visited this people, I heard near upon fifty confessions. The O'Nans are related to one of the Sisters of Nazareth. Mrs. Fenwick, or Mr. Jameson, of Scott county, will give you directions as to your way to the neighborhood.

"As you return from Flat creek, about eight miles from home, you will be able to visit two families of the name of Newton. I intend to keep church at Joseph Newton's next week, and I think it advisable that you should favor the families named in the same way, at least occasionally. The distance to church renders it impracticable for the younger members to hear mass otherwise.

"In Georgetown, I have kept church at Mr. Algair's, for the benefit of a few Catholics who live in the town, and especially for that of a Mrs. Nord, who lives in the vicinity. Her daughter, nevertheless, lately married out of the Church.

"Of the four Sundays of the month, three I give to Scott county; and also all the great festivals. Lexington has the first Sunday of each month, unless some great festival occurs. In Scott I hear confessions on Saturdays and Sundays, on the eves of festivals, on the festivals themselves, and whenever else penitents apply. I go to Lexington on Saturday evening, and I leave the place after mass on Monday morning—hearing confessions until 10 o'clock on Sunday, then celebrating, afterwards preaching, and, at 3 o'clock P. M., teaching and explaining the catechism. In Scott, I teach the children from 9 to 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, and, on each church Sunday, I instruct the servants at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Madison county might be visited four times a year. The first congregation is on Little Otter creek, twenty-one miles from Lexington, on the Richmond road. You take the road corresponding to the Main street of Lexington, and continue on to Clay's upper ferry, observing that, about five miles from town, where the road forks, you take the one to the right. Two and a half miles further on, after having crossed the river, the road again forks, and you will take the one to the left, which you will continue until it leads you to the humble habitation of Edward Logsdon, the progenitor of more than two hundred descendants. You will here find vestments which, for their poor material are worthy of the Apostolic age. I take every requisite with me, even the wine for celebrating, since it is often impossible to secure them in the neighborhoods visited.

"From Otter creek you will be guided to Drowning creek, sixteen miles distant, where you will be plainly and heartily welcomed by a famous controvertist, Mr. Philip Durbin, whose humble mansion, consisting of one apartment, will accommodate the priest and his own numerous family. I have kept church in this lowly dwelling twice;

twice in the church of St. Christopher, four miles distant and near Muddy creek. Five or six Catholic families are in this neighborhood, and there are no church utensils.

"Ten miles thence, at Station Camp, in Estill county, lives Mrs. Wagers. Here you will be comfortably accommodated and have a numerous auditory. Seven or eight Catholic families reside in the county.

"From Station Camp, twenty-one miles distant, is Silver-creek Station, in Madison county, the last you will have to visit. You might so manage as to stop in Richmond and give them a sermon. Col. Smith, the brother-in-law of Cassius Clay, will welcome the ex-president of St. Joseph's college.* In Richmond, Mrs. Woods professes the Catholic religion, and Mrs. Anderson, near the town, still calls herself a Catholic. Her sister, Mrs M——, of Richmond, has abandoned her faith, and has submitted herself to the 'plunging law.' Her husband, too, is said to have forsaken his religion; but he applied to me when I preached there, and expressed a wish to converse with me. If you would call on him, I have no doubt but that he, and his wife, possibly, will return to duty.

"I will not attempt to describe the Silver-creek congregation, as your reverence already knows its value.

"To these visits, and those to Harrodsburg and Danville, I will add the propriety of an annual visit to other scattered Catholics. In Owensville, Bath county, resides an ardent Catholic lady, Mrs. Coyle, and some few families in the vicinity. She would receive you as a heavenly spirit descending to diffuse the blessings of Deity. You could acquaint her previously by letter, and you could go thither from Lexington, by Winchester and Mount Sterling; or from Station Camp, by Irvin, Mount Sterling, etc. The distance from Station Camp is above seventy miles.

"Thence, you might direct your course by Flemingsburg to Washington, in Mason county, where you will find the amiable family of the O'Neils. As they are in reduced circumstances, and almost all females, I put up at a public tavern while there, and paid all expenses. The desire of fostering the inclination which they still have for the faith of the departed generous head of this family, and the wish to inspire the O'Doughertys, the Mitchells and others with a like inclination to the faith of their fathers, made me willingly assume the costs and fatigues of this troublesome route. Whenever you propose to visit them, it will be well to give previous notice by letter addressed to the unmarried O'Dougherty, whose name, I think, is Thomas. His cousin, who resides in Scott county, will inform you.

"In Maysville reside Mr. Chambers and Mr. Thompson, who were baptized in the Catholic church, and retain, I am informed, some

*Cassius Clay, an advanced emancipationist before the late civil war, and since and now well known in Kentucky as a politician of liberal ideas, was my fellow-pupil at St. Joseph's college previous to the date of Dr. Kenrick's letter in which reference is made to his name.

regard for religion. It may be well for you to preach there, and also in Washington, and to apprise Mr. O'Dougherty of your intention, in order that he may be able to call attention to it. In Washington, though I said mass in the house of Mr. O'Dougherty, so unaccustomed were they to Catholic practices, that I heard no confessions.

"On your return from Washington, a family of the name of Brewer will gladly receive the favor of a visit. The gentleman is not a Catholic; at least he does not profess or practice our religion, though he was baptized by Rev. Mr. Angier previous to his marriage. His family are Catholics, the wife being the daughter of ——." [Here ends all that has been preserved of this admirable letter.]*

Father George A. M. Elder's pastorship in Scott county continued for three years, and there is no record that it was not acceptable and beneficial to the Catholic people with whose spiritual guardianship he had been charged. If there were still in the congregation men who were disposed to make trouble, these must have felt themselves awed by the pathos of his pulpit appeals, or had their malignity melted away under the influence of his exhaustless amiability. In 1830, he was succeeded in the pastorship by the late Rev. Edward McMahon, a man of most sterling qualities, and a priest of more than ordinary zeal and discretion.†

*When the future archbishop of Baltimore wrote the communication, of which the above is a happily preserved fragment, he had no thought that any part of it would fall under others' eyes than those of his clerical colaborer, the late Rev. George A. M. Elder. But great as was his after fame, acquired as a theologian and writer, and as a successful administrator of ecclesiastical affairs in two of the most important of the Sees of the United States, never did he give more convincing proofs of his worth as a man, and the truly apostolic character of his ministry than when he wrote and dispatched this letter to his friend. In it is exemplified the spirit that should animate the "embassador for Christ." He was earnest in the service of his Lord and Master, and he had charity unfeigned for those of the household of faith whose helplessness he pitied and sought to relieve. Elsewhere will be found a short sketch of the life of Dr. Kenrick, and especially of his career as a priest in Kentucky. I would here but allude to the fact that I was of the number of those to whom he gave lessons in christian doctrine nearly sixty years ago; that it was under his direction I made my first communion, and that if I have since been animated by a spirit of perverseness, or of apathy in the service of God, it has been in defiance of his teachings.

† I have in vain sought for material for a sketch of the life of Father Edward McMahon. Beyond my own personal knowledge of him, acquired at St. Joseph's college, of which he was one of the professors for several years, and afterwards president, and the not unfrequent occasions upon which I heard him preach in the former cathedral of the diocese, I had primarily little upon which to build even a commonplace biographical notice of one who was so much worthy of honor while living, and no less worthy of remembrance since he has passed away. It is my impression that he was already grown when he entered the seminary of St. Thomas, under Father John B. David, and that his ordination took place about the year 1823. I am inclined to think, too, that he was engaged in teaching in the college of St. Joseph both before and after the year named, and that his first mission was to Scott county. He was afterwards transferred to Lexington, and, a few years later, again to St. Joseph's

In the year 1836, a young clergyman, educated and trained in the diocesan seminary, and then but recently ordained, was charged by his ordinary with the mission of Scott county, of whom the writer finds it most painful to speak. His first thought was to pass over his name and to leave a hiatus of a dozen years in the history of the mission which he helped to demoralize. This idea of his was opposed, however, by a number of his most trusted clerical advisers. They seemed to think that the sad story of his degradation, however painful it was to relate, and however shocking it would certainly prove to every sensitive Catholic mind, was still a matter of history and a part of a record that should be in no wise mutilated. Besides, said they, the law of compensation applies to this case, as it does to every other that is burdened with shame for the faithful followers of Christ. Young clerics will learn from it to trust less to their own strength, and much more to the assistance of God, to enable them to resist the approaches of evil, whether from inward impulse or social blandishment, and they will pray the more earnestly to be delivered from the malediction that is threatened by Divine Justice against the provokers of scandals. Not less than with the young and inexperienced of the priesthood, compensation will come to the laity through your recital of an episode in the history of the Church of Kentucky that will show them the folly of adhering any longer to a standard of social ethics out of which has grown, in the case you represent and many others, the most deplorable of consequences. Neither will the Church, nor the priesthood, nor Catholics of any grade be at all prejudiced in the general public mind by the acknowledgment on the part of any Catholic writer that here and there men in holy orders have disgraced themselves and dishonored religion by acts that were degrading to their ministry. So long as a statement of this kind covers but the simple facts, without any admixture of uncharitableness on the part of the writer, it is not only admissible in any record of Catholic history, but its omission would invalidate the writer's title to fidelity as a historian.

With the explanation given, the writer hereby submits the pages written by him five years ago in reference to a priest to whom he was at one time much attached:

Young Father J. H. D—— was a man of fine presence, of more than ordinary talents, and of excellent acquirements. He was, no

college. His connection with the diocese ceased in 1850, when he paid a short visit to his native Ireland, and on his return was named pastor of the cathedral church of St. Paul, Pittsburg. Whatever was the position to which he was named, whether in our own diocese or that of his after adoption, its duties were performed by him with zeal and fidelity, and also with tact and discretion. In Lexington and Pittsburg, where he was best known as a pastor, his praise, even to this day, is on the tongues of all who knew him. Rev. Abraham McMahon, a brother of his, also educated and raised to the priesthood in Kentucky, but in no wise as talented or efficient, succeeded him in the pastorship of the congregation at Lexington, and, I am inclined to think, of that of Scott county, also. Both have been dead for a number of years.

doubt, told by his superiors, before entering upon the duties of the mission to which he was accredited, that it was a difficult one to manage, and that his own line of duty would be found precisely that which had led to success elsewhere, the example of a zealous, prudent, prayerful and mortified life. No one having any knowledge of Father D——, doubts now that he entered upon his pastorship with the single idea of fulfilling, in the fear of God, every duty pertaining to his sacred office. In point of fact, his work was satisfactorily performed for a number of years, and there was scarcely a priest in the diocese who was esteemed more efficient, or less likely to become, as he afterwards did, a spectacle of shame in the sight of Catholics, and of scorn and ridicule in the eyes of the enemies of the Church.

Unfortunately for this most misfortunate of priests, he possessed social characteristics that made him welcome in every grade of Catholic and non-Catholic society. He was courted and made much of wherever he went, and those who know what was meant, forty and odd years ago, by the term *Kentucky hospitality*, will have no difficulty in understanding the constant temptations to excess to which he was exposed. That he should have fallen, and fallen repeatedly, will not be a subject of wonder with those who have witnessed in their fellows the pernicious effects of over-indulgence in drink. From one low estate he descended to another still lower, till at length the very men who had contributed to his fall by their unguarded panderings to his one weakness, were obliged to ask for his removal. Deprived of his faculties at length, degraded in his own eyes, and looked upon with scornful pity by those whom he had so inadequately served, he drifted away, God knows whither.*

It would seem needless to ask what were the effects of his fall upon a congregation that had previously been torn by dissensions. Men are prone to lapses of practical religion when they see that those who have been sent to them as guides are themselves leading lives of sin; and, with total suspension of religious duty, comes, not unfrequently, first, indifference to the soul's needs, and then practical infidelity. There are numbers of persons in Scott county, now known either as Protest-

* My thoughts often recur to Father D——, not as I saw him last, when the visible effects of the vice that had mastered his faculties were prominent in his features and his general appearance, but as I remember him, keen-eyed and bright and hopeful, when he left Bardstown for the seat of his mission. I never dreamed then that he carried with him, in the geniality of his nature, the germ of his own fall. As the assistant of a prudent and competent rector, there is no telling the exaltation he might have reached in the ranks of the clergy of the United States. Left to himself and his own devices for the protection of his virtue, and being surrounded by the very element of society that is the least careful of its own or another's reputation, he naturally fell to a corresponding depth of degradation. Though I have inquired about him often, and as often searched for his name in the lists of the clergy of the country that are of annual publication, I have had but my pains for my reward. Not one word concerning him has reached my ears since he left the diocese, now nearly forty years ago.

ants or indifferentists in religion, whose parents, grandparents and great-grandparents found sepulture in the grave yard attached to the church of St. Pius.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE SETTLEMENT ON THE ROLLING FORK.

The Catholic settlement designated as that of the Rolling Fork, dates from the year 1788. It is not unlikely, however, that a few of the emigrants were on the spot a year or two earlier. It would appear to be the general opinion of such as have had opportunities of research, that Clement and Ignatius Buckman and Basil and John Raley, or Raleigh, preceded all others of the Catholic settlers in the district.† In 1788, Robert Abell, a man of no inconsiderable note in the early annals of the State, emigrated with his family to Kentucky and settled on lands bordering on the Rolling Fork. His father, Samuel Abell, a Protestant, had been high sheriff of St. Mary's county, Maryland, at a time when a Catholic could not hold office without first taking the test-oath, as it was called, which was equivalent to the renunciation of his faith. His mother, whose maiden name was Ellen O'Brien, was a

*I am told that through the indefatigable labors of Rt. Rev. Dr. Toebbe, late Bishop of the See of Covington, and of the painstaking priests whom he had commissioned to exercise their ministry of reconciliation in the parishes of Scott county, the devastation of the past is gradually becoming obliterated.

†One account received by me is to the effect that the emigrants whose names are given in the text were members of the Maryland "Colonization League," and that they belonged to the first colony sent out under its auspices. Ignatius Buckman, mentioned above, was killed by the Indians. I have been furnished with the following account of the tragedy: "About day-light one morning, Buckman left his cabin for the purpose of feeding his stock. He had been gone but a few minutes when the sharp report of a rifle, followed almost immediately by three more shots in quick succession, alarmed the family greatly. Hastily closing and fastening the door, and placing above it a medal of the Blessed Virgin, snatched from her own neck, the distressed wife and mother threw herself upon her knees in the midst of her children, and prayed to be delivered from the danger she had already apprehended. Venturing at length to peep out through a loop-hole left in one of the sides of the house, she saw four stalwart Indians striding rapidly away, followed by two others mounted on the only horses owned by the family. Close behind the stable door was found the body of the husband and father, pierced by four bullets and his scalp gone. The body was buried where was afterwards laid off the Holy Mary's cemetery."

fervent Catholic, however, and though she was permitted by her husband to bring up her daughters in the knowledge and practice of her own religion, she was allowed no such control in shaping the faith of her sons. When Samuel Abell's oldest son, Philip, had grown to manhood, he was taken to Leonardstown by his father to have him sworn in as deputy sheriff. When the oath was read to him, he declared he could not take it, and would not; that it "would choke" him to do so. The father was greatly displeased, and he tried hard to shake the young man's constancy. Finding that impossible, he let him have his own way. On his death-bed Samuel Abell became himself a Catholic. The facts, as here stated, are to be found on pages 13–14 of Rev. J. L. Spalding's Life of Archbishop Spalding. By courtesy of a friend, the writer is enabled to lay before his readers an incident that closely followed the one that was enacted in the colonial court-room in Leonardstown as above related. Says this authority:

"Samuel Abell and his wife, considering their anomalous position in respect to religion, are said to have got along with fewer jars than ordinarily come to married people much more favorably situated. It was the habit of the father of the family upon entering the room in which his wife was sitting, to draw up a chair beside her own and tell her the news of the day. On that upon which their son had declined the proffered oath of office, he came into the presence of his wife with a look on his face that betokened more of anger than conjugal confidence. Having taken a turn or two of the room in silence, he brought a chair to a stand as far distant from his wife as the opposite corner of the fire-place, to which domestic usage had given her prescription. Noisily banging it down on the floor, he cried—

"'Ellen Abell, you have deceived me! In defiance of my known will, you have made Phil a Catholic. He has to-day brought disgrace upon me, and shown his contempt for the law and the religion of the State, by refusing to take the oath of office. It is to you, deceiving and deceitful woman that you are, that I am indebted for the shame that has this day come upon me!'"

"'Samuel Abell,' returned the wife, her eyes raining tears as she spoke, but with a look of extreme thankfulness on her face, 'I have never deceived you! Not once since you took me for a wife have I disobeyed you! If Phil has learned to respect the religion of his mother, it is to God's grace, and not to that mother's instructions that both son and mother are indebted for a result that I had indeed hoped for and prayed for from the hour of his birth, but which seemed so far distant to my despairing heart.' Falling upon her knees, she raised her eyes and hands to heaven and exclaimed: 'I thank Thee, oh my God, that Thou hast remembered me in mercy! From a full heart I give Thee thanks that Thou has led the son Thou gavest me to render obedience to Thy law rather than to that which Thy erring creatures have set up in the land!' Convinced that his wife had spoken but the truth, and awed by an exhibition of faith that was inexplicable to him at the time, the husband said no more; neither did he ever afterwards indi-

cate by his manner that there was anything between them out of which strife could be evoked."

Robert Abell was a man of sterling qualities of heart and mind, agreeable in disposition and manners, and popular with all classes of society. The maiden name of his wife, whom he married in Maryland, and where several of their children were born, was Margaret Mills. She is said to have been a woman of a determined will, and not a little exacting of service, as well from her children as from her dependents.

In 1799, Robert Abell was elected, together with Felix Grundy, as a representative from Washington county to the constitutional convention that framed the organic law of the State until it was modified and changed by the convention of 1849. He had previously represented Nelson county in the State legislature of 1792, the first meeting of that body after the admission of Kentucky into the union of States, and the county of Washington in 1795. Dr. Spalding relates in his very interesting "Sketches of Kentucky," the following anecdote in connection with the constitutional convention of 1799, of which Felix Grundy and Robert Abell were members:

"Robert Abell was the only Catholic in that body. It had been agreed that each member of the convention should be at liberty to present such clauses as he thought worthy of insertion in the organic law they had met to perfect, and that, after debate on the clauses proffered, those should be accepted which would be found carried by the votes of a majority of the delegates. Robert Abell's roommates were the late distinguished lawyer and statesman, Felix Grundy, and a lesser legal light who had abandoned the Presbyterian pulpit for the forum of the courts of civil law. The last named party one day called the attention of his companions to a provision it was his desire to have embodied in the constitution. This provision ran about as follows: "It is further provided that no Papist, or Roman Catholic, shall hold office of profit or trust in the Commonwealth.' Seizing his pen, Felix Grundy immediately indited the following: 'It is also provided that no broken-down Presbyterian preacher shall be eligible to any office in this Commonwealth.' Having read the clause, he assured the quondam minister that he would lay it before the convention and advocate its adoption the moment the provision he had shown them should be presented to that body. This incident was related to a son of Robert Abell by Felix Grundy himself."*

* Intellectually considered, Felix Grundy was one of the foremost men of his day in the whole country. He had the reputation, too, of being at all times an honest and fearless advocate of the right. He came with his father to Kentucky when a boy, was educated in the Bairdstown (Bardstown) academy, studied law, and was only twenty-two years old when he was elected a member of the first Kentucky legislature. He afterwards served in the State constitutional convention, and was, for several terms, the representative from Washington county in the State legislature. Later, he filled the offices of judge of the supreme court and chief justice. Removing to Nashville, Tennessee, he there

The extracts that follow, all referring to Robert Abell and his family, are taken from an interesting, gossipy letter, written by a lady friend who has had exceptional opportunities of learning matters of interest in connection with the old Catholic families of Marion county:

"Robert Abell's wife, Margaret, had many excellent traits of character. She was energetic in purpose as well as in action, and she permitted no one to interfere with her plans, whatever was their character. To the core of her heart she was a Catholic, but it is not to be denied that she was at times lacking in christian forbearance. Especially was that the case in reference to her own children. For them her will was law, and she brooked no disputation of that fact. Her firmness, it is said, gave to the Church of Kentucky one of its brightest ornaments, in the person of the late Rev. Robert A. Abell; but it also lost to the Church two of her other children. Robert and Margaret Mills Abell were the parents of ten children, seven sons and three daughters. These were named: Samuel, Jesse, James, Robert, Ignatius, Benjamin, John, Mary, Ellen and Janet. Robert Abell went on a visit to Maryland in 1802, where he was taken sick and died. Upon his wife the news of his unexpected death produced a singular effect. She never lifted up her head afterwards. Her grief was sincere, and it was thus she indicated it: She took off her shoes and stockings, and she never resumed them again. She donned a coarse cotton gown, and she lived thenceforth the life of a penitent.* In the Calvary cemetery a monument is to be seen on which is inscribed: "*Sacred to the Memory of Robert and Margaret Abell.*" The filial piety of the late Father Robert A. Abell induced him to erect this monument. But neither of his parents rest beneath its base. The father's remains have long since assimilated with the soil of his native Maryland, and those of the mother are awaiting the resurrection in the old graveyard of St. Thomas, in Nelson county."

It is not the writer's purpose to speak here of more than two of Robert Abell's children, briefly of the one, since his knowledge concerning him is limited, and extendedly of the other, who was his friend from boyhood, and for the reason that the preservation of the well-earned fame of such as he has been one of his leading motives for the attempt he is making to write a history of the Church of his native State.

became a successful practitioner in the courts of the State. Again entering the field of politics, he served a term in the legislature of Tennessee, represented his district in the federal congress from 1811 to 1814, and in 1829 he was elected to the senate of the United States. This position he held for nine years, when, in 1838, he was appointed by President Van Buren Attorney General of the United States. He died in Nashville, December 19th, 1840, being at the time in the 70th year of his age.

* My correspondent, I think, mistakes the occasion of these manifestations of grief on the part of the widow of Robert Abell. It is more than likely they were caused by the apostacy of one or more of her children.

Jesse Abell, second son of Robert and Margaret Abell, was held in his life time in marked popular esteem for his vigorous intelligence and his moral worth. He was specially known and admired for his strong native sense and his ability to comprehend and explain matters relating to either politics or religion. He is said to have rivaled his reverend and eloquent brother as a talker, and it is the opinion of some that, with equal opportunities for culture and display, he would have surpassed him. That he was a popular man is evinced by the fact that he represented Washington county in the sessions of the legislature of 1831–2, and Marion county in that of 1842. Jesse Abell was married in the year 1803 to Susannah Wimsett, Rev. Michael J. C. Fournier officiating.*

Robert A., son of Robert and Margaret Abell, was born in Washington, now Marion county, in the year 1792. He was but ten years of age when his father died, and whatever knowledge he had of letters, up to that time and a year or two later, was doubtless acquired through his mother's instructions. He was afterwards sent to a country school in the neighborhood, but only during the winter months, when there was little work to be done on the farm that was not considered too heavy for his physical strength. An incident that took place in the spring of the year 1807 is said to have been the occasion of his being sent to the best school then in Kentucky, and, incidentally, to his after connection with the ministry of the Catholic church. The account of this comes to the writer in the shape of a letter from an altogether respectable source, and this communication is here quoted in its entirety for the reason that it contains all that is to be now learned of the boyhood of one of the most remarkable men that Kentucky has hitherto furnished to the ministry of the church.

"Robert was a thoughtful, observant boy, and he early acquired a taste for analysis. He was fond of reading, and he greedily devoured everything that came in his way in the shape of books. It is not likely, to be sure, that the entire literary pabulum of the settlement exceeded at that time a hundred volumes, but it is quite certain that the boy, before he had attained his fourteenth year, had digested the contents of every one of these upon which he could lay his hands.

"At the time referred to, society in Kentucky was burdened with few drones. All were workers—men, women and children. To these latter, to be sure, tasks were assigned that were not beyond their strength. A boy of twelve years, for instance, was not unfrequently found to be just as available at the plow as a youth of twenty. The widow Abell was just as exacting of service at the hands of her children as she was at the hands of her colored slaves. Had she understood the extent of her son's capabilities she might have acted otherwise in

* One of Jesse Abell's daughters intermarried with the late Edward Parsons, a highly respected citizen of Lebanon, and afterwards of Louisville, where several of their children now reside. One of his grandsons is Rev. J. J. Abell of the diocese of Louisville.

his regard, and spared him the time for mental improvement under the tuition of competent educators in her own native State. As it was, when the neighborhood school was closed in the spring of 1807, she found for him labor on the farm, the tangible results of which she had no difficulty in appreciating.

"But weeks before the close of the school the elders among its pupils had arranged for a debate to come off in the school-house at an appointed future day that should be indicative to their parents and friends, as well of their advancement in learning as of their native talent. Robert Abell would have been highly delighted had his own name appeared in the list of prospective debaters, but for some reason, possibly for lack of self-assertion on his part, he was set aside for much weaker disputative material. The question to be debated—there is no record of what it was—had taken a strong hold on the boy's mind. He studied it as thoroughly as he could, determining, if he might volunteer a speech an the occasion, to show the neighborhood what stuff he was made of.

"The afternoon fixed upon for the debate arrived at length, but it proved to be an unpropitious one for the poor boy and his high-wrought anticipations. The careful mother of the family had found that the meal-bin was empty, and that in order to refill it in time for the morrow's baking it was a matter of necessity that some one should be started off at once with a grist to the mill on the Fork. Singularly enough, so thought Robert, her choice of a messenger fell upon him. He made no complaint, for he had been early taught to defer his own will to that of his parents; but there was a gulp in his throat as he prepared to obey his mother's mandate.

"Basil Hayden's mill was not far away, and the boy suddenly bethought him that he might be able to execute his commission and return in time for the debate at the school-house. Without waiting to change his clothes, which consisted of two dirt-begrimed garments and a suspender, he hurried off, and, to use his own expression in after years, 'better time was never compassed by equine creature so weighted down than was made that day by the horse I was bestriding.' Disappointment awaited him at the mill. Other customers were there before him, and he had to abide his turn. Before he could be accommodated the afternoon was more than half spent, and he was forced to recognize the futility of his former hopes. On his return road at last, he was unable to overcome the temptation with which he was seized to turn his horse's head in the direction of the school-house and there learn, at least, how the debate had terminated. Nearing the rude structure, his ears were greeted by sounds of boyish declamation, followed by clapping of hands and other demonstrations of applause. Beside himself with excitement, and forgetful, if not utterly regardless of the unpresentableness of his appearance, he alighted from his horse; hitched him to a convenient sapling near by, and entered the building. There was a crowd of rustics about the door, and he stood among them, unnoticed by others, until the last of the appointed debaters had deliv-

ered his speech. After a short interval, the presiding officer of the meeting announced that 'volunteer speeches, pertinent to the question that had been debated, would now be heard.' No sooner had this announcement been made than the lad pushed his way to the front of the circle of standing auditors, and planting himself immediately in the center of the open space that had been left for the debaters, he assumed the attitude of a contestant. Shouts of laughter and rounds of derisive applause greeted him from the moment he was recognized by his late school companions. They were in some sense excusable, for there was nothing in his appearace that was not ludricrous. Little disturbed, apparently, by the jeering sounds in his ears, the boy patiently awaited a pause in the uproar to address the chairman. This came at length, and he modestly said: 'I suppose I ought to be ashamed to come into such company dressed like a beggar; but I had no time to fix myself up. I had to come just as I am, or not at all. But my clothes can tell you nothing, and I can; and I hope you will all shut your eyes to what's outside of me, and open yours ears to what I have to say.'

"He was no longer subjected to the least annoyance, and the speech he made that day was for years commented on and praised by those who heard it. Young as he was, his voice was of good compass, and his enunciation distinct and harmonious. He treated his subject logically, and he even went so far as to quote, in support of his positions, the opinions of writers of whom not one of his auditors had ever heard. He astonished everybody, and the most surprised of his hearers was the gentleman to whom had been assigned the position of judge of the debate. Dr. —— McElroy was a man of liberal education, high minded, and of an affable disposition. There was nothing he liked better than to furnish opportunities of improvement to the young. He had been the first to fall in with the boys' notions regarding the debate, and it was because of his admirable fitness for the office that he had been asked to preside over the meeting and to decide from the general argument the relative merits of the debaters. The good doctor was bewildered. Looking at this unkempt boy as he proceeded with his argument, now swaying his angular body to and fro in suggestive measurement of his flow of words, and now enforcing a thought by a gesture that was not altogether ungraceful, he could but wonder where he had acquired his knowledge, and how he had learned without a master the trick of oratorical effect. But Dr. McElroy was altogether mistaken regarding Robert Abell's opportunities. The lad yet remembered his father's political harangues; he had been present in the church of St. Ann when Dr. Thomas Wilson, the English Dominican father, a learned and eloquent divine, had moved men by the power of his persuasive oratory to forsake the ways of sin and to enter upon those of righteousness; he had heard, too, a single political address made by the famous Felix Grundy, the foremost man of his time in the entire State. It was upon these models, doubtless, that he had built his style of speaking.

"His argument finished, the decision of the judge of the cause was promptly rendered in favor of the side whose voluntary advocate had won for it the chief part of its victory. The applause that followed was prolonged and hearty, and when it was noticed that the leading personages present were so little disdainful of master Robert as to take his unwashed hand in their own and to congratulate him on the effort he had made, the lad had a nobler triumph in the frank apologies proffered by his school-fellows for having previously made him the butt of their jeering laughter.

"But Robert Abell was not permitted to depart for his home alone. Dr. McElroy accompanied him on the way and into his mother's presence. Subsequently he had an interview with that lady, the subject of which was her son and the propriety of sending him to college in Maryland. Mrs. Abell, for the reason, possibly, that the expense of the project was beyond her resources, could not be brought to look upon it with favorable eyes. She agreed, however, that the boy should be sent to the school of St. Rose, then but recently established near the village of Springfield, in Washington county, under the direction of Rev. Thomas Wilson, of the Order of St. Dominic. Thither he was sent sometime during the following year, and there he remained until his transfer to the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, near Bardstown, in the year 1811."*

In the year 1790, Robert Abell was followed to Kentucky by his brother-in-law, Benedict Spalding, who came at the head of a colony of emigrants from St. Mary's county, Maryland, most of whom settled on the Rolling Fork. Benedict Spalding's wife, Alethia Abell, was as extraordinary for her practical good sense as she was for the firmness of her faith and her truly christian manner of life. She had learned from her mother, the Ellen O'Brien Abell of whom mention has been already made, and whose name should be held in blessed remembrance by all Kentucky Catholics, how to compass her whole duty in respect to the rearing of her children. She taught them by word the tenets of their faith, and she moved them by her example to render true service to their Creator.† Benedict Spalding was possibly, next

* What I shall have to say hereafter of Robert A., afterwards Father Abell, will come more appropriately under other headings.

† The direct issue of Benedict and Alethia Spalding comprised six sons and six daughters. The names of these were: Richard, married to Henrietta Hamilton; Thomas, married to Susan Abell; Joseph, married to Elizabeth Moore; William, married to Elizabeth Thompson; Ignatius A., married to Ann Pottinger; Benedict, married to Mary Hamilton; Ann, married to Clement Hamilton; Ellen, married to Basil Riney; Elizabeth, married to John Wathen; Catherine, married to Col. Richard Forrest; Mary, married to Henry H. Wathen; and Alethia, married to Francis Sims.

Richard, the eldest son, was thrice married. The issue of his first marriage with Henrietta Hamilton, daughter of Leonard Hamilton, who settled on the Rolling Fork in 1791, comprised five sons and two daughters, viz: Leonard, Richard M., Martin J., Benedict J., Clement, Constantia and Julia. Of these, only the first named, one of the most prominent and respected citizens of

to Robert Abell, the most active and influential of all the emigrants from Maryland living on the Rolling Fork. He represented Washington county in the sessions of the legislature of 1806, 1811 and 1812.

The next most important influx of emigrants from Maryland to the settlement on the Rolling Fork took place in the year 1791. At the head of this colony came Leonard Hamilton, who was the maternal grandfather of the late Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, and of the late Very Rev. Benedict J. Spalding, administrator of the diocese of Louisville at the date of his death.

Other colonists followed in quick succession, until the greater part of the available lands in the neighborhood were taken up and occupied. The annexed list of emigrants living on the Rolling Fork at some time previous to the year 1800 is believed to be fairly correct: Robert Abell, Jesse Abell, Barton Abell, Abner Abell, Absalom Abell, —— Bowles, Ignatius Buckman, Clement Buckman, James Dolan, Michael Fagan, Richard Fenwick, Richard Forrest, Thomas Forrest, John Hayden, James Hager, Leonard Hamilton, Clement Hamilton, Basil Hayden, William Hayden, John Hayden, James Hayden, Samuel Hamilton, —— Jarboe, Henry Luckett, Samuel

Marion county, survives to the present day. Both Leonard and Richard M. Spalding, the latter for several sessions, represented their native county in the State legislature. Richard Spalding's third and fourth sons became priests, and the first alluded to, a bishop and an archbishop. The fifth son was a promising attorney at the time of his early death. Through his son, Richard M. Spalding, who married Mary Jane Lancaster, Richard Spalding, the elder, was the grandfather of two priests, John Lancaster and Benedict J. Spalding, the first named of whom is now bishop of the See of Peoria. Thomas Spalding left behind him when he died an honored name. He was greatly esteemed for his piety and worth. In the year 1821, William and Ignatius A. Spalding removed to the county of Union, where they lived useful and honorable lives, raised families of dutiful children, and were lamented in their deaths by all classes of society. Both were honored by their fellow citizens with seats in the State legislature, and one, Ignatius A., was a member of the State constitutional convention in 1849. Two of the latter's sons, Robert A. and Ignatius A., have also served in the legislature of the State. Joseph Spalding, son of Benedict Spalding, through his son, Samuel Spalding, Esq., married to Isabella Lancaster, was the grandfather of a priest, Rev. Samuel B. Spalding, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia. The late Raphael L. Spalding, another son of Samuel Spalding, twice represented Marion county in the State legislature.

Benedict Spalding, who bore his father's name, outlived all his brothers. In 1813 he owned the land upon which is now situated the town of Lebanon. He caused it to be surveyed into lots, reserving one of four acres for a Catholic church, and it was not long before many of these were sold and built upon, and this was the beginning of what is now one of the most flourishing inland towns of the State. He was a prominent merchant and successful trader, and he exerted in political and social affairs as well, a healthy influence. He was a member of the Kentucky legislature in 1835, and also from 1861 to 1865. Col. Richard Forrest, who married Catherine, youngest daughter of Benedict Spalding, was a man of note in the annals of Washington county, which was almost continuously represented by him in the State legislature from 1819 to 1829. His son, the late Dr. Green Forrest, whom I remember well, was also a man of wide reputation and influence in Marion county.

Lee, Benj. Morgan, Bernard Mills, —— Moore, Ignatius Mills, —— Melton, Clement Pierceall, Richard Pierceall, Basil Raleigh, John Raleigh, Henry Raleigh, Roger Roney, Benedict Spalding, Francis Sims, John Wathen, Henry H. Wathen, Joseph Wimsett, Raphael Wimsett, Stephen Wimsett, Edward Wathen, Enoch Yates and Zachariah Yates.*

Between the Rolling Fork and the site of the present town of Lebanon, there were living at the time referred to, Zepheniah Forrest, father of Col. Richard Forrest, Clement Parsons, and Walter and Hoskins Hamilton. Into this same neighborhood moved, a few years later, Clement Hill and his brother-in-law, John Jarboe, of the Cartwright's Creek Catholic settlement.

The Rolling Fork station, or fort, built to secure the safety of the settlers from attacks by Indians, was on the south side of the river, almost opposite the present Calvary convent. It is generally believed that this fort was built after the Buckman tragedy, to which reference has been made. It is certain that neither before nor after the death of Buckman were the people of the settlement molested by Indians.

It is beyond question that the Catholic settlement on the Rolling Fork was often visited by Father Whelan previous to his withdrawal from the mission of Kentucky. It is probable, too, that Father de Rohan, occasionally, at least, administered to the spiritual necessities of the people of the settlement. After the year 1793, it is reasonable to suppose that there were houses in the settlement where Father Badin was in the habit of saying mass and administering the sacraments. In 1797, Father Michael J. C. Fournier made the settlement his nominal home, and, until the date of his death in 1803, the spiritual wants of the people were well cared for. His house, like that of Father Badin at St. Stephen's, had at least a room in it in which he could say mass, and to which the people resorted in order to

* Of the emigrants above named, not commented upon in the text, the sum of my information may be briefly stated: The land upon which stands Holy Mary's church and the Calvary convent, was bought by Rev. M. J. C. Fournier of Michael Fagan, as of deed bearing date January 29, 1802, recorded in the Washington county court. John Hayden and James Hager were surveyors. Clement Hamilton died in 1851, aged eighty years; his widow in 1863, aged ninety-two years. Basil Hayden was, most likely, a son of the emigrant of the same name who was at the head of the colonization movement to Pottinger's creek. This is the more likely, since the latter, as early as 1798, was in the habit of writing his name Basil Hayden, *Sr.* The one named in the text was the proprietor of the first mill put up on the Rolling Fork. He died of cholera in 1833. The death of Samuel Lee took place in 1863, at the age of eighty-five years. It is known that two priests bearing each the name of George A. Hamilton, one of the diocese of Boston and the other of that of Fort Wayne, and both long since deceased, were born in Marion county. The parents of one of these was Leonard Hamilton, possibly a son of the emigrant of that patronymic, and Mary Beaven. The name of the father of the other was George Hamilton, and he is said to have removed with his family to Missouri nearly sixty years ago.

fulfill the obligations imposed on them by their religion. It was at a later day, however, and through the instrumentality of another who was more capable than Father Fournier of undergoing exhaustive physical labor, that they were provided with a suitable church building.

It is now eighty years since Father Fournier exchanged his mortal life of toil and mortification for that which the God of all consolation has prepared for His servants in the kingdom of His glory; and it is doubtful if there is memory left among the living of to-day of his kindly face. But go where you will in the district of country in which our Kentucky forefathers in the faith set up rude tabernacles in which to dwell, and you will find not only general recognition of his name, but some knowledge, also, of facts connected in some way with his short career as a missionary priest in the State. Rev. Michael J. C. Fournier was a priest of the diocese of Blois, in France. Obliged to flee his country in the revolutionary era, he escaped to London, where, for four years, he earned a livelihood by teaching French. Feeling that it was to another character of labor he had been called, he came to America toward the end of the year 1796, and proffered his services to Bishop Carroll, by whom they were gladly accepted. For just such an occurrence the bishop had long been waiting, in order to send an assistant to his overtaxed subordinate in the wilds of Kentucky, and very soon afterwards this new acquisition to his laboring force was on his way to the seat of his mission. His journey was prosecuted in winter, and it was filled with discomforts. He presented himself before his superior of the mission in February, 1797, was joyfully received, and from that time to the end of his life the two were fast friends, and sought with equal disinterestedness to render their ministry a blessing to the Catholic people of the State. In 1798, Father Fournier purchased one hundred acres of land on the Rolling Fork, upon which he erected a cabin of logs, with a small chapel attached, as is supposed, and this was his nominal home for the five years that remained to him of life.*

Between Fathers Badin and Fournier a division was effected of ministerial labor. To the latter was assigned that part of the Kentucky mission that included the settlements on the Rolling Fork, Hardin's creek, Cartwright's creek, Rough creek, in Hardin county, and those of Lincoln and Madison counties. Father Fournier was by

*There is doubt in my mind whether the contract of purchase of land by Father Fournier, as referred to in the text, was made with Benedict Spalding or with Michael Fagan. It is my impression that the first purchase was of forty acres, bought of Benedict Spalding in 1798, and that the remainder of the one hundred acres owned by him at the date of his death, was deeded to him, as has heretofore been related, by Michael Fagan, on the 29th January, 1802. It is quite certain that Holy Mary's church, and the convent and school of Calvary, as these appear to-day, are situated upon lands of which Father Fournier was the owner, and that these were left by him in perpetuity to the Church.

no means a man of robust physical conformation; and yet it is known that he traversed and retraversed the wide district of country in which these distinct congregations of Catholics had their homes for nearly six years, and that the souls committed to his charge were served with exact punctuality and with all faithfulness. In order to do this, he must have borrowed strength of the Holy Spirit to supplement that which was of his own nature.

Speaking of his personal characteristics, Dr. Spalding says of him in his *Sketches of Kentucky:* "He was an excellent priest, pious, zealous and laborious. He was of the ordinary stature of men, had a thin visage, furrowed with care, but still beaming with habitual cheerfulness. His manners were extremely popular. He soon caught the spirit and adapted himself to the ways of the people. He had no personal enemies. He spoke English remarkably well, and his sermons had the triple merit of being solid, short and intelligible to the meanest capacity. When not engaged on his missions, he was almost constantly to be found laboring on the little farm attached to his residence. His death was caused by the rupture of a blood vessel through over-exertion in raising logs to be sawed into planks. So sudden was it, that Father Badin arrived only to assist at his funeral. He was not yet fifty years old when he died. The body of this most exemplary priest was taken to Holy Cross cemetery and there interred."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COX'S CREEK SETTLEMENT.

It is supposed by many that the settlement on Cox's creek, Nelson county, was begun as early as the year 1792. Others are of the opinion, and the writer is disposed to agree with them, that the first Catholic emigrants to the district only reached their destination toward the close of the year 1795. These were composed of a dozen families, more or less, under the leadership of Clement Gardiner and Nicholas Miles. Previous to the year 1800 the colony was much enlarged by other arrivals, mostly of personal friends and former neighbors of the first-comers.

In the year 1800, the Cox's Creek Catholic settlement, afterwards better known as that of *Fairfield*, was composed of between forty and fifty families. The names borne by the heads of these families, so far as the writer has been able to secure them, were: Clement Gardiner, Nicholas Miles, Thomas Elder, Francis Coomes, Zachariah Aud, Thomas Aud, James Knott, Austin Montgomery, Richard Adams, Thomas Higdon, Austin Clements, Wilfred Wathen, Raphael Hagan, Richard Coomes, Walter Simpson, James Simpson, Archibald Pitt, Richard Jarboe, Valentine Thompson, John Payne, James Speaks, Benedict Smith, Joseph Gardiner, Charles Wathen, Thomas Lilly, John Lilly, Thomas Brewer, Richard Clark, Daniel Rogers, Clement Clark, Ignatius Drury, —— Mitchell, Charles Warren, James Spalding, Joseph Clark, —— Dougherty, Hezekiah Luckett and Hilary Drury.

To many of these names are attached histories that should be of more than local interest. From what follows concerning a few of them, Catholics everywhere in the country will be enabled to gather at least something for edification. Our first reference should be to

CLEMENT AND HENRIETTA BOONE GARDINER.

The example of a Christian life is of priceless value to humanity. If this axiom required proofs, the lives of the couple named would abundantly furnish them. These admirable Christians did not live for their own day alone, and not merely for the well-being of their own families and those of their immediate neighbors. The future of all these and the future of the Church in their adopted State were alike the subjects of their anxious consideration. Their influence for good was great, and not even when they ceased to live was that influence materially lessened. It was only in 1878 that two of their grand-

daughters, Mother Frances Gardiner and Sister Clare Gardiner, of the Nazareth community of Sisters of Charity, full of years and full of merits, and leaving behind them for the edification of the thousands of their sex whom they had lovingly led along the paths of useful knowledge and Christian perfection, the memory of their virtues, passed from earth to heaven.

Clement Gardiner was born in Maryland, most likely in St. Mary's county, about the year 1748. When of the proper age, he intermarried with Henrietta Boone, who was of the family from whom descent is claimed for Daniel Boone, whose name is so notably identified with the early history of Kentucky. Both were of English extraction, and both were able to trace their ancestry to the colony of St. Mary's, the first established in the country by Catholics and through Catholic influence. It is scarcely necessary to say that neither of them was either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the obligations imposed upon them by their religion.

Clement Gardiner was provided with ample means for his own comfortable maintenance in Maryland, and there was certainly no worldly and selfish reason requiring at his hands the abandonment of his home and the association of his friends for a life of meagre advantages in the wilderness. It was his parental solicitude, no doubt, that caused him to follow the fortunes of his sons and sons-in-law, who had yet their own way to make in the world, and whose determination had become fixed to remove to Kentucky. It was well for Catholicity in the State that the aging parents chose rather to share their children's discomforts and privations in the homes of their adoption than to end their lives in quiet inactivity in the land of their birth. With the exception, possibly, of Anthony Sanders, of Bardstown, there was not another Catholic in Kentucky whose means were so freely applied to Church and charitable purposes as were those of Clement Gardiner. His benefactions were as important as they were unceasing. He not only subscribed liberally for the personal maintenance of the early clergy of the State, but he was never invoked in vain for aid in the construction of churches and for other undertakings in the interests of Catholicity, whether special to the people among whom he lived, or having reference to the wants of his brethren in other parts of the State.

The tract of land upon which he lived, embraced in whole, or in part, the site of the present town of Fairfield. Though a few of his fellow-colonists entered upon surveys lying from four to six miles distant in the direction of Bardstown, the greater number of them sought and occupied farms in the immediate vicinity of his own place. The original dwelling house of logs put up by him was built with special reference to the religious wants of the settlers in the neighborhood. For eleven or twelve years the largest of its rooms was made to do service as a chapel. * It was most likely in 1806 that measures

* Among the church stations assigned by Father Badin to Rev. Anthony Salmon in 1799, not the least important was that known as *Gardiner's Station.*

were first taken for the erection of a church in the hamlet of Fairfield, which was then made up of a few shops for the manufacture of farming implements and household utensils. Mr. Gardiner not only made a deed of gift to the congregation of a site for the church, but he added to his benefaction grounds for a cemetery, and the greater part of the funds required for the building of the church. The church of St. Michael was most likely opened for divine service in the spring or summer of 1807, and though Father Badin was then the nominal pastor of the congregation, it is more than likely it was more frequently served by Father Nerinckx and by Fathers Wilson and Tuite of the not far away Dominican convent of St. Rose. Up to the date of his death, which took place, as is supposed, in 1819 or 1820, Clement Gardiner never counted as a cost whatever was required of him for the support of religion. He recognized to the full his accountability to God for the proper use to be made of the riches with which he had been blessed.*

Henrietta Boone Gardiner is fairly to be classed among the extraordinary women of the early church of Kentucky. She was not only an exponent of christian courage and meekness and piety, but she was an exponent of that charity which has God for its supreme object, and which has for its standard of social equity the welfare of the neighbor. After her husband's death, her thoughts were wholly abstracted from objects of worldly solicitude. The last act of her life for the good of others was worthy of the name she bore and of christian remembrance. Her husband and herself had long entertained the thought of founding a first-class school for girls in the neighborhood of Fairfield. The difficulty had been that they were unable to secure competent teachers. Early in 1821, Mrs. Gardiner consulted with Bishop Flaget on the subject, and the result of their conference was a pledge on her part to make to the Bishop a deed of gift of three hundred acres of land near the town, and a counter pledge on the part of the latter that a school building should be put up on the land and teachers furnished for the conduct of the school. Both pledges were fulfilled before the close of the year, and in December, 1821, the property was

*The children borne to Clement Gardiner by his wife were: first, Joseph, who was married in Maryland to Winefred Hamilton. Three of the daughters of this marriage, reared almost from childhood by their step-mother, Catharine Elder, were Sisters of Charity of the Nazareth community. Second, Polly, who was married in Maryland to Benedict Smith. Third, Theodore, married in Kentucky to a daughter, as is supposed, of Captain James Rapier. Fourth, Harry, who became a member of the Trappist Order in 1807, and whose death took place during his noviciate. Fifth, Francis, who was married in Kentucky to Ann Smith Sixth, Ellen, who was married in Maryland to James Spalding. Seventh, Ignatius, who removed to Louisiana when a young man, and of whose after life little is known. Eighth, Christine, who was married in Kentucky to Thomas Miles. Ninth and last, Ann, married in Kentucky to Edward Jenkins. The late Thomas E. Jenkins, a scientist of some note, who was one of the Commissioners of the United States to the Paris Industrial Exposition, of 1878, was a grandson of Ann Gardiner, as is also the Rev. T. J. Jenkins, a priest of the diocese of Louisville.

placed in the possession of a colony of eleven sisters of the Loretto Society, of which Sister Bibiana Elder was named superior. In close proximity to the convent, Mrs. Gardiner caused to be erected a small brick cottage for her own occupancy, and there she remained until the institution was abandoned in 1827. The school of *Bethania*—such was the name given to the establishment—was fairly prosperous for several years; but owing to continued sickness among the sisters, accompanied by a fatality that was alarming, it was at length determined by the superiors of the Loretto Society to recall the survivors of the sisterhood. Grieved beyond measure on account of the nonrealization of her hopes, and the afflictions that had fallen on the little community, Mrs. Gardiner concluded to accompany the sisters to Loretto, where she was offered a home, and there, concerning herself about nothing beyond her own sanctification, pass the remainder of her days. She lived for several years afterwards in retirement and prayer, and then, mourned by the entire sisterhood, she was called to her reward. *

NICHOLAS MILES.

Of this early emigrant to the settlement on Cox's creek, who was reckoned among the more influential Catholic citizens of Nelson county at the beginning of the present century, the writer has been unable to learn much that would be considered of interest at the present day. He is to be remembered as the father of a well-known priest, Rev. Richard Pius Miles, of the order of St. Dominic, afterwards first bishop of the See of Nashville.

THE ELDER FAMILY OF MARYLAND AND KENTUCKY.

In these days, when to be exalted in the eyes of men is but too often to be suspected of infidelity to God, it is not to be supposed that the ordinary mind will be able to find any of the essentials of great-

* During its short existence of seven years, the convent of Bethania lost eleven of its members by death. These were, in the order of their demise: Sisters Aloysia, (Elizabeth McAtee); Defrosia, (Mary Ernis); Felicitas, (Barbara Dieffendell); Gertrude, (Catharine Bowles); Melina, (Bridget King); Marcelline, (—— Drury); Justine, (Mary Cook); Berlindas, second Superior, (Mary Bickett); Liberata, (Eliza Pike), Berthildes, (Catharine Mitchell); and Evereldes, (Eliza Aud). An aged sister of the Nazareth community, conversant with the facts, tells me that several causes contributed to this extraordinary mortality. In the first place, the mortifications imposed upon the members of the community by the rules of the society were at the time exhaustive of the physical strength of those among them who were obliged to labor in the fields and in the performance of other menial out-of-door offices. In the second place, the poverty of the sisters compelled them to live meanly and cheaply. Not only was their food of the least generous character, but their clothing was oftentimes inadequate to proper protection against the inclemencies of a climate that is subject to sudden changes. With physical organizations weakened and impaired by self-imposed mortifications, and by constant exposure, disease and death found in them ready victims.

ness in characters such as the writer now proposes to depict. And yet there was not one of those who are mainly to claim the reader's attention in this sub-chapter, who was wanting in those characteristics and qualities of heart and mind, which combine to make the just and true, and therefore the truly great man. They were alike faithful to God and to right reason, to the Catholic traditions of their race, and to truth, probity and honor. Their sympathy was equally assured, whether the sentiment was elicited by human suffering, or by the groping of a soul after verity in religion. Even as they prayed for mercy to themselves, they ceased not, while they lived, to scatter in the way of others the seeds of mercy garnered in their own souls.

The surname Elder is not uncommon in the United States; neither is it in England and Ireland. Singularly enough, however, while the patronymic is owned in England almost exclusively by Catholics in religion, it adheres, very generally, at least, to Protestant dissenters in Ireland. In the United States, and so far as it is Catholic, the name is represented by the descendants of one, or, as some say, of two individual Catholics, who emigrated from Lancashire, England, to the colony of Maryland, not earlier than the year 1720.*

Of members of the family now living in the United States, by far the greater number would seem to be impressed with the idea that the patriarch of their race in America was one William Elder, an Englishman, born in Lancashire in 1707, who emigrated to Maryland, not earlier than 1728, and not later than 1732. Without stopping here to record his doubts of the correctness of this notion, and for the reason that the patriarch referred to has a defined history, wanting in the case of another, if there was really another source of descent for some Catholics who bear the name in this country, the writer proposes to begin his series of personal sketches with one of

WILLIAM ELDER, 1707–1775.

William Elder, so to say, was a born Catholic. His descent was from those who had kept the faith when its rejection would have insured their worldly prosperity. Before his birth, and long after his expatriation, indeed, there was little freedom for Catholics in England. They were not then subjected, to be sure, to such remorseless persecutions as had distinguished the days of their fathers; but they were

* I am unable to agree with certain members of the family who assert that their American progenitor was a fellow-voyager with Leonard Calvert, and one of the original colonists of St. Mary's. It is well known that the three heads of families of this name who emigrated to Kentucky claimed no more distant relationship with each other than second cousin, and that the father of the most conspicuous amongst them was a native of Lancashire, England, born in 1707, who had reached his majority before he came to America. As a question of fact, it it is difficult to determine whether or not all Catholics in this country who bear the name of Elder, have descent from a single or from two parent founts on this side of the Atlantic. This point will be found treated in a note further on.

still sufficiently hampered in the exercise of their liberty, civil and religious, to render their situation one of great trial and of constant annoyance.

No one who is familiar with the history of the Church of God has failed to discover that the noblest examples of fidelity to the law of conscience are to be found precisely where divine wisdom has taught us to look for them: "Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake." It was in an atmosphere of hostility to his religion that William Elder first drew breath, and in which he lived and moved from infancy to early manhood. Well for him, possibly, and well for his posterity, that such was the case. As self-reliance is most readily learned in the school of adversity, so devotion to principle has its greatest expansion where its suppression is sought through the medium of persecution.

It was most likely soon after he had reached his majority that William Elder left his native land and came to America. As early as the year 1733, we find him living with his first wife, Ann Wheeler, who had already borne him several children, in St. Mary's county, Maryland.* In the year 1734, as is supposed, he removed to Frederick county, where he bought and cultivated a farm, upon which he built for the occupancy of the family a comfortable residence. To this house, which stood in close proximity to the site now occupied by the college of St. Mary, is attached an interesting history.

Upon leaving England, William Elder had not left behind him, as he had fondly hoped, the proscriptive laws enacted by the home government in contravention of the rights of its Catholic subjects. The old colonial laws giving to all men unrestricted liberty to worship according to conscience, to which Catholics in religion had given form and shape, force and effect, were now abrogated in Maryland, and in their stead a law was in force by the terms of which Catholics were forbidden to build, hold or occupy structures designed for public religious worship. In order to acquit themselves of their religious obligations, the proscribed Catholic people of the colony were obliged to resort to the expedient of fitting up chapels in private houses. In constructing his dwelling, William Elder had in view the anomalous situation in which himself and his co-religionists were placed by the law referred to. His parlor chapel was not only the largest room in his house, but its area was equal to the aggregate of all its other rooms. Here it was that the Catholic residents of the district were wont to meet for divine service, and here they were shriven, and afterwards fed with bread from heaven, until the dawn of a brighter day witnessed their release from civil degradation and official espionage.†

* I am inclined to the belief that the marriage of William Elder with Ann Wheeler took place in England, and that, soon after that event, the pair took passage for America.

† The Elder mansion, near Emmittsburg, though then tottering to its fall, was still standing as late as the year 1850. For many years before, it had been

In 1739, death invaded the home of the pioneer, taking from him the mother of his children. The pair had been very happy together, and the survivor naturally felt deeply the great loss he had sustained. Ann Wheeler Elder is represented as having been a woman of rare good qualities, faithful to every duty pertaining to her state of life, diligent in the management of her household, and of singular piety.*

Having remained a widower for several years, William Elder took to wife, most likely in 1744, Jacoba Clementina, daughter of Arnold Livers, Esq., gentleman. This Arnold Livers, an Englishman by birth, had been an active and noted partisan of James II. Upon the collapse of that weak and unfortunate monarch's cause, he had been obliged to fly his native land, and now he was the proprietor of a large estate in Maryland.† Of this second wife of William Elder, the traditions preserved in the family speak nothing but praise. She bore to her husband four sons and two daughters, and not by these was her motherly influence felt more beneficially than it was by her step-children. While her husband lived she shared with him the respect

an object of interest to the Catholics of the State, and especially to such of them as were able to claim descent from its builder and first proprietor. There is scarcely a trace of it to be seen at the present day. On the spot where it stood, however, a descendant of the family has lately placed a memorial tablet that is indicative of its past history.

* Ann Wheeler Elder bore to her husband five children, four boys and one girl. These were named: William, Guy, Charles, Mary and Richard. Of the first named, I have been able to learn nothing beyond the fact that his wife was a Miss Wickham. Guy Elder was twice married. By his second wife he had thirteen children, viz: Joseph, Judith, James, Polly, Benjamin, Patsey, Ellen, Rebecca, Guy, Priscilla, Edward, Thomas and George. "The four first named," a Maryland correspondent writes me, "all went to Kentucky." The wife of Charles Elder was Julia Ward, of Charles county, Maryland. The descendants of the pair are very numerous, and they are scattered all over the West and South. Their immediate offspring numbered twelve children, eleven sons and one daughter. One of the sons married Catharine Mudd, of Maryland, and one of their children was the late Rev. Alexius I. Elder, a most estimable priest, who was long identified in an official capacity with the Sulpician college of St. Mary, Baltimore. The only daughter of Charles Elder intermarried with Charles Montgomery, who removed with his family to Kentucky about the year 1795. Two of their sons, Samuel H. and Stephen Montgomery, were ordained priests of the order of St. Dominic by Bishop Flaget, at the seminary of St. Thomas, in Kentucky, in September, 1816. Mary Elder, the only daughter of Ann Wheeler Elder, intermarried with Richard Lilly, of Maryland, and through her children the family became connected with that of the McSherrys of Virginia. Of Richard, son and youngest child of William and Ann Elder, I have been able to learn only that his wife was a Miss Phœbe Deloyzier.

† It is said of Arnold Livers, in explanation of the singular name given by him to his daughter, that he had registered a vow that his first child, whether boy or girl, should be called James. The good priest to whom the child was presented for baptism found no difficulty in complying with the father's wishes, and so the babe was christened Jacoba Clementina. The Livers family of Maryland was afterwards represented in Kentucky by quite a number of the latter's leading Catholic citizens. Among these were Robert and Henry Livers, of Nelson, and Thomas Livers, of Washington county.

and confidence of all to whom they were known, and during her long widowhood of thirty-two years she was venerated as a true mother in Israel.* The names of her children were Elizabeth, Arnold, Thomas, Ignatius, Ann and Aloysius. It was from the second named that title came to the ecclesiastical authorities of Maryland for the farm upon which now stands the structure known as Mount St. Mary's college. Of her children, the writer has no knowledge of the after life of either, with the single exception of Thomas Elder, who removed to Kentucky in 1799.†

THOMAS ELDER, 1748–1832.

The merits and demerits of men are rarely recognized to their full extent while they are yet living. Good and evil dispositions and habits are not only transmissible, but they are ordinarily transmitted to one's children. Hence it is that the stream of human being that has its source from a pure fountain is very generally found to be pure throughout its reaches. We have already seen what manner of man was the father of Thomas Elder. Equally admirable was the character of the son, and equally upright in the sight of God and men was his walk in life.

Of the very many former Catholic citizens of Maryland who emigrated to Kentucky at an early day in the history of the State, there

* In the old Catholic cemetery, about half a mile below St. Mary's college, and near the town of Emmettsburg, three stones mark the graves of William, Ann Wheeler and Jacoba Clementina Elder. The inscriptions, which are still distinct, record the names and dates of birth and death: William Elder, born in 1707, died April 22d, 1775; Ann Wheeler Elder, born 1709, died August 11th, 1739; Jacoba Clementina Elder, born 1717, died September 19th, 1807.

† Through the kindness of Mrs. Mary Horrell Dawson, one of her great-granddaughters, I was recently permitted to examine a letter written by Jacoba Clementina Elder, and addressed to her granddaughter, Nancy Elder, who, a short while before its date, had accompanied her father to Kentucky. The letter bears date, "Maryland, at Harry Spalding's, November 21st, 1800." She begins complainingly, first in respect to her own bodily infirmities, and then of her inability to do certain things for lack of money. "Nevertheless," she goes on, "I would have gone in debt for five pounds of snuff to send you, could I have found a conveyance for it. I saw Rev. Mr. Smith yesterday," she continues, "and I gave him your message. He was glad to hear from you." (This Rev. Mr. Smith was none other than the Prince Priest, Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, who, for some time previous to her father's removal to Kentucky, was charged with the mission of the district in which the family resided.) From what follows, it would appear that Miss Nancy Elder, in writing to her grandmother, had instituted a comparison between her then Kentucky pastor and the one who had discharged the duties of the office for her in Maryland, which was not especially favorable to the former. "I do hope," she writes, "that you will all learn to have the same opinion of that father (Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, no doubt) that you did of Rev. Mr. Smith." After giving her correspondent much grandmotherly advice, she thus concludes her epistle: "You are the only one who is good enough to write to me. Write often, dear Nancy, and never do you forget me in your pious prayers. With my blessing to you, I remain your ever affectionate grandmother,

CLEMENTINA ELDER."

was not one who left to his posterity the record of brighter virtues practiced in life than did Thomas Elder, of Cox's Creek settlement. Writing to the compiler of this history, an aged priest of the diocese of Louisville thus refers to him: "Of course you have heard good things of Thomas Elder." Regarding others of the same settlement, he speaks in detail of their good qualities, and of the special characteristics which entitle them to commendation and christian remembrance. Of this patriarch only he has nothing to say beyond his words quoted. He was evidently unable to conceive that any Catholic born and raised in the county of his residence should be less familiar than he was himself with whatever was distinguishing in a character so elevated as was that of Thomas Elder.

The subject of this sketch was born at the Elder homestead, near Emmittsburg, Maryland, on the 4th day of January, 1748. His childhood and youth were passed with his parents, by whom he was trained in love of knowledge, especially of the knowledge which is necessary in the service of God. In the year 1771, he took to wife Elizabeth Spalding, a sister of Basil Spalding, Esq., of Charles county, and shortly after that event he moved to and occupied a farm in Harbough's Valley, Frederick county, where he lived for twenty-eight years, and where his family of eleven children had their birth.*

It was most likely in the year 1799, that Thomas Elder broke up his establishment in Harbough's Valley and removed to Kentucky. He was, doubtless, moved to this step by his solicitude for his children's temporal interests. His own worldly circumstances had hitherto barely enabled him to live in comfort, and he was naturally anxious regarding the future of his large family of sons and daughters. He had already friends in Kentucky, and it is to be presumed that these had written to him glowing accounts of the wholesomeness of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the cheapness of the lands, and of the reasonable assurance he would have, should he conclude to follow them to the West, that he would be enabled thereby to give to

* The names of these, in the order of their birth, were: 1. Annie or Nancy, born July 1, 1772; lived single, and died in Bardstown, Kentucky, March 25, 1842. 2. Basil Spalding, born October 29, 1773; married Elizabeth Snowden, November 18, 1801; died in Baltimore, October 13, 1869. (The death of his wife occurred February 20, 1860.) 3. Catharine, born March 7, 1776; was the second wife of Joseph Gardiner, Esq., of Nelson county, Kentucky. She died at the home of her son-in-law, Thomas Merimee, March 7, 1866, at the exact age of 90 years. 4. William Pius, born May 4, 1778; died in Baltimore, August 22, 1799. 5. Clementina, born June 16, 1780; married Richard Clark; died in Nelson county, Kentucky, on the 21st of August, 1851. 6. Ignatius, born July 21, 1782; married Monica Greenwell; date of death unknown. 7. Theresa, born March 1, 1785; died unmarried, in Nelson county, Kentucky, December 19, 1816. 8. Thomas Richard, born June 14, 1789; married Caroline Clements; died July 11, 1835. 9. Christiana, born October 30, 1791; married John B. Wight; date of death unknown. 10. Mary Elizabeth, born May 15, 1794; married John Jarboe; date of death unknown. 11. Maria M., born April 29, 1791; married John Horrell; date of death unknown.

his children at least a start in life. They told him something else, without the knowledge of which, it is fair to say, he would have remained a fixture in Maryland for the remainder of his life. He learned from them that they were provided with a pastor of souls, whose visits to the settlement were not less frequent than once in the month. With the exception of his oldest son, Basil S., who was already engaged in business in Baltimore, Thomas Elder was accompanied to Kentucky by his entire family. He was also accompanied by Mrs. —— Spalding, a widowed sister-in-law, and her two infant daughters. In due course of time, and without disaster by the way, the travelers reached Gardiner's Station, on Cox's creek, where they were warmly welcomed by their former neighbors of Maryland, and where the father of the family set up his tabernacle for life.

The traditions of the times, still preserved in the congregation of St. Michael's, Fairfield, are filled with references of Thomas Elder. They represent him as a man whose every appearance was suggestive of the idea of sanctity. In his face there were no hard lines to index the workings of a passionate nature; no expression that was not attractive of love and confidence. He was an austere man, but his austerities were practiced in the privacy of his own house. With those who knew him best he was most remarkable for his mildness and amiability, and for his habits of practical goodness. It was his delight to take little children by the hand and to lead them in the ways of holiness. So conspicuously upright was the whole tenor of his life, that he was held in almost as much esteem by non-Catholics as he was by his own co-religionists. Sixty years ago there were few Catholics in Kentucky who had not "heard good things of Thomas Elder;" and to this day his name is blessed by thousands because of his transmitted virtues—virtues derived from the parent fount by the children, and by them transmitted to their offspring to the present generation. To make this idea clear, it is but necessary to point to the lives of two of his children, and to that of his adopted daughter, the late Reverend Mother Catherine Spalding, of the Nazareth community of Sisters of Charity.

For more than sixty years, and to the date of his death, there was not in the entire country a Catholic citizen who was more widely known or more deservedly esteemed, than the late Basil Spalding Elder, of Baltimore. From the days of Dr. Carroll to those of Dr. M. J. Spalding, there was not an occupant of the Metropolitan See of that city who did not recognize in him a power for the general good of the entire Catholic body of the United States. He was not alone an example for Catholics in the performance of specific duty, but he led them through his own earnestness to the heights beyond, where the virtues of the christian grow lustrous in the light shed from heaven. Like his father and grandfather, he sought to train his children in knowledge and virtue, to the end of their welfare for eternity. The survivors of these are scattered now, but wherever they are, not one of them is to be found who has abandoned his faith,

or has ceased to walk in the self-same way of salvation that was traced by the feet of his fathers.*

Clementina Elder, so named from her grandmother, was as remarkable for her intelligence as she was for her filial devotion, and for the exactitude with which she performed every duty of her state of life. Her religion was for daily and hourly wear, and from childhood to old age she was a pattern of christian piety and meekness. About the year 1807, she became the wife of Richard Clark, whose father, Clement Clark, had emigrated from Maryland, and settled on Simpson's creek, Nelson county, in the year 1788.†

When she was fairly settled in her new home, Mrs. Clark induced her father to transfer to her care and guardianship his adopted daughter, Catharine Spalding, whose mother was now dead. It is beyond doubt that the latter was indebted to her foster mother for the training by which she was prepared for the important work of charity to which her life was devoted after her nineteenth year. Among the many of the gentler sex in Kentucky who gave up their entire lives to the service of God and their neighbors, not another has lived and died in peace whose name is held to the present day in greater reverence than is that of Mother Catharine Spalding. From the day she vowed herself to God, and was named superior of the little religious community which has grown, in our day, into one whose influence for good is coextensive with the State, and reaches far beyond its borders, to that upon

* Basil S. Elder and his wife, Elizabeth Snowden, were the parents of thirteen children, three of whom died in infancy. One of his daughters, Eleonora, became a sister of charity. She still survives at the mother house of the order, Emmittsburg, Maryland. Another daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, died in Havana, in 1846; another, Mrs. Baldwin, in Baltimore, in 1872. Of their male children seven survive to the present day, viz: Francis W., in Baltimore; Basil T., in St. Louis; James C., in Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Joseph E., in Denver, Colorado; Thomas S., in New Orleans; William Henry (late bishop of Natchez, and now archbishop of the See of his residence), in Cincinnati, and Charles D., in New Orleans. Basil S. Elder lost his wife in February, 1860, when he had himself reached the eighty-seventh year of his age. He felt the bereavement keenly, and a little later, when the war of the rebellion was at its height, the old gentleman happened to lose the timepiece he had been in the habit of carrying for more than sixty years. While making an ineffectual search for the missing article, he was heard to exclaim: "I have lost my precious wife. I have lost my good old watch, and I have lost my country! It is time I was myself called home." His death, as stated elsewhere, took place on the 13th October, 1869.

† One of their descendants tells me that immediately after their marriage the pair set out for the home that had been prepared for their reception, near the residence of the groom's parents. The cabin was new, but it had been neither finished nor furnished. Upon reaching their destination the husband thus improvised their bridal bed: Upon the bare earthen floor he laid three rough slabs, or puncheons, of the requisite length. On these he spread a layer of flexible withes, cut from the undergrowth of the forest by which the place was surrounded, and upon these he laid his tow-linen straw-filled bed. Their covering was a buffalo robe. On awaking in the morning, they found themselves under a mantle of white—two inches of snow having fallen upon them in the night.

which, reclining upon ashes, she surrendered her soul to her Heavenly Bridegroom, she appeared to have no other object in life but to render faithful service to her divine Lord and Master, and to His afflicted representatives in the world, the poor and the fatherless.*

Of Clementina Clark's children, most of whom were known to the writer, reference here need be made but to one, the late Rev. William Elder Clark, of the diocese of Louisville. The most lovable character that has hitherto adorned the holy ministry in Kentucky was this fourth remove from the American patriarch of his family. So free was he from asperities that he was loved of every one, and so pure was his life that there was an element of reverence intermixed with the love he incited in the breasts of all who were happy enough to be of the number of his acquaintances. He was not unfrequently referred to as "the pet of the clergy of Kentucky." He was much more than that, however. He was for them an exemplar of piety unaffected, of purity that was angelic, and of goodness that was limitless. His entire character was a reminder to those who knew him intimately, and especially to his associates of the clergy, of that given by sacred history and tradition to "the beloved disciple." He lived a life that was useful to thousands, and when he died, strong men wept like children.

Ripe for heaven, and leaving behind him the record of a life that was as remarkable for its social amenities as it was for its near approach to the perfection of christianity, Thomas Elder passed to his reward in the eighty-eighth year of his age, December 27th, 1832.†

JAMES ELDER, 1761–1845.

James Elder, the first Catholic of his name to emigrate to Kentucky, was born in Frederick county, Maryland, in 1761. The name of his father was Guy Elder, and that of his grandfather, William Elder. But, by some of the descendants of the latter named patriarch, a sketch of whose life has already been given to the reader, it is regarded as doubtful whether his paternity is to be properly traced to their American progenitor.‡

* Mother Catharine Spalding died on the 20th of March, 1858, at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Louisville, which institution she may be said to have founded.

† The widow of Thomas Elder and her oldest daughter, Nancy, passed the last years of their lives in Bardstown. I remember them well, and of wondering, as I saw them creeping with feeble steps to and from church, which of the two was the older. They were greatly venerated, as much by the clergy as by the laity, and the peaceful deaths they had hoped and prayed for from childhood to extreme old age, came to them at length. The daughter died in 1842, aged 70 years. The death of the mother, at the advanced age of 98 years, took place on the 30th day of August, 1848.

‡ In the United States, where, it is safe to say, not one in ten of the population knows anything about his ancestry beyond the names of his grandparents, the attempt to designate degrees of consanguinity between families of a common origin in the long past cannot be otherwise than a work in which the compiler of family history is beset with doubts at every stage of his inquiry.

In 1791, James Elder, who had shortly before taken to wife Ann Richards, a non-Catholic, of Frederick county, emigrated to Kentucky, and settled on lands bordering on Hardin's creek. For several years before the date mentioned there had been a stream of emigration from the Catholic counties of Maryland to the same district of country, and now the colony was considered one of the most prosperous in the State. Young and energetic, and more than ordinarily intelligent, the new-comer soon came to be regarded by his fellow colonists as a most valuable acquisition to their ranks and society; and sooner still he became endeared to them on account of his extraordinary civic and christian virtues. His residence was only a few miles removed from St. Stephen's, the nominal home of Father Badin, and between the two there was not only fixed friendship, but unity of purpose in everything having for its object the exaltation of the Holy Church in the eyes of men.

As has been already said, James Elder's marriage had been with a non-Catholic. Very shortly after his removal to Kentucky, however, he had the happiness of witnessing the reception of his wife into the Church by baptism. From that day until the one upon which the aged woman, then a disconsolate widow, knelt beside the lifeless form of her husband and besought God's mercy in behalf of the departed soul, the wife and the husband were equally noted for their devotion to Catholic truth, and for their correspondence with the sublime laws of morality and charity established by the Church and its Divine Head.*

But for a single well-attested fact, I could readily believe with the majority of Catholics who now bear the name in the United States, that they are all the descendants of the patriarch already referred to. That personage, it will be remembered, had a son by his first wife to whom was given the name of Guy. He had also a son by his second wife who was called Thomas. These two were, consequently, half brothers, and the relationship between either and the children of the other was certainly that of uncle and nephews. James and William Elder, reputed sons of Guy, and grandsons of William, removed to Kentucky in 1791. Eight years later, their reputed uncle, Thomas, emigrated to the State and settled on Cox's creek, in Nelson county. They were well known to each other, and unless their relationship was very distant, it is not to be supposed that they were not aware of its exact degree. But it is quite certain that the two first were in the habit of referring to the last named as their cousin, and he to them in like manner. The inference naturally arises that the acknowledged patriarch of one branch of the Elder family of the United States was not the first of his race and religion to come to America. It is my conviction that he was preceded to the colony of Maryland by a cousin, older than himself, whose Christian and surnames were identical with his own, and that it is from this now unknown progenitor that numbers of Catholics bearing the name in this country have their descent. I am strengthened in this opinion by the testimony of the surviving children of James Elder. One of these, J. Reason Elder, of Spencer county, Kentucky, writes me: "My father and Thomas Elder, of Fairfield, were cousins." The venerable Sister Emily Elder, of the Nazareth community, writes: "My father and Thomas Elder were distantly related. I think they were second cousins."

*The children borne to her husband by Ann Richards Elder were named, in the order of their birth: Ellen, George, Guy, Thomas, Benedict, J. Reason, James and Ann. The second named became a priest, and the last a Sister of

Though there were certainly shades of difference in the characters of the two, James Elder resembled in much his relation of the Cox's Creek settlement. In a no less degree than was the case with that earnest christian, he was a lover of the truth and a faithful son of the holy Church. Like him, too, he was indefatigable in his efforts to imbue the minds of his non-Catholic neighbors with correct notions respecting religion. He was like him in the devotion he made of his time and knowledge to the religious instruction of Catholic children. He was more excitable than Thomas Elder, much fonder of controversy, and had a readier wit. He was an incessant reader, especially of the Bible, and so exact was known to be his knowledge of Holy Writ that even Protestants, not unfrequently, were in the habit of making him the arbiter of their disputes regarding the proper application that was to be attached to certain of its passages. He was never known to decline an overture to discuss points of doctrine with any leader of Protestant opinion in his neighborhood, and it is to this day a tradition in the congregation of St. Charles, that he was never worsted in any one of his polemical combats. His zeal, too, was ordinarily governed by prudence, and it is doubtful if there was another Catholic in the State who rendered more efficient service to religion by preparing converts for baptism.

Writing of her parents, Sister Emily, of the Nazareth community, thus refers to their manner of life: "My father was regular in his habits. He arose every morning at 3 o'clock, and he called the family an hour later. The interval was given to his private devotions. When the family was assembled he gave out morning prayers, and from this exercise, as well as that with which the labors of the day were closed, he would permit none to be absent without a valid excuse. I shall never forget the short admonition he was in the habit of addressing to us every night after prayers. 'My children,' he would say, 'let your last thoughts before you go to sleep, and your first when you awake, be of death, judgment, heaven and hell.' In lent he was in the habit of adding to our evening devotions the Litany of the Saints and a chapter from the sacred scriptures. Night and morning before retiring to rest and before going about our usual occupations, it was a custom with us children to kneel and ask the blessing of father and mother. Even after his ordination to the priesthood, our elder brother never omitted this formulary when he visited his parents. My father

Charity. Two only survive to the present day, viz.: J. Reason Elder, of Spencer county, Kentucky, and Ann (Sister Emily), of the Nazareth community. To both of these I am indebted for much valuable information touching their family history. Sister Emily became a pupil of the Nazareth school at its foundation in 1814. She afterwards entered the community, of which she has been a most useful and deserving member for more than fifty years. That will be a sad day for the sisterhood when her pleasant face and cheery voice shall have become but memories of the community's recreation-hall at Nazareth.

used to say that he was 'proud of his children, proud of his stock, and proud of his farm.' I think it was the opinion of all those who knew him best, that he was still more proud of being a Catholic christian."

James Elder died on the 15th day of August, 1845. His widow survived him twelve years, her death having taken place, in the 96th year of her age, on the 8th day of January, 1857.*

WILLIAM ELDER, 1757–1822 (SUPPOSED).

Together with his wife and several children, William Elder came to Kentucky in 1791, a few months after the arrival in the State of his brother James, and settled near the latter's residence on Hardin's creek.† In the year 1804, he removed to what is known as Flint Island, Breckinridge, now Meade county, where he passed the remainder of his life, and reared a large and interesting family of children.‡ A number of Catholic families had previously settled in the county on or near a stream known as Long Lick, but these were too far removed to admit of close association with their coreligionist, whose solitary cabin overlooked the Ohio at Flint Island. The isolated family was not neglected, however, by Father Badin, and in the course of time, the house of Mr. Elder became a church-station for that ubiquitous missionary priest, and a little later, for his younger associates, Fathers Nerinckx, Schæffer, and Abell. William Elder did not live to see the organization of the now large and flourishing congregation of St. Theresa, Flint Island, but he is justly regarded as its patriarch. Like the others of his race, of whom it has been the writer's privilege to speak, he lived an earnest christian life; he was held in the highest esteem by his neighbors, and his children, one and all, were representative Catholics in the localities in which their lives were passed.§

* The above would be incomplete without reference being made to James Elder's oldest son, the late Reverend George A. M. Elder. The reader is referred to the chapter on "St. Joseph's College," for a sketch of his life.

† Lafayette Elder, Esq., of Owensboro, Kentucky, writes me that William Elder, who was his grandfather, was a cousin, and not a brother of James Elder; but both of the latter's living children assure me that this is a mistake.

‡ Four of his sons grew to manhood, married, and had families. These were: Arnold, who died in 1830; William whose death took place in 1854; Samuel, who died in 1843, and John, who lived near Hardinsburg, Kentucky, and whose death took place as late 1876. The descendants of these are numerous in Breckinridge, Daviess and Meade counties. Of William Elder's family of daughters I have only learned that one became the wife of Peter Jarboe; that another married Walter Read; and a third, Peter Bruner.

§ One of them, Samuel Elder, married for his second wife, Susan McGill, a daughter of Joseph McGill, a most estimable Catholic resident of Breckinridge county. Their second son, born in 1829, was the late Rev. Joseph Elder, of the Diocese of Louisville, who was raised to the priesthood by Dr. M. J. Spalding, then Bishop of Louisville, in 1855. Almost immediately afterwards he was commissioned by his ordinary to organize a congregation of English-

THOMAS AND JOHN LILLY.

The Lilly family of Nelson county has long stood a representative one among the Catholics of the State. Its progenitors in Kentucky were Thomas and John Lilly, of the settlement on Cox's creek, who were brothers, and among the first emigrants to the locality. Since they were nephews of Thomas Elder, there should be no question of the pains that had been taken by their mother to rear them aright. Of the last named, John Lilly, the writer has not been able to learn a great deal, though he has memory of acquaintanceship with at least one of his children, than whom he has known few who were better men or more consistent Catholics. It is his impression, however, that he was much more a man of the world than his brother. John Lilly represented the county of Nelson in the session of the legislature of Kentucky that assembled in the year 1807. Thomas Lilly was married in Maryland to Elizabeth Jenkins, in whom he found an excellent wife, a helper in everything that had relation to his temporal interests, a woman of rare piety and patience, and a careful mother to his children. So long as he lived, Thomas Lilly was regarded as one of the solid men of the county, and a leading member of St. Michael's congregation of Fairfield. *

speaking Catholics for the eastern wards of the city of Louisville. The older members of the congregation of St. John, Clay and Walnut streets, of which Rev. Lawrence Bax has been pastor for more than a quarter of a century, will remember with what earnestness he labored to establish the parish, and the gratifying results that followed his efforts. In 1856 Father Elder was transferred to St. Mary's college, of which institution he was for several years the vice-president. It was in 1861, if I mistake not, that he was named pastor of the church of St. Francis Xavier, Raywick, where the remaining eight years of his life were passed, and where he endeared himself to his parishioners, as much by his amiability as by the interest he exhibited in their spiritual advancement. Father Joseph Elder died of consumption in the 39th year of his age, June 29th, 1868. The Elder homestead, near Flint Island, is now owned and occupied by Samuel T. Elder, Esqr. a grandson of the original proprietor.

* The children born to Thomas Lilly were: John, formerly of the Cathedral congregation, Louisville; Thomas, in his time a physician of note in Nelson county; Richard, a highly esteemed farmer of the same county; Harriet, who married the late Noble Wight, of Breckinridge county; Matilda, who married the late James Parsons, of Louisville; Eliza, whose husband was John Johnson; Mary, who became wife of Sylvester Bowman; and Ann, whose husband was the late M. J. O'Callaghan, of Louisville. With several of those named my acquaintance was at one time intimate; but years ago the last of them passed away. Of the youngest of them, Mrs. Ann O'Callaghan, whose death took place fully forty years ago, I feel authorized to speak from having witnessed, during the years immediately preceding its early occurrence, her exemplary manner of life. To this day, my thoughts often recur to her as one of the most perfect exemplars of christian life and deportment I have ever known. Two of Thomas Lilly's grandchildren, Joseph B. Lilly, Esq.. and Mrs. E. S. Doyle, a daughter of Mrs. O'Callaghan, each with families of grown-up children are now of the Cathedral congregation, Louisville.

RAPHAEL HAGAN.

Raphael Hagan, before coming to Kentucky, and previous to his marriage with Rebecca Lavielle, had been a soldier in the ranks of the army of the revolution. At the close of the strife he was honorably discharged, and, happily for himself and his descendants, he brought back with him into civil life a reputation that was golden for high and honorable qualities. Seven children were born to him, four sons and three daughters.*

FRANCIS COOMES

Was already an old man when he came to Kentucky, but he survived many of the younger of his associates of the Cox's Creek settlement. It is said that he was born previous to the year 1720, and it is known that he died and was buried in the cemetery of St. Michael, Fairfield, in 1822. Reference is elsewhere made to Francis Coomes, and also to his son, Richard Coomes, a still more extraordinary member of a family, each one of whom has claims to the remembrance and gratitude of Catholics in the district wherein their lives were passed.

WILFRED WATHEN AND ZACHARIAH AUD

Were sons-in-law of Francis Coomes. The first named was the father of the late Rev. John C. Wathen; and the venerable chaplain of Calvary convent, Rev. A. A. Aud, is a son of the other. Thomas Aud, named in the list of settlers on Cox's creek, was the grandfather of Father Aud. The name of his wife, whom he married in Maryland, was Priscilla Duvall.

James Knott was the father of Leonard Knott, who removed afterwards to Daviess county and settled on the site of the present town of Knottsville, from whom its name is derived.

Austin Montgomery removed to Washington county, taking with him his orphan nephew and ward, Thomas Montgomery. The latter afterwards married Clotilda, a daughter of Zachariah Aud. One of their sons, George Montgomery, is an ecclesiastic of the archdiocese of San Francisco.

COL. VALENTINE THOMPSON'S

Residence was on the road leading from Bardstown to Louisville, and several miles from the first church of St. Michael, to the building fund of which he was a liberal subscriber. In the year 1812, in conjunction with Walter Blandford and others living near the line of Bullitt county,

* These were: Thomas, Basil, Sylvester, Joseph, Elizabeth, Susan and Theresa. Elizabeth Hagan became the wife of Joseph Mitchell; Susan, of Philip Aud, and Theresa of John Lilly. Several of the daughters of both Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Aud became members of the Loretto society. Frank Hagan, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Louisville, is a grandson of Raphael Hagan.

he secured the erection of the church of St. John, Bullitt county, of which congregation he continued a member up to the date of his death.

RICHARD ADAMS

Was the father of the late Rev. Joseph Adams, who was ordained priest in the cathedral of St. Joseph, in 1840. He afterwards attached himself to the Society of Jesus, and was for many years a professor in Spring Hill college, near Mobile. His death took place about the year 1855.

RICHARD CLARK AND DANIEL ROGERS

Were the fathers, respectively, of the late Rev. William E. Clark and the late Rev. Joseph Rogers, of the diocese of Louisville. Both of these priests will have reference elsewhere.

HEZEKIAH LUCKETT

Was a man of intelligence and piety. For years he was the catechist of the children of the settlement. He had a good voice and a fair knowledge of music, and it fell to his lot, when the old log church of St. Michael was erected, to organize a choir and to give shape to its musical renderings. He not only did this in his own parish, but, as new churches sprung up in the surrounding districts, his services were always available in the same direction. He died at the home of his son, George Luckett, in the 86th year of his age. Having given instruction in sacred things to the greater part of the community, it will surprise no one to learn that there was very general mourning throughout the parish when it became known that he had passed away. On his death-bed he requested that his remains should find sepulture at Calvary convent, Marion county, where, as was evidently his hope and belief, the good sisters, among whom he had both relatives and friends, seeing his grave occasionally, might be thereby reminded to pray for the repose of his soul.

Walter Blandford was a carpenter, and he had direction of the building of the old church of St. Michael. Though his residence was in Bullitt county, at some distance from Fairfield, he remained a member of the congregation of St. Michael until the completion of the church of St. John, in 1812. *

GRACE NEWTON SIMPSON.

It is a noteworthy fact that, in the entire list of canonized saints of whose early lives there remains any record, there is scarcely to be found a single one who was not indebted, primarily and under God,

* For many of the facts related in this Chapter, I am indebted to the careful investigations, carried on for a series of months, of Mrs. Mary A. Ball, a granddaughter of Walter Blandford.

to his mother's instructions, influence and example, for whatever was needed to lift his mind out of the depths of earthly desires to the contemplation of the admirable things of God. The mother's influence in forming the character of her child is surpassingly great. If she be worldly-minded and frivolous, over-indulgent at times and unnecessarily harsh at others; unmethodical in the discharge of the duties of her state of life and careless in respect to the associations formed by her children; then it is reasonably certain that these latter will be subject to similar or still more extravagant faults of character and habit. Just the reverse is ordinarily the case when the mother is actuated by motives that have their origin in her sense of religious duty. Such a mother says nothing, does nothing, in the presence of her children, but after duly considering the effects of her speech and action upon those toward whom she bears the dual relation of natural and heaven-delegated guardian.

It is well for Catholicity in Kentucky that the first Catholic fathers of families who emigrated to the State were so generally provided with helpmates who had proper notions of the dignity and responsibilities of christian motherhood. As a very general thing, these were at once well instructed in the tenets of their faith, and faithful to its practice. Where the children in after life, or some amongst them, as was the case in very many instances, were led to devote themselves to the sacred ministry, or to cloistered contemplation and works of christian charity and mercy, it rarely happened that they were not, under God, indebted for their vocation to the training they had received at the hands of their pious mothers. The names of many of these faithful, painstaking and God-fearing mothers are no longer remembered, not even by their descendants; but circumstances have preserved those of others to the present day. Alethea Abell Spalding, Henrietta Boone Gardiner, Ann French Reynolds, Elizabeth Spalding Elder, Winifred Hamilton Gardner, Clementina Elder Clark, Mary Hamilton Hill, Ann Richards Elder, Winifred Coomes Wathen, Ellen Hutchins Bowlin, Ann Coomes and Ann McAtee Miles—these are names that should be pronounced with reverence by all Kentucky Catholics.

It is not at all likely that the name of Grace Newton Simpson will appear in the least degree familiar to one in a hundred readers of this sketch. And yet it was borne by one of the most extraordinary Catholic women of her day in all America. Her fame was local while she lived; and, happily for her, she was utterly regardless of posthumous notoriety. Her features, which were more engaging than beautiful, were indicative of a bright intellect and a sympathetic disposition. In manner, she was neither bold nor shrinking, neither presumptuous nor servile. She was not to be numbered, either, among the silent good of her sex. On the contrary, she had the gift of speech in a wonderful degree. In her praise be it said, however, she was no idle talker. Of all her Catholic sisters of the settlements, she was pre-eminently distinguished for her successful efforts at propagandism. It

was through her earnest intelligent and prudent advocacy of Catholic teachings that many troubled souls found rest in the bosom of the Church. How it was that she became so accomplished a controversialist may be learned from an incident that will appear in the annexed very imperfect sketch of her life.

Grace Newton was born about the year 1773, in Georgetown, then an important town in that part of the Territory of Maryland which was afterwards ceded to Congress, and which now forms an integral part of the District of Columbia. Her father was a respectable tradesman of the town, and an earnest Catholic in religion. Soon after the passage of the act of Congress by which a survey was ordered of the site upon which now stands the city of Washington, very many of the former citizens of both Maryland and Virginia removed to the District, with the intention of becoming residents of the future capital of the country. Among these were several families of Catholics, and notably that of Mr. Newton. This gentleman claimed kinship with the family of which the renowned Sir Isaac Newton was the most honored representative. His own marriage with an exemplary Catholic wife was blessed with a family of four children, three daughters and one son. The latter, Hugh Newton, used to say of his sisters: "One of them (Susan) is very beautiful; the second (Sarah) is very industrious; and the third (Grace) is very smart."*

At the time referred to, Grace Newton was a piously inclined young woman, well educated for the times, and of good social position.† She had been well instructed in the principles of her faith, and there never was any question with her as to its divine character. She had not learned enough, however, to be able to displace doubt and set up conviction in the minds of honest inquirers. A simple incident, that took place, most likely, in the year 1795, served to open her eyes to her ignorance, and to the possibility, likewise, that she

*Susan Newton became the wife of Archibald Pitt; Sarah Newton, of John Lilly; and Grace Newton, of Walter Simpson. All of these removed together to Kentucky near the close of the last century. In describing his sister Grace as "smart," Hugh Newton was more witty than wise. He only meant that her gifts of intellect were too profound for his own following. Susan Pitt was a beautiful woman; beautiful as a maiden, equally beautiful as a matron, and scarcely less beautiful after the snows of seventy winters had whitened her hair and laid the impress of their cruel coldness on her mortal frame. She possessed, however, a more enduring characteristic of loveliness than that of form and features in her christian modesty and quiet goodness. She survived both of her sisters, her death having taken place only twelve years ago. Her descendants are numerous in Kentucky, as are, also, those of her sisters. Sarah Newton Lilly was the Martha of her father's household. The service she rendered to others, however, did not prevent her from rendering true service to God. Her husband, John Lilly, represented the county of Nelson in the State legislature of Kentucky during the session of 1807.

†She was afterwards in the habit of referring with some degree of pride to her personal acquaintance with the first president of the Republic. The exalted character of George Washington was a favorite theme with the good woman to her dying day.

might be enabled through its removal to lead, here and there, a bewildered soul into a restful haven.

While hastening one morning towards the little chapel that was the humble forerunner of the dozen stately churches that now adorn the national metropolis, the young lady was overtaken on her way by a then recently appointed judge of one of the district courts, who was also a personal friend of her father.

"Whither so early, Miss Grace?" asked the judge.

"I am on my way to early mass," answered the young lady.

"But what is the mass?" demanded the official.

"It is the renewal and continuation of the Great Sacrifice of Calvary," answered the girl.

"How do you know that it is anything of the kind?" queried the judge.

"Because the Church so teaches me," returned the lady.

"But what is the basis of your confidence in the teachings of your Church?" asked the official.

"Your question," answered the girl, "is too complex to admit of a hasty answer. If you will renew it hereafter, I here promise that I will endeavor to convince you that the Church has not only the right to command my assent to her doctrinal teachings, but my obedience likewise to her disciplinary laws."

With the understanding that the subject was to come up between them at a later day, the twain here parted, and Grace hurried on to mass. But her short colloquy with her father's friend was never forgotten by her, never once lost sight of until her knowledge of the principles of her faith was equal to its defense against all phases of opposition. Happily for herself, and happily for the many she afterwards led into the Church of God, hers was a bright intellect; a heart that was true and sympathetic, and a disposition that was more than ordinarily amiable. She sought and she found, she asked and she received, she knocked and it was opened to her. She not only read with care and profit the few books of Catholic controversy that were to be had at the time, but, under wise direction, she studied the sacred Scriptures, and she learned from their perusal the ill uses to which human pride, not unfrequently, had put the oracles of God.

In 1797, as is supposed by her descendants, Grace Newton intermarried with Walter Simpson, a scion of one of the old Catholic families of Maryland; and shortly afterwards she came with her husband to Kentucky and settled in Nelson county, near the site now occupied by the little town of Fairfield. From that time to the day of her death, she was regarded by her Catholic acquaintances, and these were numerous throughout Nelson and the adjoining counties, as an authority scarcely less reliable than their immediate pastors on all questions relating to dogmatic differences between the Church and the sects. Not a few were of the opinion that, in her limited sphere of action, she was even more successful than was any single member of the clerical body of the State in her efforts to spread the influence of

her faith among those who had been reared outside the pale of the Church. This was attributed, not to her superior knowledge, but to her superior prudence, and to the uniform sweetness of her disposition.

Among the anecdotes that are related of Mrs. Simpson, the following is, perhaps, oftenest referred to by the elders of the congregation of St. Michael, Fairfield, by all of whom the remembrance of her singular virtues is preserved to the present time:

Walter Simpson was somewhat of a wag. At one time he was the proprietor of a tavern-stand in the town of Fairfield, which was as much noted for its orderly conduct as it was for the excellence of its accommodations for man and beast. One day an itinerant Methodist preacher alighted from his jaded horse at the tavern door, and announced to the landlord that it was his intention to stop over night, and possibly, until after the coming Sabbath. Protestant ministers of the present day are rarely distinguishable from men of other professions; but such was not the case seventy years ago. Then, sanctimoniousness not only characterized their features, but it pervaded their speech, and was to be seen in the cut of their clothes. The utterance by his guest of the single word Sabbath was all that Walter Simpson needed to enable him to give to the man his exact professional status.

One morning during the itinerant's stay under his roof, tempted thereto, doubtless, by the evil spirit of mischief that was his constant familiar, Mr. Simpson suggested to his guest that he had a job for him in the line of his vocation. The Romanists of the town, he said, had become not a little aggressive of late. "I have reason to believe," he continued, "that they have designs upon my own wife; and from the way she receives their attentions, it would not surprise me, at any time, to learn that she had been seen waiting her turn to go to confession to the little French priest who comes here once in the month, and puts up his horse in old Clemmy Gardiner's stable. It may be too late for interference in the matter, but if you would like to have a talk with Mrs. Simpson, it would please me to have you do so."

The minister plunged headlong into the pit that had been dug for him by his jocular host. He became at once deeply interested, fairly reveling in the idea, no doubt, that opportunity was to be given him to do battle against the "Man of Sin" and the "Mystery of Iniquity." The very next morning, in the presence of her graceless spouse, he approached Mrs. Simpson and begged to be allowed to interview her on a subject of grave importance. The lady was not a little surprised, but she answered promptly, that she was then and there ready to listen to what he had to say. His opening speech, pompous and inflated, after the manner of his tribe, would have opened the lady's eyes to his purpose, even though she had not been able to detect it by a glance she gave toward the face of her husband, in which immobility was vainly striving to hide the tricksy spirit that ruffled the muscles beneath, and revealed itself still more plainly in the cunning flashes of his eyes. She knew at once that the partner of her life's joys and sorrows had been

playing upon the gullibility of their guest, and this knowledge determined her to treat him with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

"Mrs. Simpson," began the preacher, "I have been surprised to learn that you have ventured almost into the very jaws of the Popish beast, that has been sent all the way from Rome to ravage this land, and to fill his rapacious maw with the blood of the saints of our new-found Israel. When I heard of your peril, the spirit wrestled inside of me, and I felt myself inspired to tackle with the beast, and to pluck this brand from the burning."

"I don't know about the brand and the burning, Mr. ——," said the smiling hostess, "but if you can convince me that the Roman Catholic is not the true Church of Christ, I stand ready to become your disciple without an hour's delay."

"Then, madam," returned the gratified minister, "I have only to point out to you the texts of scripture in which the Church of Rome is likened to the 'Abomination of Desolation,' the 'Evil woman of Babylon,' the 'Man of Sin,' the—"

"Stay, my good sir," interrupted the lady; "your quotations from the Bible, as well as many others of like character which the enemies of the Church are in the habit of referring to for proofs of their untenable positions, are entirely familiar to me. I deny that any one of them is applicable to the organization known as the Roman Catholic Church, whether as she now exists, or as she has existed in the past. If you would convert me to your way of religious thinking, you must prove to me that you have authority, and all authority, to teach me what I am to believe and what I am to do in order to save my soul."

"Why, madam," returned the itinerant, "you may learn all that from the word of God."

"But the word of God," replied Mrs. Simpson, "being truth itself, cannot be otherwise than inflexible. It cannot teach opposing or even slightly divergent doctrines. It cannot, above all things, teach me that one thing is true, and that another and very different thing is equally true. It cannot, for instance, teach that Christ was God, and that He was a mere man; that apostolic succession in the order of the christian ministry is of absolute prescription, and that it is wholly irrelevant; that baptism into the Church may be administered by sprinkling, and that it cannot be rightfully administered otherwise than by immersion. You and Elder Nathan Hall differ widely on the subjects of grace and free will. Neither of you will accept the views of Dr. Chambers, of Bardstown, on the doctrine of Apostolic succession. And all three of you denounce as preposterous Elder Stone's declaration that there is no baptism unto Christ and His Church unless the subject of the ordinance be plunged, neck and crop, into a pool of water. And yet you and they, severally and collectively, are in the habit of appealing to the Bible for evidences to sustain your divergent notions regarding religious truth. If Christ had intended that a book which had no existence when He ascended into heaven should become the sole rule of faith for His disciples for all time, He never would have uttered the words,

afterwards transcribed by His evangelist: 'And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.'

"Now, reverend sir," continued the lady, "it is sheer waste of time on your part to seek to draw me away from the reasonable faith in which, so to speak, I was born, to the unreasonable one which, according to all Protestant teachings, would require me to arraign the God who made me at the bar of my own weak and finite judgment. It is not upon God's word, believe me, that you build your systems of faith, but upon your own earth-gathered heaps of intellectual pride."

At this point the preacher, who had kept his eyes fixed upon the face of his hostess from the beginning of her harangue to its end, happened to turn his gaze upon that of her husband, which was now all one broad grin. It is not likely that the vulgar aphorism, "sold," now so common among practical jokers, had other than the natural meaning attached to the word in the popular parlance of the times, but it is quite certain that the itinerant then and there experienced all the effects that are supposed to follow applications of the term in certain coteries of modern society.

It is said of Mrs. Simpson, that she occupied at one time an anomalous position in relation to ecclesiastical affairs in Kentucky. In the year 1808, when it became generally known that a bishop was to be appointed for the then newly created See of Bardstown, the charge was brought against her that she was using her influence with Bishop Carroll to induce that prelate to recommend some other ecclesiastic than Father Badin to the occupancy of the post. Though it is not at all likely that she was guilty of any such indiscretion, it may be considered certain that she answered, honestly and truthfully, whatever interrogatories were put to her by Dr. Carroll, in regard to the estimate in which Father Badin was held by the Catholic people of the State.

It is a singular circumstance, in connection with the history of Catholicity in Kentucky, that the most extraordinary missionary priest that ever exercised his ministry on the soil of the State was regarded by very many sensible people with at least moderate disfavor when there was question of raising him to the rank of a prince of the Church. It is fair to say that the opposition of most of these was not based upon personal considerations; neither was it, in the case of any one of them, based upon anything in the character of the missionary that could be construed into a moral defect. The great majority of them were simply unable to reconcile to themselves the idea of a bishop whose personal appearance was not suggestive to them of that dignity, which, as they conceived, should characterize the episcopal office. It is not to be doubted that the notions of these had their origin in their remembrances of Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore. That eminent prelate was personally known to many of them, and a few amongst them, notably Mrs. Simpson, had been so far favored by him as to be numbered among his correspondents. The opposition of these to the nomination of Father Badin was honestly entertained, and it was in no degree factious.

Others, however, were more demonstrative in their opposition to the appointment. These were impressed with the notion that Father Badin was naturally tyrannical, and that, if invested with supreme diocesan authority, his rule would be one of exaction and arbitrariness. The greater number of these, no doubt, were persons whose irregular lives had been made the subject of the good missionary's denunciations, which, it is well known, were not always prudently rendered. *

Grace Newton Simpson lived a widow for many years after the death of her husband, and during all these years she kept the promise of her youth of unswerving faith and unostentatious piety and goodness. She was a great favorite with the young of her acquaintance, many of whom were in the habit of exchanging with her confidence for counsel. At the age of sixty years she was just as capable as she had ever been of holding her own in a conference upon dogma in religion, and just as earnest, too, in her efforts to open the eyes of the erring to the distinguishing marks of holiness and truth that are inherent in the one Church of Christ. Her life was no less useful than it was held in honor by those among whom many of its years were passed, and she died in the firm hope that He in whom she had believed, and whom she had served with all her strength, would incline His face to her in mercy when she appeared before His dread bar of judgment. She passed to her reward in the year 1835.

Previous to the year 1799, it is little supposable that any other priest than Father Badin had visited the settlement on Cox's creek. In the year named, and for a brief interval of nine months, and till his tragic death, an account of which will be found elsewhere, the station at Clement Gardiner's was attended by Father Anthony Salmon. Upon the death of this exemplary priest, Father Badin again gave to the mission such service as was compatible with his pastorate over other

* In reviewing the lives of the early missionary priests of Kentucky, and notably those of Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, one is compelled to acknowledge that their will-power over the consciences of their parishioners and penitents was at times exerted to the verge of arbitrariness. Possibly, however, it was to the very rigor of their rule that was due the solidity of Catholic faith by which the vast majority of those to whom they preached and ministered were so pre-eminently distinguished. If excuse be wanting for the severity of their spiritual sway, it is to be found in the fact that they were even more exacting in respect to themselves than they were in respect to others. Then, their education and training had been acquired in schools where rigid discipline was both enjoined and enforced. It is to be remembered, too, that they were in the exercise of a power that was at once confined to themselves and necessary to the people. They were priests, it is true, but they were also men; and as it is human to use authority, however possessed, according to one's own way of thought, it ought not to be considered wonderful that they should have been led at times into arbitrariness of speech and action. Father Badin's integrity of purpose was never questioned by any one. Neither was he believed to be ambitious of episcopal distinction. Everybody thought that his nomination would follow the establishment of the See, but there were numbers of well-meaning Catholic men and women of the settlements who, for the reason above stated, deprecated his appointment.

congregations which were equally dependent upon his ministry. A much better condition of affairs ensued upon the appearance in the State of Father Charles Nerinckx in 1805, and of Father Edward Fenwick and his companions, of the order of St. Dominic, in the following year. From the latter date to some time in the year 1812, one or another of those named or alluded to is supposed to have visited the congregation at monthly intervals. In 1812, Father Guy Ignatius Chabrat, then but recently ordained, took charge of the congregation, of which he retained the nominal pastorship till 1824. When engaged in other duties, however, which was frequently the case, and sometimes for months together, his place was supplied from either St. Thomas' or Bardstown. Among the names most frequently referred to in this connection by the elders of the congregation of St. Michael, are those of Rev. M. Derigaud, Rev. Philip Horstman (known to the people as Father Austin), and Rev. Francis P. Kenrick. It often happened that sick-calls coming all the way from Louisville, were answered by priests temporarily stationed at St. Michael's.*

In 1825, Rev. David Mulholland, then but a short time ordained, was named by his bishop pastor of St. Michael's church. He was an excellent and painstaking priest, and he soon won the love and respect of his parishioners. But, much to their regret, and not a little to their astonishment, after having served them most satisfactorily as pastor for about five years, he abandoned his mission and left the diocese.†

* In connection with Father Chabrat's pastorate of the church of St. Michael, my readers will find amusement in the reproduction here of one of his lists of appointments. They will remember, however, that absurdities in language are to be expected of those who are unfamiliar with the idiom used by them for the conveyance of their thoughts. "To-morrow," said the pastor, "I will say mass at Richard Coomes'; on Tuesday, at Dicky Clark's; and on Wednesday, at Molly Drury's; on Thursday, I will be in Clear creek, and on Friday, I will be no where." An aged priest of the diocese, then a youthful member of the congregation, vouches for the exactness of this announcement.

† Rev. David Mulholland was educated for the priesthood in the diocesan seminary, then removed to Bardstown, and he was ordained priest in 1824 or 1825. I remember to have heard it stated, years ago, that his motive for leaving the diocese was some serious trouble in which he was involved with a member of his congregation, and a fellow-countryman, the late Bernard McCane. For the reason that I knew Mr. McCane somewhat intimately in 1836–7, when he resided in the vicinity of Bardstown, and found him at all times a man of honorable bearing, as he was certainly devoted to his religion, I have always doubted this story. Of its absurdity I was further convinced when I learned, some years later, that Mr. McCane was living in Manayunk, near Philadelphia, in the parish of St. John the Baptist, of which Father Mulholland was the pastor. They must have been intimate friends, since the estate of the priest, when he died, most of which was bequeathed to objects of Catholic charity, had been left by him to Mr. McCane's care for distribution. This same Mr. McCane died but a few years ago, possessed of a very large estate, the greater part, if not the whole of which, was left by him to charitable uses. I have myself little doubt that Father Mulholland's motive for leaving Kentucky was his desire to be associated in the ministry with his former preceptor in the seminary, then bishop of Philadelphia, the late Most Rev. Francis P. Kenrick.

In 1829, Rev. James Elliott, ordained the same year, was charged with the pastorship of St. Michael's church. That he was liked by his parishioners, was himself pleased with his position, and gave to his superiors no cause for complaint, are points sufficiently evidenced by the fact that he retained his pastorship for forty-three years, and only laid it down with his life. Almost immediately after his appointment, he applied himself to the task of building a new church in Fairfield. Happily, he had a willing people to second and sustain his efforts, and it was not long before the unsightly log chapel, put up twenty-three years before, gave place to the handsome and commodious structure of brick that has since served all the needs of the congregation in respect to church accommodations. *

* I have vivid recollections of Father James Elliott, and these extend to the times when he was a student of the diocesan seminary, a tutor and a prefect in the college of St. Joseph, and a priest newly ordained. His ecclesiastical studies were begun, as near as I can remember, in 1821. After his ordination and subsequent appointment to the pastorship of St. Michael's church, and, I may say, up to the very last year of his life, my relations with him were of a character to warrant me in saying that he was a true priest and a faithful guardian of the better interests of his people. He was by no means a brilliant man; neither was he a very learned one; but he was possessed of all the knowledge and every necessary quality of mind and heart that is indispensable to the faithful discharge of priestly duty.

In physical conformation, Father Elliott may be said to have been stalwart. His height was fully six feet, and his ordinary weight was not less than two hundred pounds. He was slow of speech, and a little lethargic in action. He was an enthusiast on the subject of church music. When he was but a youth, I remember well, he was regarded as one of the most efficient members of the seminary choir in the former cathedral of St. Joseph. It is not unlikely that his musical tastes had their primary development when he was a child in Holy Cross church, where the choir singers in that primitive temple were kept in time and tune by the measured movements of Clement Johnson's fiddle-bow. It is equally probable that when a youthful student in the seminary, the good Father David found relaxation at times from his wearisome task of teaching in further opening his willing pupil's mind to a better understanding of the art he loved so well himself. Without other tutor, if indeed Father David did give him instructions in music, the young ecclesiastic came in time to be a fair organist and a composer of simple hymns and chants suitable for small choirs. These compositions of his were published more than thirty years ago, and some of them have not yet lost their places in the repertories of many Catholic choirs in the diocese of Louisville.

In addition to the care of his immediate parish, Father Elliott attended several stations in the neighboring country, the principal of which were those of Taylorsville, in Spencer, and Mount Washington, in Bullitt counties. He was enabled, long before his death, to build churches in both of these towns.

The circumstances attending the death of Father Elliott are thus related: He spent the greater part of Holy Week of 1871 in Louisville. He felt that he was no longer able to cope alone with the labors of his mission, and that an assistant was a necessity that ought not longer be deferred. Thus he stated his case to his bishop, who promised to send him one with the least delay possible. On Wendesday morning, he again referred to the matter in a conversation with Dr. McCloskey. He had evidently been considering in the interval whether or not there might be other missions in the diocese in greater need of help than his own. He told the bishop that, upon consideration, he

CHAPTER IX.

BRECKINRIDGE COUNTY SETTLEMENT.

The county of Breckinridge was formed and established out of a part of Hardin county, in the year 1799. Eight years previous to this date, however, at least one Catholic family had settled on lands that were afterwards included in its territory. This was the family of Leonard Wheatley, who removed to Kentucky from Loudon county, Virginia, in 1791, and lived thereafter on a farm twelve miles south of the present town of Hardinsburg.*

Richard Mattingly, born in Maryland in 1756, removed to Kentucky in 1791 and settled on Long Lick, within the present boundaries of the county of Breckinridge. With him came Mr. Veitchel Hinton, who lived to be over a hundred years old, and whose death took place only a few years ago.†

had concluded to try to get along, for a year or two longer, without an assistant. He spent the afternoon and night of Wednesday with his friend, the late Rev. Walter S. Coomes, chaplain of the St. Vincent's orphan asylum. He was unwell the next day, but after assisting at the ceremonial of Maunday Thursday in the cathedral, he insisted upon his ability to resist the fatigues of a journey by stage-coach to Fairfield. For the last time, he preached to his people on the evening of Good Friday. The morning of Holy Saturday found him so seriously ill that a messenger was dispatched to Bardstown for a priest. Rev. Charles Eggermont hastened to his assistance, and he had little more than time to administer the last sacraments, when the venerable pastor of St. Michael's closed his eyes in death. Five priests were present at his funeral, as was also his sister—Sister Claudia of the Nazareth community—and there was general grief among those whom he had so zealously sought to serve, many of them from childhood to middle life. Father Elliott had made a will, and when this was opened, it was found that he had divided his little property into three parts, one of which was left to the diocesan seminary, one to the St. Vincent's orphan asylum, and one to the male orphan asylum of St. Thomas.

* Leonard Wheatley's family, at the date given in the text, consisted of his wife, Ann, and their two young children, Sarah and James. Their other children, born in Kentucky, were: Thomas, Mary, Wilfred, John, George and Arthur. "All of these and their descendants, with a single exception," writes an esteemed correspondent, "have preserved their ancient faith. One of the sons removed to an adjoining county and married a Protestant wife. The mother became a Catholic, but the children have strayed away from the fold."

† Richard Mattingly was far advanced in years when he died. His children, nine in number, were named: John, Margaret, Zachariah, Edward, William, Thomas, Mary, Elizabeth and Sarah The first marriage celebrated by any minister of religion that is of record in the office of the county clerk of Breckinridge, is that of John, oldest son of Richard Mattingly, with Sarah,

About the same time, came Zachariah Mattingly, the first resident Catholic of the town of Hardinsburg. One of his daughters became a sister of the Loretto society, and is said to be still living and still engaged in teaching in one of that community's invaluable schools.

In 1795, the late Elias Rhodes, then a young man, emigrated to Kentucky from Maryland, and shortly afterwards settled on Long Lick, where he became favorably known for his Catholic spirit and for his general intelligence.* With him came Barton Mattingly, also from Maryland.

Ignatius Coomes removed to Breckinridge county in the year 1800. His wife, whose maiden name was Sarah Stuart, was a widow Lewis at the time of her marriage, and she had a family of her own, consisting of two daughters, who afterwards became the wives of their stepfather's brothers, Joshua and Henry Coomes, and two sons, William and Thomas Lewis, afterwards highly respected citizens of the county, where their descendants are numerous to the present day.†

Among the earlier Catholic settlers of Breckinridge county, some of them coming as early as 1810, and none later than 1820, were the following: Joshua Coomes, Henry Coomes, another Ignatius Coomes, John Clark, Joseph McGill, John Elder, Samuel Elder, Thomas McGill, Arnold Elder, Samuel Beaven, Benj. Beaven, John Casseday and —— Mudd.‡

oldest daughter of Leonard Wheatley. The return made to the county clerk reads as follows: "Sir—In compliance with the law respecting marriages, the undersigned makes you a return of the marriage of John Mattingly and Sarah Wheatley, celebrated this day according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, by, sir, y'r obed't serv't, STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN, Rom. Cath. priest. 18th Feb., 1805."

Mr. Hinton, above named, was twice married. He had issue by his first wife: Polly, Ann, Ellen and another daughter, known in religion as Sister Gabriella, of the Loretto society. By his second wife the children were: John, Sarah, Austin, Ezechiel, Joseph, Allan, William, Catherine and Nancy.

*On the first day of June, 1807, took place the marriage of Elias Rhodes and Margaret, oldest daughter of Richard Mattingly. The ceremony was performed by Father Badin, and the tradition runs that it took place in the open air and in the presence of a great crowd of spectators, men, women and children, who had been invited to the wedding from miles around. Mr. Mattingly's house was the church station of the neighborhood until Father Charles Nerinckx built a church on Long Lick, as is believed, in the year 1818. The children born to Elias Rhodes were: Ellen, Richard, Nancy, John, Thomas, Francis, Winifred (Sister Macaria of the Loretto society), Ely and Agnes. The latter, as also Richard and Nancy, died in infancy, and the two last named were the first that received interment in the Catholic cemetery attached to the church of St. Romuald, in Hardinsburg.

†The children of Ignatius and Sarah Coomes were: Walter, Linus, Francis and Matilda. The two first became priests, and served the diocese faithfully to the end of their days. I shall have occasion to speak of them hereafter. A granddaughter of Sarah Coomes, Matilda Lewis, is now known as Sister Marcelline, of the Loretto society.

‡Some of these latter arrivals were, undoubtedly, from the older Catholic settlements of Nelson and Washington counties, as were, also, very many Catholics who came for permanent residence at a later day. John Clark,

REV. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN.

The first representative of the now large Irish Catholic element of society in Breckinridge county was William McGary, born in Ireland in 1769. Coming to the United States in 1790, he settled near Hagerstown, Maryland, where he married Ann Daly. He removed with his family to the neighborhood of Bardstown in 1809, where, in the later years of his residence, he was employed with others in the construction of the cathedral. In 1818, he removed to Breckinridge county, where his descendants are very numerous.*

The next of the same nationality to come to the county was —— Lacy, a previous resident of Rome, Indiana, to which point he had emigrated in 1819. His progeny is not numerous in Breckinridge. It was not, however, until the year 1855, that there was any general movement of Irish emigrants to the county. At first, few were to be seen outside of the town and neighborhood of Cloverport, on the Ohio river; but in 1860 a stream of them set in towards Hardinsburg, and now the number of Irish Catholics, with their offspring, is fully equal to that of native born and bred children of the Church. The more numerous families of these are the Meaghers (their progenitor, Stephen Meagher, died less than ten years ago), the Sheerons, the Haffeys and the Teaffs.

The first priest to visit Breckinridge county was undoubtedly Father Badin. The date of his first visit, however, is altogether uncertain. It is not likely to have taken place earlier than the year 1798, when, through the assistance rendered him by Father M. J. C.

mentioned in the text, used to tell of an extraordinary penance that was once imposed upon him by Father Badin. At the time referred to, after a long intermission of duty, John made up his mind to go to confession. Having recounted his sins, he was told by his confessor, by way of penance, to dig a pit two feet deep, long and wide enough for the reception of his body, and to recline himself therein a certain length of time each day for a fortnight. The lesson Father Badin wished to impress on his penitent's mind is sufficiently apparent.

Among the old Catholic people there were extant within my own memory not a few stories in reference to Father Badin's extraordinary penances. I am not prepared to say that there was no truth in these stories. On the contrary, knowing how eccentric he was in many things, I can readily believe that he may have imposed at times penances just as extraordinary as the one above referred to. It was not uncommon, seventy years ago, for confessors to exact public penances for what they regarded as public scandals. A case of this kind happened in Breckinridge county about the year 1811. A certain Catholic young woman had created a public scandal by uniting herself in marriage with a non-Catholic without having first asked for and received a dispensation in accordance with the laws of the Church. She was required by Father Badin to appear in the room in which he proposed to say mass for the Catholic people of the neighborhood, clad in a coarse sack and sprinkled with ashes. The curious part of the case refers to the action of the husband. He accompanied his wife to mass, similarly habited, and is said to have declared that if she had to suffer mortification on his account, he would share it with her.

*The children of William McGary, born in Maryland, were William, Ellen and John. Those born in Kentucky were Mary, Margaret, Joseph, Martin, Elizabeth, Anselm and James.

Fournier, he was enabled to extend his visitations beyond the more thickly settled Catholic neighborhoods of the State. The house of Richard Mattingly, the church station of the county, was situated on Long Lick, a tributary of the north fork of Rough creek.

It is reasonably certain that the mission, with others, was transferred to Father Charles Nerinckx in 1811, since, after that date, his name, and not that of Father Badin, appears on the marriage licenses granted to Catholic parties and returned to the custody of the clerk of the county court. Mass continued to be said in the house of Richard Mattingly until the year 1812, when Father Nerinckx took in hand the project of building a church in the immediate vicinity.*

It is a well known fact that when Father Nerinckx had made up his mind to build a church, no matter where, it was as good as done. As had been his previous habit, and as that habit was continued almost to the close of his life, he labored with his own hands in the construction of the church on Long Lick, and ceased not until he was able to gather the people together in the finished building and offer up for them and in their presence the Holy Sacrifice of the mass. Only a short time before, he had built, almost literally with his own hands, a small log church at Clifty, in Grayson county, which he placed under the protection of St. Paul. A singular adventure happened to him on the occasion of one of his journeys from Long Lick to Clifty. He lost his way, and, to increase his perplexity, night closed in upon him. Utterly bewildered, he knew not which way to turn. After awhile, a pack of hungry wolves from the forests around gathered at his horse's heels, and for a whole winter's night he kept his saddle, every moment anticipating an attack from the animals. Only with the morning's sun was he left to pursue his way.

"When Father Nerinckx built a church," says his reverend biographer, "he made different persons subscribe one or two logs, hewn and of prescribed dimensions, and deliver them on the ground. Then all assembled with him for the 'house-raising,' as it was called. The fitting of the prepared logs to their places was the work of one, or at most, two days. Father Nerinckx was able to lift against two men opposite to him at the hand-spike. As the people had great veneration for him, and were even in awe of his spirit, he could accomplish anything he undertook with them."

In 1810, there were but two Catholic families residing between the settlement on Long Lick, in the southeastern, and Cloverport, in the

* A friend writes me: "There are twenty families of Richard Mattingly's posterity living to-day in the lower part of Breckinridge county. I have myself seen the dilapidated building once occcupied by the family; and the priest's room, cut off from the large apartment in which the Catholics of the neighborhood were wont to assemble for divine service, was still to be traced among the ruins." In a list of churches and congregations prepared by Father Nerinckx in 1808, is the following entry, as stated by his biographer, Father Maes: "St. Anthony has twenty-five families, no church, but three hundred acres for a priest." The disposition of this property will be referred to hereafter.

northwestern parts of the county. These were those of Zachariah Mattingly, in the town of Hardinsburg, and Henry Beaven, living three miles from the town. The first log chapel at the county seat was certainly used for divine service as early as the year 1812. The ground for both the church and the cemetery was most likely a gift to the church from Zachariah Mattingly. The building of the church was begun in 1810, the two gentlemen named taking the leading part in its erection. They were materially assisted, however, by Samuel Force and Ignatius and Joseph Mattingly, of Long Lick. These three not only got out the heavy timbers for the church, and hewed them into shape, but they sawed the planks by hand that were to be used in the flooring. For some reason, possibly for lack of skill on the part of the builders, the structure was allowed to remain for six years without a roof. Mass was often said in it, however, during these years, and it answered very well for a "summer" or "fair-weather" church. Completed at length in 1816, the building served the purposes of the congregation, now somewhat increased, until 1841, when the present church of St. Romuald was built by the late Dr. Benjamin Wathen, liberally assisted by the non-Catholics of the town and vicinity. The church was solemnly dedicated by Bishop Flaget in October, 1841.*

Bishop Flaget first visited Breckinridge county in the year 1814, and it was on this occasion that was noticed the striking personal resemblance between himself and one of the most honored Catholic citizens of the county. Reference is here made to Elias Rhodes, a representative Catholic, a man of noble bearing, of rare good sense and fair culture, and of conceded piety and worth. In physical conformation, he is said to have been almost the counterpart of the first bishop of the See of Bardstown. It is said, too, that this similitude extended to voice, manner and disposition. It is quite certain that Bishop Flaget ever afterwards entertained for this son of his in Christ a sentiment of ardent affection, and that he was in the habit of speaking of him as one whose christian character entitled him to the veneration of the Catholic people of his diocese.

In the year 1816, the charge of the missions of Breckinridge and Grayson counties was transferred to Rev. Peter Schaeffer, whose ordination was among the first that took place in the church of St. Thomas. Unlike his countryman and predecessor on the mission, he was of a feeble physical conformation, and his general health was bad rather than indifferent. Some time in the year 1817, as is supposed, he was relieved of his mission because of ill-health, and soon

*Recurring to the fact that an infant child of Elias Rhodes was the first seed of the general resurrection planted in the Catholic cemetery at Hardinsburg, my friend and correspondent is reminded by the circumstance of the substance of a remark made by Father Nerinckx when addressing the congregation on the occasion of blessing the graveyard attached to St. Romuald's church. Said he: "It is a happy circumstance when the ground intended for christian burial is first broken for the reception of an innocent child."

afterwards he returned to Belgium, where he is said to have died a few years later.*

FIRST MISSION OF REV. ROBERT A. ABELL.

The year 1818 began a remarkable epoch for the scattered missions of Southern and Southwestern Kentucky. On the 14th of August of the year named, Rev. Robert A. Abell was ordained priest by Bishop Flaget, and soon afterwards he was charged with the pastoral care of the faithful living in the extended district named, whose spiritual needs had hitherto been supplied by the ministrations of Father Nerinckx. By pre-arrangement, the retiring pastor and the young priest to be installed set out together for a visitation of the widely scattered Catholic people of the district. Their first objective point was the station of St. Ignatius, in Hardin county, where they remained for several days. From this point Father Abell went to Elizabethtown, where it had already been announced that he would preach in the court-house, and where, as only he could in those days, he opened the eyes of his almost exclusively non-Catholic hearers to the fact that Catholicity has nothing to fear from honest investigation. The favorable impression made by this one discourse is said to have been extraordinary. He was not only treated with the utmost courtesy and hospitality, but he was promised material aid toward the erection of a church in the town.

Twenty miles from St. Ignatius' station they stopped at the house of a Protestant gentleman who had previously promised Father Nerinckx a gift of five hundred acres of land on condition that he should cause to be erected on it a church and a convent.† They were kindly received, and Father Abell was invited to address a promiscuous crowd that had been hastily assembled around the house. This he did to the satisfaction of everybody. Their next stopping-place was Hardinsburg, where, as has been seen, there was already a church, and where land was further secured for a priest's house and school. Setting out

* I have a letter in my possession written to a fellow-clergyman in September, 1815, in which Father Shaeffer commissions him to buy for his use a new chalice. In it he speaks of having been very ill. I am inclined to the belief that Father Shaeffer was the first priest ordained at St. Thomas', and that his ordination dates not later than the year 1814.

† In this case the gentleman referred to in the text was not without an honorable motive for his generosity. With him, a convent implied a school to which he could send his children. It was not so in a case in which I was myself appealed to by a prominent member of one of the Protestant churches of Louisville to use my supposed influence with the then bishop of the See to accept a much smaller gift on a like condition. Mr. M'C. was the owner of an immense tract of land on the Tennessee river which he was very anxious to get into market at remunerative figures, and he imagined that if he could but induce the bishop to accept his proffered gift and place thereon a church, there would soon be a rush of Catholic purchasers for his wild and out-of-the-way real estate. He was an indignant man when I expressed my belief that folly was no characteristic of the bishop, and that, as for myself, he had no reason to suppose that I was altogether a simpleton.

for Morganfield, in Union county, they made a brief stoppage at the small mission of St. Francis Xavier, and thence hurried on to their destination. Father Abell preached a lengthy sermon at the court-house in Morganfield, which was listened to with enthusiasm by very many who, until that day, had known nothing whatever of the Church and its doctrinal teachings. The preacher was the hero of the hour, and as a result of the joint labors of the missionaries in the town, one hundred and five acres were donated toward the erection of a Catholic school.

The missionaries went no further west, but after a stoppage of three weeks in Union county, proceeded to the missionary station of St. Theresa, at Flint Island, in Meade county, where Father Abell preached and where they were presented with three hundred acres of land for a church, etc. Thence their journey led them to Long Lick creek, Breckinridge county, where Father Nerinckx had erected the church of St. Anthony as early as the year 1812.* At Litchfield, in Grayson county, Father Abell preached to a large concourse of people. A Protestant minister of some repute was among his hearers, and he was there, as was supposed, to indulge in a bit of controversy with the young priest. Courteously inviting the preacher to a seat on the rostrum, Father Abell began his address, which happened to be on the subject of penance. He was not interrupted, as had been his expectation, and when he had finished one of the most convincing arguments of his pulpit career, the parson opened not his mouth in reply; and at no time afterwards did he manifest the least desire to engage in controversy with a Catholic priest.

Father Abell's first mission included the counties of Hardin and Grayson and all the counties west of Jefferson, Bullitt and Nelson, and south as far as the city of Nashville, in Tennessee. But before following him to Breckinridge county, and the church of St. Anthony, where he had fixed his home and the central point of his mission, it will be necessary to refer to his seminary life after the comparatively brief term of schooling he had passed in Father Thomas Wilson's academy at St. Rose. It was undoubtedly a happy circumstance that his first preceptor was so thoroughly acquainted with the structure and proper use of the English idiom. He was wont in after life to attribute whatever felicitiousness he had as a speaker to his gifts from nature; but there can be no doubt that he was greatly helped in this respect by the intelligent culture to which his mind had been subjected while he was counted among the pupils of Father Wilson.

The seminary of St. Thomas dates from the year 1811, and it is reasonably certain that young Abell was among the earlier of its inmates. The writer has himself heard him speak of the part taken

* I am indebted for all the facts connected with the missionary peregrinations of Fathers Nerinckx and Abell as rehearsed in the text to Father C. P. Maes' admirable life of the former, published in 1879. These facts, as related, are quoted from letters written by Father Nerinckx himself, in 1818, and they correspond with the Catholic traditions of the people of Breckinridge county. Maes gives both 1812 and 1818 as the date of St. Anthony's erection.

by him in the construction of the church of St. Thomas and the seminary buildings. There, as at the school of St. Rose, the time of the young students of theology was apportioned equally to labor and study. A few skilled workmen were employed, to be sure, but everything that entered into the construction of the buildings was brought upon the ground and rough-shaped to their hands by the young men of the establishment. At this time young Abell was a stout and active youth of twenty, and so capable was he of undergoing severe physical toil that he ordinarily imposed upon himself a double share of whatever was to be wrought through the exercise of bodily strength. In this way he passed his six years of seminary life and prepared himself for ordination. To say that he was thoroughly fitted by education for the office of the priesthood would be to ignore the disadvantages under which he had labored from the beginning to the end of his seminary life. His natural gifts were of the very highest order, and there is no telling to what height of honor and renown he might have arisen had his opportunities for acquiring been commensurate with his capacity for retaining knowledge. As it was, his recognized capabilities and the zeal with which he entered upon his missionary labors were accepted by his bishop, as well as by his no less interested preceptor, Rev. John B. David, as tokens of great future usefulness.

The Green river country has always been noted for its men of large growth, but it is doubtful if the people of the district, so called, ever set eyes upon a more noble specimen of physical manhood than they beheld in the person of Father Abell when he first came among them. His personal appearance at the time is well worth describing: He was of commanding stature, six feet four inches in height, and admirably proportioned. His features were expressive of great intelligence, to be sure, but they were still more expressive of candor and helpfulness. His eyes, of bluish gray, had in them little of daring, but much of sympathy. The fount of his tears was as free as is that of childhood to whatever was distressful. His voice in conversation was always modulated to the key that was precisely suited for the conveyance of his emotions as well as his thoughts. In public speaking, its intonations, full and clear, rose and fell in chromatic order. In the pulpit, he appeared to have power to move men's minds in any preconceived direction. He could be indignant, and then the terrible threats of Divine Justice seemed as thunderbolts issuing from his mouth. He was more inclined, however, to the persuasive and the pathetic in his pulpit utterances. God's love toward His fallen creatures; the beauty of holiness; the sufferings endured by the Son of God for sinners: these and kindred subjects he loved to treat, and he seldom failed to treat them effectively. The remembrances of the few still living who had occasional opportunities of hearing Father Abell preach during the first fifteen years of his ministerial life, and even at a much later day when he was in the mood, are uniform in attributing to him oratorical powers of the highest order. Later on, there was certainly inequality in his pulpit deliverances. At times he would rise to as lofty heights

of eloquence as were ever reached by mortal man, and at others he would sink to the level of mediocrity.

With a good horse, and an otherwise slim outfit, he reached the seat of his mission in the fall of 1818. He found plenty to do in attending to the three churches already built in the district, and in visiting the outlying stations in his own and other contiguous river counties. Occasionally, too, he made flying trips to Hardin, and as far west as Union county. In the last named, there were already as many as twenty Catholic families, the greater number having removed thither from the older Catholic settlements of the State. Once only, while stationed at St. Anthony's, he was called as far south as Nashville. At the time referred to there were few Catholics in Tennessee, and not over five families, nominally Catholic, in the little city that was his journey's limit. On this occasion—the story has been told differently, but the writer having heard it from the lips of the missionary himself, naturally prefers the evidence of his own ears—an incident took place that is at least worth telling. The story, as related by Father Abell, runs as follows:

"I had been riding for several weeks," said he, "and the effects of time and wind and weather were beginning to tell disastrously upon my habiliments. My pantaloons were threadbare, and my coat and waistcoat were things of threads and patches. I was really ashamed of my appearance, and while I remained in the town its streets saw little of me except after nightfall. One evening, I went out for a walk, and accident brought me to the vicinity of what I took to be a Protestant chapel or meeting-house. The doors were open, and many persons were passing into the building. Without thought of the propriety or impropriety of the step I was taking, in I went with the rest. A small rostrum at the farther end of the hall was indicative of the use that was to be made of it on this occasion. I managed to get a seat near the door, and there, comparatively unnoticed, I waited for developments. By and bye, a hymn was given out and sung with a will, the greater part of the audience, which was quite orderly, taking part in the performance. After a prayer had been offered up, about which I shall say nothing, a dapper little fellow mounted the stand and announced the subject of the discourse that followed. He was going to prove to his hearers that the Roman Catholic Church is a system of idolatrous worship, and that the Pope of Rome is the veritable 'Man of Sin' referred to in the Bible. I was interested. I had never before had so favorable an opportunity of learning the estimate that was placed upon my religion by its enemies. The preacher, for such he turned out to be, was as ignorant as dirt, and insufferably conceited. As he proceeded, you may be sure that I was more astonished than confounded. His whole discourse was made up of misstatement and travesty of Catholic doctrine, and of denunciation of Catholics, and especially of the Pope. The poor man, it is to be hoped, was guiltless of intentional lying; his ignorance was beyond conception, and possibly beyond remedy.

"His harangue coming to an end at last, I anticipated the motion of the audience in the direction of the door by rising to my feet and begging their attention for a moment. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said I, 'there is no trait of the American character more conspicuous than its love of fairness. You have heard to-night a most violent attack on the religion that is professed by two-thirds of the christian world. You behold in me a minister of that religion, and an American born citizen. If I may speak here to-morrow night, or if you will provide me with a hall in which to speak, I think I can promise to prove to you that the religion I profess is not idolatrous, and that neither is it unreasonable.' Retaining my place till the greater part of the audience had left the hall, I soon found myself surrounded by a knot of young men, each one of whom appeared to be anxious that I should carry out the announcement I had made. It was at once arranged that, on the following evening, I should occupy the stand from which the attack had been made.

"The report of the forthcoming lecture had been so well circulated by my young stranger friends that, on reaching the hall I found it so crowded that it was with difficulty I secured passage-way to the stand. After a few words of thanks for the courtesy that had been extended to me, I began my discourse. I never felt myself more equal to an occasion in my life, and I soon had both my subject and my audience well in hand. I found it easy enough to demolish the structure of falsehood that had been reared the previous evening, but I fear it was another thing when I attempted to awaken the interest of my hearers in a system of religion they had heard traduced from their cradles. I sought to plant, indeed, but only God could give the increase. The reverend preacher of the evening before had declared that the priesthood of the Catholic Church were in the habit of requiring of their penitents specific sums of money for the forgiveness of specific sins. My answer to this charge was a *non sequitur*. 'Think you, my friends,' said I, 'if this allegation were true, that I should be constrained, for absolute lack of the money-price of a new suit of clothes, to present myself before you thus shabbily attired? I might consider myself passing rich indeed had my exchequer been replenished with fees, even at the rate of fourpence a head, from all those who have confessed to me since I was commissioned to sit in the tribunal of penance. Let me tell you, my hearers, that penance, which includes the confession of one's sins to a minister who has authority to pronounce the formulary of absolution, is a sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church; and that, were I to exact money, or other thing of value, for its administration, I would thereby be subjecting myself to the heaviest censures known to the Church, and to even deprivation of my priestly faculties.'

"I think my auditors were well enough pleased with my effort, and I am quite certain that I had myself no reason to be dissappointed with the result of my unpremeditated incursion into the camp of the enemy. It gained for me a number of friends, and, what was just about as welcome at the time, a complete suit of clothes, delicately presented by a

committee of gentlemen duly appointed to carry out the will of the obliging donors, which did me excellent after-service."

Had the entire Catholic population of Western Kentucky and Middle Tennessee been brought into his own county, the pastorate of Father Abell would not have involved a tithe of the labor he was obliged to expend on it. Happily, he was strong and vigorous, and his zeal was only limited by the impossible in its exercise. He had not been long employed on the mission before he conceived the idea of establishing a day and boarding school for girls at Long Lick. In furtherance of the idea, he purchased of Richard Mattingly his farm of three hundred acres, with the dwelling house thereon, and induced the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth to occupy the building with a small colony of sisters.* But scarcely was the institution opened for the reception of pupils, when its founder was prostrated on a bed of sickness. His disease, a low nervous fever, brought on by exposure in traveling and by severe toil in preparing the house for the new purpose to which it was to be devoted, was of a most malignant character, and for weeks his life was despaired of. Word having been sent to Bishop Flaget of the condition of affairs, that fatherly prelate hastened to the bed-side of his subordinate, and there he remained till the danger was past.†

It was not until the winter of 1820-21 that Father Abell found himself in a condition to begin anew his long suspended missionary labors. And here another trouble awaited him. Owing to his long illness, his school had not prospered, and an order had come from their superiors directing the sisters to close the establishment. This was at once done, and on the last day of the year 1820, they left in a body for Union county, where, in conjunction with Sisters Angela Spink, Frances Gardiner and Cecily O'Brien, they laid the foundations of St. Vincent's academy, now, and for many years past, one of the most prosperous branch establishments of the Nazareth sisterhood.

Disappointed, but not cast down, Father Abell made immediate application to the superiors of the Loretto community for a colony of sisters to supply the places of those who had left. His prayer being granted, he undertook the erection of a building which would serve the sisters for a convent. This finished, eight Lorettines, with Sister Agnes Hart for their superior, took immediate possession of their prepared quarters. The "Monastery," as it was called, was a great blessing

*This school was established early in the spring of 1820. Sister Elizabeth Sutton was the superior, and Sisters Barbara Spalding and Susan Hager were her associates. All are now dead. Sister Elizabeth survived until a few years ago, passing the last years of her life at the convent of Nazareth, where she was held in great veneration by the entire community

†No one ever had heartier sympathies with the suffering than Bishop Flaget. In the case of Father Abell, he was no doubt as much actuated by the feeling that the Church of Kentucky could ill spare one who had already given such rich promise of future usefulness in the sacred ministry, as he was by personal affection.

and a great delight to the simple-minded Catholic people of the neighborhood, and it was a day of sorrow for them when it was deserted forever. But, so long as Father Abell remained at the head of the mission, there was no faltering on the part of the community having charge of the establishment, nor, indeed, on that of the Catholic people upon whose patronage it was mainly dependent. It was a hard life, however, that the good sisters were obliged to lead in their then impoverished condition, and their lot was less endurable from the fact that the primitive severe rule of their order had not yet been in any degree relaxed. It was not their school alone, nor the domestic requirements of their large establishment, that most severely taxed their energies. They had but themselves to look to in every emergency. They literally plowed and planted and reaped and gathered the product of their toil into barn and crib. In 1832, after eleven years of almost fruitless labor and trial, the establishment was abandoned and the sisters removed to Hardin county, where they began the foundation of the now well-known Bethlehem Academy.*

A water-mill on the north fork was run for several years on the very site of what is still called "Monastery Ford." The convent also gave its name to the road leading past the farm upon which it was built. In time the mill was moved to a point more convenient to the convent, and from that time it was run by horse power. Its ruins are still to be seen near the pastor's residence.

*The ruin of the convent of Mount Carmel is to this day an object of interest to the Catholic people of Breckinridge. The building was thirty feet square, two and a half stories high, and constructed of huge poplar logs. It was apparently divided into seven rooms, and an immense irregular chimney, with fire places on the level of each floor, pierced one of its ends. The top half story, which appears to have been roughly plastered, was no doubt used for a dormitory. The still fresh looking old walls seem strong enough to withstand the assaults of fifty more winters; but the roof's back is hopelessly broken and swags to the floor beneath, each plank of which looks unsafe to tread.

Several young women of the country round attached themselves to the order of Lorettines at its branch convent of Mount Carmel. One of these, Sister Clare Cassiday, is still living. Sister Clare belongs to a class of religious old women, of whom I have known several in my day, whose spirits would seem to be unaffected by either age or long continued labors undergone for the good of others. With these, cheerfulness is so natural a characteristic, that I can imagine them passing away with smiles on their faces, and just as if their parting glances in the direction of their sisterly attendants were but pleasant tokens of good-night wishes to be followed, with the morrow's sun, by renewed greetings. A conversation of five minutes with an aged christian woman of this character, whether she be vowed to religion or only serving her Lord, as it were, from a distance, and compassed by worldly cares, is worth much to many a complaining laggard on the roadway to Heaven A correspondent thus writes me of the convent of Mount Carmel: "I have been greatly interested in listening to the reminiscences of elderly ladies of St. Anthony's congregation who were but slips of girls when the establishment was supposed to be in a flourishing condition. One of these tells me how she importuned her mother to take her over to the convent-school, how her request was refused, and how she consoled herself by listening to the convent-bells and the

In 1824, Father Abell was transferred to Louisville, and from that time till the year 1829, neither of the churches of Breckinridge county was supplied with a resident pastor. In the latter year, the Rev. Charles J. Cissell, only about twelve months ordained, took charge of St. Anthony's church and congregation, Long Lick, and was named chaplain of the convent of Mount Carmel. In the interval of five years, however, both churches were occasionally visited, either from Louisville or Union county. In 1832, Father Cissell was transferred to Hardin county, with residence at Bethlehem convent.*

Father Joseph Rogers succeeded Father Cissell in the pastorship of St. Anthony's church. He turned the monastery building into a school house for boys, in which he was himself the principal teacher. This school was kept up for several years, and it was of much benefit to the Catholics of the neighborhood. The health of Father Rogers, always delicate, failed at length to such a degree as to force him to close his school and to relinquish his pastorship of the church.†

After the retirement of Father Rogers, the missions of Breckinridge county were for two years without a resident pastor. They were visited however, as often as once a month, by either Rev. E. J. Durbin, from Union county, or by Rev. A. Degauquier, from Grayson. In 1837, Rev. John C. Wathen was charged with the missions of Daviess and a part of Breckinridge counties, with residence at Owensboro.‡

faint and far off music that was borne to her ears from the convent chapel where the nuns were singing the praises of God at eventide." The farm upon which the convent stood reverted to the church. It was afterwards sold, with the exception of thirty acres, and the proceeds applied to the construction of the present church of St. Anthony, which was finished and dedicated in the year 1864.

*Rev. Charles J. Cissell, son of Wilfred Cissell, of Union county, entered the diocesan seminary about the year 1822. His ordination, as is supposed, took place in 1828. He was a young man of excellent promise, and his memory is to this day revered by the survivors of his old parishioners in Breckinridge, Hardin and Grayson counties. His days were few on earth, but they were filled with happy results for the people of his mission. His death took place at Elizabethtown, Hardin county, November 23d, 1833.

†Rev. Joseph Rogers was a son of David Rogers, one of the first emigrants from Maryland to the Cox's Creek settlement of Nelson county. He began his seminary course at St. Thomas', most likely, in 1821, and his ordination took place not later than 1827. In 1836, he was one of the professors at St. Joseph's college. In 1840, he had charge of a parochial school in connection with the church of St. Louis, Louisville. His last days were passed at St. Thomas', Nelson county, where he died in September 1846.

‡The diocese of Bardstown had not at that time a more devoted priest, nor one of brighter promise, than Rev. John C. Wathen. He was born in Kentucky, his parents, Wilfred Wathen and Winifred Coomes, daughter of Francis Coomes, having emigrated to the neighborhood of Fairfield, Kentucky, a little before the beginning of the present century. He entered the diocesan seminary about the year 1825, and he was ordained priest in 1831. His first labors in the ministry were prosecuted in the parish of St. Charles, Marion county, where he was for some time the assistant of the then pastor of the congregation, Rev. D. A. Deparcq. In 1834 he was employed on the missions of Daviess county, with residence at Owensboro. In 1837 he was named pastor of

From 1848 to 1850 the missions of Breckinridge county were under the direction of Rev. William Fennelly, whose pastoral residence was Hardinsburg. * From this time till 1856 the mission was attended by Rev. Patrick McNicholas, from Flint Island. From that date the Breckinridge county churches have had for their pastors, Rev. P. Bamberry, Rev. M. Power, Rev. Patrick Cassidy, Rev. William Bourke, Rev. N. Ryan, and others.

From 1854 to 1870 three new churches were erected in the county. The first of these was the church of the Guardian Angels, a frame structure, erected in 1854, at Mt. Merino, under the supervision of Dr. Ben. Wathen.† This point was formerly the seat of a flourishing

the church of St. Lawrence, Knottsville, and charged additionally with the mission at Hardinsburg, and, also, with the care of thirteen outlying stations. He was imbued with a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice and of earnest missionary endeavor, and the fruits that crowned his labors were in no sense ephemeral. Having known him as I did, and having known, too, the high hopes entertained by his superiors of his future exceeding usefulness, I can at least understand the feelings of even others than his parishioners when they sorrowfully murmured on hearing of his death: "He was called away too soon!" The illness by which this exemplary and courageous young priest was carried off came upon him while he was engaged in preaching a retreat to the Catholic congregation at Flint Island. Everything that love could suggest to save his life was freely done by his assistant and cousin, Rev. Charles I. Coomes, and by the members of the congregation, but his malady was found to be as resistless as it was malignant. His life's work ended on the 17th of October, 1841.

Beyond a choice selection of books, which had been to him a source of both profit and pleasure in his few leisure hours, he had little to bequeath to any one, and these he left in perpetuity to the church of St. Lawrence. Only a few years ago, his body was removed to the cemetery of St. Lawrence, and, soon afterwards, his grateful parishioners, or such of them as survived, erected over his grave a substantial stone monument. Three of Father Wathen's sisters became members of religious communities, one in that of the Sacred Heart, and two in that of Loretto. His brother, Charles Wathen, resides on the homestead farm, near Fairfield.

* If Father Fennelly was raised to the priesthood in Kentucky, I have no remembrance of the fact. It is my impression that he was a priest when he came into the diocese, and that his connection with it was not of greater duration than three or four years. My correspondent would seem to imply that he is remembered in Breckinridge more for his personal peculiarities, and especially for his enormous physical strength, than for the display of extraordinary zeal in missionary work.

† I have no remembrance of other two former citizens of Breckinridge who were more worthy of popular respect when living, than the brothers and physicians, Benjamin and Richard Wathen. Among the Catholics of the county, especially, there should be none now to forget how much they did for religion in their day that has not yet ceased to reflect benefits on the living. It was principally to the zeal of Dr. Benjamin Wathen, as has been already seen, that was due the erection of the present church of St. Romuald, in 1841. His brother, I am quite sure, seconded his efforts at that time, as he did on every other occasion when help was needed for any undertaking in the interests of the Catholic people of the county. Their Catholic zeal was proverbial, and in no emergency were they ever known to respond ungenerously. The brothers Wathen were born in Washington county, Kentucky, Benjamin in 1801, and Richard in 1803. The christian name of their father is unknown to

school known as Mount Merino seminary. Its first conductors were Rev. W. E. Powell and Rev. John B. Hutchins. Upon the death of Father Powell, in 1840, his place in the management of the school was assumed by Rev. Benedict J. Spalding. Than the priests named, there were not in the State more capable and experienced educators of youth. While the school was in existence, some five or six years, the patronage it received was liberal in the extreme; and when it was at length abandoned, it was not because of diminished support, but for the reason that the services of its conductors were required in the more important work of the holy ministry.*

The fourth church in Breckinridge county was built in 1857, at Cloverport, by the late Rev. M. Power, who was for many years previous to his death the beloved pastor of the church of St. Michael, Louisville. The church at Cloverport is a neat brick edifice, and its erection was principally paid for by contributions from the laborers in the coal mines, near Bennettsville, a few miles back of Cloverport. Father John A. Barrett, a later pastor of the church, added to it important improvements.

The fifth church of Breckinridge county, that of St. Mary, was built by Father N. Ryan, in 1870.

me. Both attended the school at St. Rose, and had Father Thomas Wilson for their first teacher. Both became physicians, and both intermarried with daughters of Ben. Chapeze, Esq., of Bardstown. Removing soon afterwards to Breckinridge county, they entered upon the practice of their profession, and, in time, became leading physicians. Dr. Richard Wathen died on March 5th, 1870, and the elder brother, named in the text, on the 27th of June, 1880. I knew these brothers well, and I know how highly they were esteemed by their contemporaries of the clergy of the diocese, especially of the Cathedral parish. The last referred to are all dead.

*Rev. Wm. E. Powell, the first principal of the Mount Merino seminary, was a convert to the Catholic faith. He was born and raised to youthful manhood, in Franklin county, Kentucky, and soon after being received into the church he entered the diocesan seminary, at Bardstown. While a student in the seminary, a part of his time was devoted to teaching in St. Joseph's college, where he was exceedingly popular with the inmates of the institution. He was regarded by his preceptors of the seminary, and especially by its venerable founder, the then Bishop Coadjutor of the diocese, as exceptionally talented, and he was even permitted, while only yet in deacon's orders, to preach in the Cathedral. By the congregation at the time, I remember well, he was looked upon with extreme favor as a preacher. His ordination to the priesthood took place in conjunction with that of his after-associate, Rev. John B. Hutchins, on the 1st day of July, 1838. Soon after their ordination, the two, with the approbation of their ordinary, went to Breckinridge county, where they established the school referred to in the text. This they had conducted but two years, when one of the brightest and most beloved of the youthful clergy of the State, sickened and died. I have often heard the late Father Hutchins, who survived his associate for more than forty years, speak of Father Powell with a tenderness that was more than brotherly. Father Powell died September 15, 1840.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.*

The first missionary priest to reach Kentucky was Rev. M. Whelan, an Irish Franciscan, living at the time of his appointment with the Jesuit fathers at New Town, Maryland. He had been educated in France and had come to America while acting as chaplain on one of the French ships sent to the aid of the colonies in their struggle for independence. He was a cleric of good attainments and of more than ordinary force of character, gentlemanly in his manners, exact in the performance of duty, and altogether fitted for a position that was as much exacting of physical as mental capabilities.

By agreement of certain of the more prominent of the emigrants, Father Whelan was to receive a salary of one hundred pounds in currency, a sum equal to two hundred and eighty dollars of our present money, and for the yearly payment to him of this sum, six heads of families bound themselves in writing.

It is generally supposed that Father Whelan came to Kentucky in the spring of 1787 in company with a band of emigrants under the leadership of Edward Howard. His appearance in the Pottinger's Creek settlement was hailed with joy by the entire colony. For days nothing was thought of by the colonists but the favor that had been vouchsafed them of making their peace with heaven through the reception of the sacraments. As it was there, so was it on Hardin's creek, and in the neighborhood of Bardstown, when the priest was given time to visit these districts. Deprived, as the emigrants had been, of all spiritual succor for two years, they felt as if the pitying eye of heaven had found them out at last, and there was no room in their hearts for other sentiments than those of joy and gratitude.

For the missionary, there was much consolation, and also excess of labor. From the latter he shrank not, nor thought of shrinking. He set himself to work, and that vigorously, to root out disorders, that like weeds in a long neglected garden, had sprung up in the hearts and minds of his people and were found hard of eradication. Having no church in all the State in which to offer up the Holy Sacrifice and administer the sacraments, he was obliged to "keep church" in private houses, often little adapted to the purpose, and rarely with apartments

*The subject-matter of this chapter is drawn, principally, from Dr. Spalding's "Sketches of Kentucky."

sufficiently large to admit of the presence of a third of those who desired to hear mass. But what he could do, he did. He visited again and again the Catholic settlements of the State; he traversed the forests after the estrayed lambs of the fold, and he rested not until he had wrought upon them the work of renewal of spiritual life; he spent days in the saddle, and often gave up hours needed for bodily rest to the necessities of occasions; he suffered heat, and cold, and hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, and even danger, in order to comfort his people; and he did this continuously for more than two years, and until a most lamentable condition of affairs arose between himself and an influential minority of his parishioners that caused him to abandon the mission altogether.

The trouble referred to had its origin in the unwillingness of one or more of those who had become bondsmen for the payment of the priest's salary to liquidate the debt. These were found so regardless of moral obligation as to seek release from their contract through the courts of civil law. The case was tried before a jury, and this, singularly enough, while deciding that the contract was binding, decided also that the sum called for should be paid, not in money, but in produce. Father Whelan was, no doubt, indignant, and it is not unlikely that he may have, under the circumstances, given forcible expression to his indignation. Whether that was so or not, he was soon afterwards sued for slander by the parties interested in the former suit; and this action coming to trial, resulted in a verdict against him for five hundred pounds, with imprisonment until the sum should be paid. "It is not likely," says Dr. Spalding, "that there was so much money in all Kentucky at the time." In point of fact, the priest was about to be sent to prison when the principal prosecutor, a nominal Catholic, offered to become his bail. This man was afterwards heard to boast that he had now an abundant offset to the amount he had agreed to pay in the first instance.*

Father Whelan left Kentucky in 1790, returning by way of New Orleans to Maryland, where he labored on the missions of that State until his death, which took place in 1805 or 1806.

Dr. Spalding intimates that Father Whelan, whose services, he acknowledges, were invaluable to the Catholics of the State, "may have had his faults." These faults were, undoubtedly, indisposition to leniency with his creditors and irritability of temperament. Not taking into account the poverty of his debtors, he insisted upon their compliance with the letter of their bond; and when the money was not forthcoming, he grew indignant. Mutual uncharitableness was

* Ten years after the occurrence related in the text, Father Badin stopped over night with one of the jurymen who had decided the case. In the course of conversation, the man, not knowing that his guest was a priest, began to talk about the trial. "I tell you," said he, "we tried hard to have the priest hanged, and we were sorry we could find no law for it." This anecdote will show the extent of bitter prejudice that Catholics had to contend against in those days.

engendered; unkind thoughts were put into unkind words, and the end was reached by absurd suits at law, followed by absurd verdicts from absurd juries, and, finally, by the abandonment of his mission by the first priest absolutely known to have trod the soil of Kentucky.

REV. WILLIAM DE ROHAN.

For six months after the departure of Father Whelan, the Catholic people of Kentucky were wholly without pastoral care. At the end of the term named, in company with a number of emigrants from North Carolina and East Tennessee, came Rev. Wm. de Rohan, unaccredited to the State, but bearing faculties from Dr. Carroll for the exercise of his ministry in Virginia. He was of Irish parentage, but born in France, and, most likely, there educated. Leaving Virginia, he traveled into Tennessee, where he remained for about a year, and afterwards came to Kentucky, as stated. Dr. Spalding tells us that Father de Rohan "said mass for the Catholics, visited the sick, and administered the Sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony," but he abstained from hearing confessions, as he did not believe that his powers extended to this distant mission. He adds: "He subsequently changed his opinion on this point, on the ground that Kentucky was a county of Virginia at the date of his faculties, which had been given for the latter State, or a portion of it. On being informed of this fact, Dr. Carroll, then but lately consecrated bishop of Baltimore, disapproved of his proceedings. M. de Rohan cheerfully submitted to the decision of his superior."

To this extract may be added the additional sentence from Dr. Spalding's "Sketches:" "Father de Rohan passed the last years of his life at the theological seminary of St. Thomas, where he died piously about the year 1832." The account is brief enough, and its very brevity is suggestive of something that has been left untold. Historical verity requires at the hands of the writer this explanatory reference: The appearance in Kentucky of Rev. William de Rohan was, in some respects, a happy circumstance for the abandoned mission. In others, it was unfortunate. He may be said to have been a clerical waif, borne to the State on the rapidly advancing tide of emigration. But for a single personal fault, he might have filled toward the infant church of Kentucky a position alike creditable to himself and serviceable to the people. He belonged to an unfortunate class of priests—not common anywhere at that day, nor since, but not wholly unknown to the history of the missions of the country—whose appetites for stimulants lead them to excesses in their use. In the suggestive language of the day, "he was his own greatest enemy." Alas, he was also a stumbling-block in the way of those who had been taught to regard their pastors as models of every christian virtue. His wretched infirmity was the cause, doubtless, of his wandering away from his appointed mission in Virginia; first into North Carolina, then into Tennessee, and, finally, into Kentucky. It

was the cause, too, of his subsequent forfeiture of his priestly faculties, as well as of the years of comparative inutility that filled up the measure of his after life. But in reviewing the career in Kentucky of Father de Rohan, there are to be found points upon which the eyes of Catholics of the present day may look with complacency. He preached no false doctrine. He taught the children the rudiments of their faith. He visited the sick and consoled the dying. Finally, he erected, or caused to be erected, the first building put up in the State for Catholic worship. To this may be added: Very many of the earliest born in Kentucky of our forefathers, had of him all the knowledge they ever acquired of letters. As late as the year 1822, he was teaching school, near the town of New Hope, in Nelson county. With the region of country in which he was best known, and where he was pitied as only are the children of misfortune, his name is indelibly connnected. He bought him a little farm at the foot of the rocky peak that lifts its head high over the surrounding country, not far away from Holy Cross church, and now, for well nigh a hundred years, the peak is known by no other title than *Rohan's Knob.*

With the brief interval of Rev. William de Rohan's quasi-control of the mission of the State, after the departure of Rev. M. Whelan, the Catholic colonists of Kentucky were without pastoral guidance until the close of the year 1793. Then there were sent to them by Dr. John Carroll, first bishop of Baltimore, two priests—Rev. M. Barrieres and Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin—the last named of whom acquired, in time, the distinctive title: *The Apostle of Kentucky.*

Before proceeding further with the history of the mission, after the arrival in Kentucky of the priests named, it is necessary that the reader shall be first made acquainted with their antecedents, and the circumstances that preceded their appointment to the distant field of their missionary labors. Of Rev. M. Barrieres, the elder of the two, the simple story of his short connection with the mission of Kentucky will appear in its proper place hereafter, and he may otherwise be dismissed from this somewhat lengthy review:

REV. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN.

Out of the gigantic evil of the French Revolution, there were evoked by Providence blessings for other peoples and other nations; and for this interposition of divine power and mercy, none other has such reason to be grateful to God as the Catholic population of the United States. It is the old, old story of "the stone rejected by the builders," and removed elsewhere to become "the head of the corner." Denied the privilege of laboring for God and humanity in their own land, the persecuted French clergy gave to others, and elsewhere, the incalculable benefits of their christian ministry. It is to this providential circumstance, primarily, that Catholics are indebted, both here and in England, for the gratifying picture to-day presented by the condition of the Church in both countries.

Toward the latter end of November, 1791, three ecclesiastics emembarked together, at Bordeaux, for the United States, each one of whom was destined, in time, to exercise his ministry in Kentucky. These were: Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, Rev. John B. David, and Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the last named then in sub-deacon's orders. The two first mentioned were Sulpician priests, and the last had been studying for the holy ministry in the seminary of the order, at Orleans. The exiles reached Philadelphia on the 26th, and Baltimore on the 28th of March, 1792. Arriving late at their destination, they rested for the night, and, early the next morning, they proceeded together to wait on Dr. Carroll. They had gone but a short distance when they were met by that eminent prelate, hurrying to welcome them to the country. Fearing they had been remiss in not presenting themselves at his residence the evening before, they began to apologize. With much graciousness, Bishop Carroll waived excuse, and said: "It is surely little enough that I should be the first to visit you, seeing that you have come fifteen hundred leagues to see me."

How it was that one of these stranger priests, nineteen years later, became a bishop, and ruled in spirituals the Catholic people of Kentucky for nearly forty years; and how it was that his priestly companion accompanied him to the State, and did praiseworthy service for the same people to the end of his days, are matters that will claim our attention further on. Our present subject must be the youthful sub-deacon who came with them to America.

Stephen Theodore Badin was born in Orleans, France, July 17, 1768. He was the third of fifteen children, and the oldest son. He early developed mental gifts that were regarded by his parents as extraordinary, and they determined to give him a classical education. When of the proper age, he was sent to the College Montaigu, Paris, where he remained for three years, and where he acquired a thorough knowledge of classical literature.* In the year 1789, having determined to devote himself to the sacred ministry, he entered the Sulpician seminary at Orleans, where he remained until the establishment was dissolved, two years later, through the acceptance by the bishop of that See of the odious constitutional oath. The great body of the seminarians, being unwilling to receive ordination at the hands of such a prelate, left for their homes and other safe places of retreat, early in July, 1781. Three months later, we find young Badin sailing the sea, in company with his future bishop, on his way to America.

* Almost to the end of his days, Latin metrical composition had its fascinations for Father Badin. Quite a number of his Latin poems are extant, and they are said to betray not only extraordinary idealistic power, but a still more extraordinary acquaintance with the idiomatic peculiarities of the Latin tongue. Not long ago, one of the most erudite of the clergy of Kentucky remarked in my hearing, that Father Badin's short poem on the *Holy Trinity* was equal, as well in strength as beauty of expression, to anything that had been left us by either Horace or Virgil.

On the 25th day of May, 1793, the old Cathedral church of St. Peter's, Baltimore, was the scene of an interesting ceremony—the first of the kind that had taken place in the territory of the United States. On that day, and in the church named, Stephen Theodore Badin was raised by Bishop Carroll to the dignity of the priesthood. Taking the fact stated as a standpoint of retrospection, how wonderful must appear the present status of the Catholic church in the United States! Till that time, there was not a single priest in the whole country whose ordination had not taken place abroad. Of these, there were not more than thirty-five, all told, and the entire Catholic population of the country was not reckoned at more than thirty thousand souls. It will be well to remember, too, while comparing the present of the Church in the United States with its past, that the first priest ordained in the country died but a little more than thirty years ago, and that there are hundreds yet living to whom that priest was personally known.

It may well be conceived that the extended deprivation of pastoral guidance, suffered by the Catholics of Kentucky, was a constant source of regret to Bishop Carroll. It is more than possible, indeed, that his distant children were in his mind when his consecrating hand was employed in the act whereby the future "Apostle of Kentucky" was empowered to preach, and to teach, and to call down from the right hand of His Eternal Father, the very Word of God to be the sustenance of christian souls. Be this as it may, it was but a few months after his ordination, that Father Badin was selected by his ordinary for the mission of Kentucky. The order could not have been peremptory, however, since, as Dr. Spalding observes, the young priest was permitted to remonstrate against his appointment, affirming his unfitness for the position on account of his youth, his inexperience and his limited acquaintance with the English language. Having listened to his reasons with much condescension, Dr. Carroll proposed that no decisive step should be taken for nine days, during which, both should unite in prayer, and recommend the matter to God by performing a *novena* in unison. To this, Father Badin readily assented.

At the close of the *novena*, they met again, when the following characteristic conversation took place: "Well, Father Badin," began the bishop, "I have prayed, and I continue still in the same mind."

"I, too, have prayed," returned Father Badin, "And I am, likewise, of the same mind as before. Of what use, then, has been our nine days' prayer?"

Bishop Carroll smiled, and, pausing for a moment, thus resumed: "I lay no command upon you, but I think it is the will of God that you should go."

"I will go, then," Father Badin exclaimed, with much earnestness; and, forthwith, he set about the necessary preparations for his journey. —(Sketches, pp 61–62.)

No more suitable appointment could have been made for the mission, than the one selected. He was young, active, energetic, and, above all, fired with zeal for God's glory, and the salvation of souls. But Bishop Carroll did not permit him to depart alone for his distant mission. He gave him for a companion, Rev. M. Barrieres, an older and more experienced priest, whom he constituted his vicar-general for the remote district.

Leaving Baltimore on the 6th of September, 1793, the two missionaries traveled on foot to Pittsburg, where they arranged for transport for themselves and luggage on a flatboat. In company with six others, all well armed, for fear of the Indians, they began their voyage down the Ohio on the 3d of September, and, passing two small towns, Wheeling and Marietta, they reached Gallipolis after seven days. In and around this town had settled, four or five years previously, a colony of French emigrants, numbering about seven thousand souls. The titles to their lands proving defective, the greater part of them had left the country in disgust, most of them returning to France. The remnant of the colony had long been without a pastor, and there was joy among them when it became known that two priests had reached their landing. During their brief stoppage of three days at Gallipolis, their time was wholly occupied in rendering priestly service to the forlorn inhabitants of the town and neighborhood. They sang high mass in the garrison of the place, and baptized forty children.

Proceeding on their way, in due course of time they reached Limestone—now Maysville—the end of their voyage by river, whence they journeyed on foot to Lexington, a distance of sixty-five miles. Their first night out, a cold one late in November, was passed in an open mill, where they slept upon grain-bags, without covering. On the next day they reached the Blue Licks battle-ground, whence Father Barrieres brought a human skull, afterwards retained by him as a relic of a disastrous battle, and a memento of death.

Father Badin's first mass in Kentucky was celebrated on the first Sunday of advent, in the house of Dennis McCarthy, at Lexington. "The missionaries," says Dr. Spalding, "had but one chalice, and, after having offered up the holy sacrifice at Lexington, Father Badin rode sixteen miles to the Catholic settlement, in Scott county, where Father Barrieres said mass on the same day."

Father Badin remained in Scott county, where he continued to reside for more than a year, constituting the Catholic settlement therein established the central point of a widespread missionary district. Father Barrieres proceeded on to Nelson county, where he was received with every demonstration of joy by the Catholic settlers. After a brief service of four months, however, he grew weary of his position, and determined to leave the country. The excuse has been made for him that "his habits had been already formed," and that he found himself unable to adopt the manner of life of the simple people of the settlements. Leaving Louisville in April 1794, he attempted to reach New

Orleans by the rivers, floating the distance in a pirogue, a large species of canoe, in common use at this period on the larger of the western waters. Louisiana was then in possession of the Spanish government, at war at the time with that of France. Father Barrieres, being a Frenchman, was subject to arrest on Spanish territory; and that was the fate that awaited him at New Madrid. Immediately after his arrest he wrote Baron Carandolet, the Spanish Governor of Louisiana, representing to him the circumstances of his case and the objects of his visit. He was soon liberated, and permitted to continue his journey. Shortly after his arrival at New Orleans, he went to the Attakapas country, where he did valuable service as a missionary priest for nearly twenty years. Worn out at length by his arduous missionary labors, he took passage for Bordeaux some time during the year 1814, where he died eight days after his arrival. Twenty-three years before, he had escaped from a prison of this same city, in which he had been incarcerated by the French Jacobins, and embarked for America. He returned to it now only to die. [Sketches, pp 63–64.]

Father Badin now found himself in a position nearly analogous to that in which the Catholic settlers of the State were placed before his own arrival amongst them. There was no one of his own order to whom he might look for either counsel or spiritual consolation. But, happily for him, and happily for his people, he accepted his isolated position with entire resignation to God's will, and he nerved himself to the work that was before him with the firm conviction that He in whom he trusted, in despite of the weakness of His chosen instrument, would consummate it to His own greater glory. For nearly three years he remained the only priest in Kentucky; and for twenty-one months of that time he had not even one opportunity of going to confession. He retained his courage, however, under all his difficulties, and was indefatigable in his endeavors to bring all under his charge to a proper sense of their privileges and their obligations as Catholic christians.

At the time referred to, there was stationed at Post Vincennes a French priest, Father Rivet, who had received his appointment to the mission shortly after the departure from that station of Rev. B. J. Flaget, afterwards bishop of Bardstown. The distance that separated the two isolated priests was under two hundred miles; but we do not hear that they ever met. They corresponded by letter, however, and each was encouraged to generous effort in his missionary labors by the other's friendly advice.

Father Badin estimated the number of Catholic families in Kentucky at three hundred. These, as has already been seen, were much scattered. Emigration from Maryland was still going on, however, and it did not really diminish to any great extent until after the year 1814.

The first object of the zealous missionary was the restoration of the strict and paternal discipline of the Church among those to whom he had been sent. It may be said of him that he reorganized the family wherever he went. Where there were disorders, he probed and cured

them. Where customs of piety had grown into disuse, he reinstated them. Where parents were neglectful of their duties toward their children and servants, he chided them until the fault was corrected.

It is a gratifying fact in the history of Catholicity in Kentucky that, with rare exceptions, the descendants of the early colonists from Maryland are keeping up in their families to the present day the pious practices introduced into those of their forefathers by Fathers Badin, Nerinckx, Fournier and Fenwick. Still, night and morning, the households meet for prayer in common. Still, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin is recited at fixed intervals. Still, once in the week, and sometimes every day, the children are brought together for catechetical instruction. Still, when the family, or certain of its members, are prevented for any cause from being present at the Holy Sacrifice on Sundays or holidays of obligation, the custom remains of reciting the prayers for mass in common at home. Still, the chapter of pious reading follows the evening orisons, and men and women and children sink to slumber only after having made emblematic profession of their faith by signing themselves with the sign of the cross. All these practices, inculcated with so much persistency upon the minds of their fathers by Father Badin and his early associates of the priesthood in Kentucky, have rarely been suffered to fall into disuse in the households of their descendants.

Father Badin's mission, it will be seen, extended over hundreds of miles of territory. No one man, not provided with a physique capable of the most surpassing endurance, could have resisted the exactions which his position was constantly making upon his energies. From first to last, as he was wont to say, his missionary journeyings on horseback in Kentucky had exceeded one hundred thousand miles. And yet, though he often found himself physically exhausted by excess of labor, he was never seriously ill. Throughout his life, however, he was exceedingly exact in the observance of the generally accepted rules for the preservation of health. He would often say that it is better to fast than to eat unwholesome food. He was especially disaffected toward a custom, too common among housewives, of placing upon the table bread that is not thoroughly cooked, or "done." On a certain occasion he stopped at a farmer's house and asked if he could be accommodated with supper and lodgings for the night. The master of the house had not yet returned from the field, but his wife, as was usual with almost every one at that day, being hospitably inclined, willingly engaged that no objections on his part should be made to his request. At supper time a plate of half-cooked biscuits was placed on the table. Father Badin took up one, and, seeing that it was not sufficiently cooked, begged the good lady to put them again in the oven. She did as she was requested; but, on returning them to the table, the priest again expressed his wish that they should be further baked. This, much to the annoyance of the lady, was repeated for a third time. On placing them at last before him sufficiently "done" to suit his taste, she exclaimed,

with a displeased toss of her head: "There, sir; I hope you are suited at last! Your wife must have a happy time of it!"

Among the social customs of the day, which were not, in themselves, necessarily pernicious, but which, too often, led to grave disorders, that of promiscuous dancing was especially obnoxious to Father Badin. Finding it impossible to put a stop, altogether, to this favorite pastime of the young people of the settlements, he wisely sought to regulate it—to confine its exercise to proper hours, and to compass it with the safeguard of parental watchfulness. It is related of him that, on a certain Saturday afternoon, he found very few persons awaiting his arrival at the station on Pottinger's creek, whither he had gone for the purpose of hearing confessions. The young men and women of the settlement were particularly noted for their absence. He soon learned that these latter were attending a dancing-class, gotten up by an itinerant professor of the art, in a neighboring schoolhouse. With him, to resolve was to act; and no sooner was he disengaged from duty in the confessional, than he quickly moved off in the direction of the structure indicated. His appearance, a little later, in the midst of the throng of merry dancers, was the signal, promptly obeyed, for a stay of proceedings. "My children," said he, smiling blandly in their discomposed faces, "this is all very well; but where the children are, there the father must also be; where the flock is, there must also be the pastor!" In a little while, he had them sitting in a circle around him, and answering questions out of the catechism.—[Sketches–p 67.]

Compelled to continued action, in order to fulfill toward his widely scattered flock his pastoral office, Father Badin rarely lodged two consecutive nights in the same house; and it was his invariable custom, wherever he stopped for the night, to devote all his time, that was not absolutely needed for repose, to the instruction of the household, both parents and children, in the things that pertained to their daily religious life. His familiar proverbs, addressed to children on such occasions, are to this day remembered and appreciated in hundreds of Catholic families in Kentucky. "My children," he would say, "remember this: No morning prayer, no breakfast; no evening prayer, no supper!" At other times he would address them: "Be good, my children, and you will never be sorry for it."

"On reaching a station, Father Badin would, generally, hear confessions till about one o'clock. Meantime, the people recited the rosary at intervals, and the boys, girls and servants, were taught catechism by the regular catechists. Hearing confessions was the most burdensome duty he had to discharge; and he was fully aware of its deep and awful responsibility. He spared no labor nor pains to impart full instructions to his penitents, who thronged his confessional from an early hour. So great, in fact, was their number, that he found it expedient to deliver among them tickets, fixing the order in which they should approach the holy tribunal, according to prior-

ity of arrival at the church. He was inflexible in maintaining this order. Not unfrequently persons would be obliged to make several attempts before they could succeed in going to confession.—[Sketches, p 68.]

In those days, blank ignorance was common among non-Catholics, not only of the faith of Catholics, but in respect to the personal appearance of the Church's ministers. Men, women and children, and, especially, the negro population, would walk miles to have a good look at the "Romish priest;" and these were often heard to express their astonishment at having found him no bugaboo, but as other men.

Hardship could not have been otherwise than the portion of any one situated as was Father Badin during the first ten years of his life as a missionary priest in Kentucky. It is related of him that he often suffered for the "very necessaries of life," that his food was always "of the coarsest kind;" that "he was compelled to grind his own corn on a hand-mill;" that he was scantily provided with clothing fashioned from the rough fabrics of the country;" that though the heads of families of the Catholic settlements had agreed to set apart for his support the "hundredth bushel of grain" yielded by their lands, he did not actually receive "the thousandth;" that at one time, while residing at St. Stephen's, he was for days together "without bread"—until, in fact, Mr. Anthony Sanders, of Bardstown, hearing of his condition, "sent him the necessary supply."

These statements are made by Dr. Spalding on the 70th page of his "Sketches of Kentucky;" and it is not to be doubted that he received his information from the lips of Father Badin himself. Unexplained, they present in a most unfavorable light the great body of the faithful then residing in Kentucky. It is hard to believe that the Catholics of the settlements, knowing of his destitution, and having the power of relief in their hands, should have permitted him to suffer for a single day for the necessaries of life. It is much more reasonable to suppose that they were either altogether without knowledge of his wants, or that they were themselves in an equally suffering condition. The failure of the crops for a single year would explain this latter hypothesis. In regard to the hundredth bushel of grain which the Catholic farmers had contracted to set apart for their pastor's personal support, the writer has little idea that it was withheld in any instance with fraudful intent. It is to be remembered that the early settlers, for the most part, were unprovided with facilities for the transportation of commodities from one part of the country to another; and that, in many instances, the cost of such transportation would have exceeded the worth of the articles delivered at their destination. It may well be conceived that this single circumstance prevented many from paying their obligations in kind; but the fact that they did not so pay, should not be accepted as evidence that they gave nothing toward their pastor's support.

Soon after Father Badin's removal from Scott county to Pottinger's creek, he selected a plot of ground, about three miles distant from

Holy Cross church, upon which he afterwards erected a presbytery, or priest's house, and to which he gave the name of St. Stephen's. This was his home for many years.*

Father Badin's disinterested zeal and apostolic spirit are well exemplified by a circumstance that occurred in the year 1796, as related by Dr. Spalding:

"In the year named, when his sufferings and hardships were the greatest, Father Badin received a letter from the Spanish governor of St. Genevieve, earnestly pressing him to leave Kentucky and come to that place, where he was offered an annual salary of five hundred dollars, with valuable perquisites. The situation was easy and inviting, and the offer was tempting. Father Badin, in fact, viewed the whole matter in the light of a temptation to abandon the field of labor which divine Providence had assigned him, and he accordingly threw the governor's letter into the fire, and did not even return an answer. His motto was: Follow Providence."†

OTHER MISSIONARY AID FOR KENTUCKY.

In 1797, after nearly three years of sole occupancy of his field of missionary labor, Father Badin was greatly relieved by the arrival in Kentucky of Rev. Michael C. J. Fournier, a most exemplary priest, whose labors on the mission have already been sufficiently referred to in the chapter entitled "The Rolling Fork settlement." It had long been the earnest wish of Rt. Rev. Dr. Carroll to send relief to his over-taxed subordinate in Kentucky, and to the end indicated, he had gladly availed himself of Father Fournier's proffered services. Animated with the spirit of the true missionary, the priest asked for no delay, but set out at once for the seat of his distant mission. Reaching the humble presbytery of St. Stephen's in February, of the year

*St. Stephen's has often been alluded to as a church. It was neither designed nor used for the public services of the Church. This first pastoral residence built in the State was a rough affair of logs, fully as unpretending as the cabins occupied by the neighboring farmers on the creek. Its site was on, or very near, that of the present convent and academy of Loretto, fifty-seven miles from Louisville, on the Knoxville Branch railroad.

†Father Badin was undoubtedly a learned theologian; but as I have been told by competent authority, one of his first decisions after his arrival in Kentucky was a theological blunder. It will be remembered that his immediate predecessor, Father de Rohan, supposing that his faculties from Dr. Carroll—given to him for Virginia when Kentucky was a county of that State—empowered him to administer the sacrament of matrimony in the new commonwealth, had united in marriage a number of couples in the different Catholic settlements. His superior having afterwards disapproved of his action, Father Badin concluded that all these marriages were irregular and null. He insisted that the couples should be married over again. But, in one particular case, and perhaps in others, the parties decided that if they had not been married in the first instance, they would take advantage of the circumstance and remain single. One of these removed to Missouri and there contracted marriage, and the other did the same thing in Kentucky.

named, he was received by its occupant, not only with brotherly kindness, but with demonstrations of joy that brought tears to his eyes. From that moment the two were one in purpose and one in affection; and each, supported and strengthened by the other, labored with such efficiency that the entire faithful of the State were given opportunities of making their peace with God.

REV. ANTHONY SALMON.

Before the close of this same year, 1799, the clerical working force of the mission was further augmented by the arrival at St. Stephen's of Rev. Anthony Salmon, another refugee priest from France, and an old friend and former fellow-seminarian of Father Fournier. This latter had written to him in London, where the two had first found refuge from the persecution to which the entire priesthood of France had been subjected under the revolutionary government, asking him to come to America, and detailing the great needs of the mission in which he was himself engaged. It is more than probable that his appearance at St. Stephen's was the first intimation that his friend had that his letter had reached the hands of Father Salmon. At this time, Father Badin held the office of vicar-general of the bishop of Baltimore for the region in which lay his extended mission, and it was a pleasure to him to welcome and assign to duty the new recruit that had come to his assistance so unexpectedly. Another division of labor was at once effected between the three, the stations on Hardin's creek and Poplar Neck, and those of Bardstown and Fairfield falling to the lot of the newly arrived missionary.

Equally with his predecessors of the mission, Father Salmon exhibited earnestness in the discharge of his duties toward those who had been committed to his charge. He labored with great perseverance, and also with happy success, in promoting the spiritual good of his people; and especially was he actively alive to the needs of children and servants. He appeared at times overwhelmed with fear lest the souls of some of these should be lost through his own remissness. He appealed to parents and masters and mistresses to see that they were instructed in the dogmas and precepts of their holy religion; and he missed no opportunity that was offered to catechise them himself, and to point out to them the paths that would lead them to happiness here and hereafter.

Father Salmon's missionary career and life ended together only nine months after his arrival in Kentucky. He was killed by a fall from his horse in November 1799. Dr. Spalding's account of this lamentable occurrence is here appended.

"A violent cold, contracted in the discharge of his duties, had confined him to his bed for six weeks in the house of Father Badin. When convalescent, he determined to visit the station at Mr. Thomas Gwynn's, in the neighborhood of Bardstown, where he had an appointment with a Protestant lady whom he was instructing and preparing

for baptism. He was not a good horseman, and he was still feeble from his previous illness. It was the 9th of November, and the snow covered the ground and concealed the road beneath, which was naturally rugged and difficult. About a mile from Bardstown, on the road to Mr. Gwynn's, he was thrown violently from his horse, and was dashed against a tree. He was stunned, and mortally wounded in the breast and head. In his struggles, he succeeded in dragging himself to a tree, against which he leaned his head and shoulders, and thus sat upright near the road-side. From noon till night he remained in this dreadful situation, benumbed with cold and in the very agonies of death. A lad, cutting wood in the neighboring forest, discovering him during the afternoon, asked permission of his employer to go to his assistance. But the man brutally replied that it was 'only a —— priest, who was probably drunk!'* Near sunset, this man saw Mr. Gwynn passing and told him that his 'priest was lying in a certain spot, perhaps dying.'

"Deeply affected, Mr. Gwynn flew to the spot indicated, and discovered that his worst fears were more than realized. Father Salmon seemed at the very point of death. He was immediately placed on horseback, and conveyed, with as much tenderness as possible, to the residence of Mr. Gwynn, about a mile distant. Messengers were immediately dispatched for physicians, and for Father Badin. The latter arrived at two o'clock the same night, having rode sixteen miles in little more than two hours. He found Father Salmon insensible, reciting occasionally prayers in Latin, and acting as if he fancied himself at the holy altar. Father Badin administered to him the last sacraments, and remained with him till his death, which took place on the following night, the 10th of November. His remains were conveyed to the church of Holy Cross, where they were interred with all the ceremonies of the Roman ritual.

"Father Badin wept bitterly over the death of his friend and fellow-laborer, to whom he was sincerely attached. He composed for him this epitaph in Latin:"

"Hic jacet Antonius Salmon, virtute verendus,
Presbyter e Gallis; prætulit exilium
Schismaticis opibus; fratres, matrem arvaque linquens:
Det Pietas fletus, Religioque preces."

REV. JOHN THAYER.

The first American priest to exercise his ministry in Kentucky was Rev. John Thayer, a native of Massachusetts, and a convert to the Catholic faith from some form of Protestantism, of which he had previously been a licensed minister. Latterly, there has appeared in the

* "For the honor of human nature," adds Dr. Spalding in a note, "we must observe that this man was of no standing in the country; and that his brutality is almost singular in the early history of Kentucky. The lad of whom mention is made is now (1844) one of our most repectable citizens."

"Ave Maria," a periodical published at Notre Dame, Indiana, the full account, as written by himself, of Father Thayer's remarkable conversion. Reading it, as the writer lately did, one must arise from its perusal with fixed ideas of the honesty of the man and of his rare intelligence.

Father Thayer tells us—his pamphlet was written and published in 1787—that he had formed the notion of traveling extendedly in Europe and there "acquire knowledge of the constitution of States and of the manners, customs, laws and governments of the principal nations." He wanted knowledge of all these things in order to insure his future usefulness in his own country. While in Paris, he was attacked with illness, and, says he, "fearing it would be attended with serious consequences, my first concern was to forbid that any Catholic priest should be suffered to come near me." He visited England, returned to France, and finally went to Rome.*

In Paris, and still more in Rome, he saw things that gave him "a more favorable idea of the Catholic religion." Wherever he went, he was received hospitably and kindly. "Such goodness, such cordiality, to a stranger and an avowed Protestant," says he, "at once touched and surprised me." By degrees, the inclination came upon him to seek information touching the religion of the people. Those to whom he first applied, he writes: "had more piety than light." But eventually, he was referred to others who were capable of stating in precise terms what constitutes the sum of Catholic faith, and of defending that aggregate against the assumptions of the enemies of the Church. Particularly striking is his account of the difficulty he experienced in adapting his mind to the sentiments he found embodied in a prayer attached to a little work of controversy that had been placed in his hands by a father of the Society of Jesus, upon whom he had called for information touching certain points of Catholic doctrine. This prayer, so well adapted to similar exigencies, is here reproduced:

"Almighty and eternal God, Father of mercy, Saviour of mankind, I humbly intreat Thee by Thy sovereign goodness to enlighten my mind, and to touch my heart, that by true faith, hope and charity I may live and die in the true religion of Jesus Christ. I am sure that as there is but one true God, so there can be but one faith, one religion, one way of salvation, and that every other way which is opposite to this can only lead to endless misery. It is this faith, O my God, which I earnestly desire to embrace, in order to save my soul. I protest, therefore, before Thy divine Majesty, and I declare by all Thy divine attributes, that I will follow that religion which Thou shalt show me to be true; and that I will abandon, at whatever cost, that in which I shall discover error and falsehood. I do not deserve, it is true, this

* "While still in Paris," says Dr. Spalding, he had an interview with Benjamin Franklin, minister of the United States to the court of France. He wanted the minister to appoint him chaplain of the mission. The philosopher statesman could not see the wisdom of any such appointment. He "would say his own prayers, and save his government the expense of the chaplaincy."

favor, on account of the greatness of my sins, for which I have a profound sorrow because they offend a God so good, so great, so holy and worthy of my love; but what I do not deserve, I hope to obtain from Thy infinite mercy, and I conjure Thee to grant through the merits of the Precious Blood which was shed for us poor sinners by Thy only Son, Jesus Christ. Amen."

It is not to be doubted, however, that the trend of the after convert's mind to investigation of Catholic doctrine and practices, was the result of his desire to analyze the reports of certain miracles said to have been wrought through the intercession of the Venerable Labré, then but recently deceased, about which all Rome was speaking at the time. What he says on this subject will be found interesting:

"Notwithstanding the instructions which I had received, and the lights which I had acquired, I was nowise disposed to credit the public reports concerning this truly extraordinary person. Of all my prejudices against Catholics, the deepest rooted was a formal disbelief of the miraculous facts which are said to have happened among them. I had been brought up in this persuasion common to all Protestants, who, never having been able to attain the gift of miracles, like the fox in the fable, disdain it, and deny its existence. Not content with denying those which were publshed at that time, I made them the subject of my raillery, and in the coffee-houses passed some very unbecoming jests on the servant of God with whose poverty and uncleanliness I was shocked; and on this head I went farther than any, even, of my Protestant friends. However, the number and weight of the evidences increasing daily, I thought that it was my duty to examine the matter myself. I frequently conversed with the confessor of the deceased, from whom I learned a part of his life. I visited four persons who were said to have been miraculously cured; I was convinced by my own eyes of the state in which they then were; I questioned them concerning the state in which they had been; I informed myself of the nature and continuance of the illness with which they had been attacked, and the circumstances of their cures, which had been operated in an instant. I collected the evidence of those to whom they were known; and after all these informations, made with the greatest care, I was fully convinced that the reality of each one of these miracles was at least as well proved as the most authentic facts. One of these persons, a nun in the convent of St. Apollonia, had burst a blood-vessel. She daily grew weaker and weaker for the space of eighteen months; and at length was so reduced that she could bear no nourishment. She invoked Venerable Labré; took with a lively faith a draught into which one of his relics had been dipped, and was cured in an instant. The same day she went to choir with the rest of the religious, ate without feeling any pain, and with ease performed the most painful offices of the convent. This was attested by the superior and six other nuns of the same community. I often saw the nun who had been cured, spoke to her, and found her in perfect health and strength. Not content with these proofs, I visited the physician who

attended her during the whole course of her illness; he confirmed all that the community had said, and added that he was ready to take his oath on the Gospel that the illness was naturally incurable. I continued to see the nun during the rest of my stay at Rome, that is, for about four months. I had time to convince myself that her cure was lasting, and at my departure I left her in perfect health."

One of his most serious difficulties appears to have been the doctrine of the Church respecting the invocation of saints, and especially of the Virgin Mother of God. Though convinced in his mind that the doctrine was reasonable, and that it was in no wise detractive of the supreme honor and worship that are due to the Creator, so strong a hold had custom and prejudice on his mind, that it was long before he was able to accept and act upon it in a Catholic spirit. This is apparent in his first prayer addressed to the Queen of Heaven, the form of which he has left us:

"Oh, tender Mother, (said I,) if it be lawful for me to implore thy succor, help me in the miserable state in which I am. It was through thee that the Saviour came to us; it is through thee that I desire to go to Him. The scriptures teach me that by thy means was wrought the first miracle of the evangelical law in the order of grace (the sanctification of St. John the Baptist), and the first in the order of nature (the change of water into wine). Here remains another to be performed; do not refuse to employ thy credit; I do not deserve it; too long have I not known thee; but now, though with fear and trembling, I begin to address thee. Intercede for me with thy divine Son." (Then, returning to God,) "O Lord, (said I,) I implore Thy light. Thou hast promised to listen to those who invoke Thee; I do it from the bottom of my heart; Thou art my witness that I seek truth at whatever expense. I cannot err in addressing my supplications to Thy Blessed Mother: Thou Thyself wouldst be the cause of my error."

Confidence and tranquility were the fruits of this prayer, and as he tells us himself, "From that time I have always had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, and I am confident that I have received grace through her intercession; gratitude obliges me to make this acknowledgment. I endeavor to join in every institution which tends to her honor, and I have pledged myself, and study as much as can depend on me, to extend the devotion to this dear Mother of God."

Soon afterwards, he made his abjuration, and was able to declare: "The truths which I had most difficulty in believing, are those in which I now find the greatest consolation. The mystery of the Eucharist, which appeared to me so incredible, is become an ever-flowing source of spiritual delight; confession, which I considered as an unsupportable yoke, seems infinitely sweet, by the tranquillity which it produces in the soul."

His after-life is thus depicted by Dr. Spalding, in his "Sketches of Kentucky:" "Earnestly desiring to make good use of his new-found knowledge, he determined to devote the remainder of his life

to the enlightenment of those who, like himself, had long taken evil for good, darkness for light. In order to do this the more effectually, he resolved to enter the Catholic ministry. Placing himself under competent direction, he finished the prescribed studies, and was ordained priest in Paris, most likely, in the year 1784. Immediately after his ordination, he returned to the United States, and entered upon his true ministerial life in Boston, where he had formerly devoted his misdirected energies to the propagation of a false theory of religion.

"He held weekly conferences on the truths of the Catholic faith; and his discourses, delivered with much earnestness and eloquence, attracted great crowds of his Protestant fellow-citizens. He published a detailed and well-written account of his conversion, in which he clearly and forcibly stated the motives that had led him to take this important step. He thus endeavored to convey his own convictions to the minds of his countrymen, both from the pulpit and through the press. His zeal led him into various controversies with the Protestant preachers; and he always showed himself able to give an account of 'the hope that was in him.' Still, he had the mortification to find that Americans, who are so easily misled by novelties of whatever species, are very slow to change their religious opinions, especially in favor of what is old and painful to human nature. He found that conviction and conversion were two different things; and that, though he could flatter himself that he had brought about the former state of mind in many, he was cheered by but few evidences of his having secured the latter."

In 1799, Father Thayer left Boston and offered his services to Dr. Carroll, in any position to which he might assign him. Toward the close of the year 1799, he was sent to Kentucky, where he remained for four years, "only two of which," says Dr. Spalding, "were devoted to missionary duty." He left the State and the country in 1803, first going to England, where he labored for a year or more, and, subsequently, to Ireland, where he devoted the last years of his life to the welfare of the poor of Limerick. In the city named, and up to the date of his death, which took place in 1815, he lived as a member of the family of Mr. James Ryan, a gentleman of high standing and character, a pious Catholic, and an ardent humanitarian. It was while residing in Limerick, that Father Thayer conceived the idea of founding in America a conventual establishment for females. It is said that arrangements to this effect had been concluded between himself and the late Cardinal Cheverus, who was, at that time, bishop of Boston, some short time before the priest was called out of life. It is certain that four of the daughters of his friend and host subsequently reached Boston, where, with the approbation and active assistance of Dr. Cheverus, they established a community of Ursuline nuns, of which they were themselves members. At a later era, when whatever was material of the Ursuline establishment in Boston, was destroyed by a fanatical mob, it is not likely that either of the sisters

alluded to was able to see the desecration with mortal eyes. *

It should be mentioned here, that Father Badin's former priestly correspondent at Vincennes, Rev. M. Rivet, was now dead. He had sickened and died at his post of duty the previous winter. Referring to the death of this admirable priest, Dr. Spalding says: "He had won the respect of General William Henry Harrison, afterwards president of the United States, who was then residing at Vincennes, and occupying the post of governor of the Northwestern Territory." The dying priest had received from Governor Harrison marked attention during his sickness, and, it is said, "he received his last breath." The death of Father Rivet left but three priests in the entire northwest, including Kentucky. Those were: Rev. Donatien Olivier, at Prairie du Rocher, Illinois; Rev. Gabriel Richard, at Detroit, Michigan, and Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, in Kentucky.

* I have in my possession a letter written in 1816, by Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, afterwards first bishop of the See of Vincennes, in which reference is made to the death of Father Thayer, and the services he had rendered the poor of Limerick. The writer mentions, as a fact, that the deceased priest had left what remained to him of his considerable estate, to the diocese of Boston.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER BADIN AGAIN ALONE.

In the year 1803, the Church in Kentucky suffered an irreparable loss in the sudden and unlooked-for death of Father Fournier. Ever since his arrival in the State, he had been, as it were, the right hand of Father Badin, taking upon himself a full share of the labor of the mission, and undergoing all manner of fatigue and solicitude, in order to fulfill toward the Catholic body every duty pertaining to his ministry. The death of this model priest, and the subsequent withdrawal of Father Thayer from the mission, left Father Badin again alone in Kentucky. From the spring of 1803, to the summer of 1805, his labors were so multiplied that relaxation, even for a day, was, with him, out of the question. He literally "lived on horseback," departing from one station, when his work was done, to find at another a repetition of the labors of the previous day. Happily, he was in vigorous health, and labor, however unremitting, did not appear to affect him detrimentally. It was not his nature to be despondent, and hence the traditions of his uniform cheerfulness. It is not to be implied, however, that he was void of anxiety, or that he had not cares to perplex him, and sorrows to grieve his heart. He tells us himself, as Dr. Spalding relates, in the sketch he has given us of his life, that at this particular time, he was overwhelmed with grief on account of the death of his friend and co-laborer, Father Fournier; that his own lonely position, with no priest nearer to him than Prairie du Rocher, in Illinois, and Detroit, in Michigan, was the occasion to him of great concern, and that he was naturally "solicitous for the churches," which were now solely dependent upon himself for ministerial aid and consolation. Of the missionaries referred to in this paragraph, the following may be briefly stated:

Father Olivier lived to the advanced age of 95 years, and, at the date of his death, January 29th, 1841, was said to be the oldest missionary priest in the whole valley of the Mississippi. He was for many years the pastor of the churches at Prairie du Rocher and Kaskaskias, Illinois; but his missionary field covered the entire territory of the Northwest. Age and infirmity forced him to retire from the active duties of the ministry about the year 1828, and the remaining portion

of his life was passed at the seminary of the Barrens, in Missouri, by the inmates of which he was venerated as a saint. For several years previous to his death, he had been deprived of his sight; "but," says the writer of the notice of his death, "notwithstanding this affliction, he continued during the greater portion of that period to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the mass with a truly edifying devotion."

Father Gabriel Richard, a French Sulpician priest, came to America after the French revolution. In 1798 he was sent to Michigan by Bishop Carroll, where he labored upon the missions of the State until the date of his death. In 1823 Father Richard was sent as a delegate to congress from Michigan. While exercising his ministry in Detroit, it became his duty on a certain occasion to pronounce sentence of excommunication against one of his parishioners, who had been divorced from his wife. The parishioner prosecuted the priest for defamation of character, and the court awarded him damages in the sum of one thousand dollars. This money Father Richard could not pay, and he was imprisoned in the common jail for the default. As he had already been elected to the house of representatives, he went from his prison direct to his seat on the floor of congress. In 1812, after Hull's surrender, he was taken prisoner. After his release, finding his people suffering for food, he purchased wheat and gave it to the destitute. He spoke and wrote several languages, and he was a man of superior ability and rare benevolence. He died of cholera, during the first visitation of that scourge to this country in 1832, at the age of 68 years.

The Catholic population of Kentucky was now three times greater than it had been when Father Badin was first appointed to the mission; and when one considers how wide apart were the homes of his parishioners; how difficult, and sometimes dangerous, were the ways of communication between station and station, and how next to impossible it was for one man to serve so many, a truthful idea may be had of his anomalous position during the two years and more that preceded the arrival in the State of his after co-laborer, Rev. Charles Nerinckx. When, as not unfrequently happened, his special friends, fearful of his health under such burdensome exactions, would beg him to take a little rest, he was in the habit of replying: "I look for no repose in this life."

It is doubtful if there ever was a priest better qualified for the peculiar work of his peculiar mission than was Father Badin. His people were poor, but not the poorest among them ever complained that he was neglectful of their spiritual welfare. His rebukes of the master and mistress for neglect of duty toward their slave dependents were delivered with as much earnestness as were his counsels to patience and obedience addressed to the latter. He lived in the sight of all the life of a christian; zealous, patient, resigned, humble. He was at all times no less watchful over himself than he was observant of whatever was calculated to weaken the faith or taint the morals of those who had been committed to his pastoral care. The precepts which he

was in the habit of insisting on in all his instructions were these: morning and night prayers in common; regularity in approaching the tribunal of penance and the holy table; devotion to the Blessed Virgin and frequent repetition of her rosary; punctuality in hearing mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation; instruction of children and servants in the principles of their faith.

His regulations, in respect to the duty of hearing mass, would likely be considered somewhat exacting at the present day. He excused only those who, having horses, would have to ride more than ten miles in order to be present at the Holy Sacrifice. For such as had to walk to church, the exonerating point was set at the five-mile limit. *

Alone and unaided, Father Badin could not have possibly secured, to their full extent, the great results which followed his missionary labors in Kentucky. He had earnest helpers among the laity. In every congregation he had a corps of catechists, men and women, whom he had trained to represent ecclesiastical authority and guidance over the children, and such among the adults as were little instructed in the principles and practice of their faith. On Sundays, in the absence of their pastor, the greater parts of the congregations were wont to repair to the nearest church, or station, and there engage in exercises of piety. Often, on such occasions, in lieu of a sermon, one of the catechists would read a chapter from some work of Catholic piety; and thus were formed in all habits of punctuality in the performance of religious duty that have not yet lost their influence for good upon their children's children.

Even among those who had been brought up in servitude, Father Badin had his trusted helpers. Conspicuous among these, was "Uncle Harry," an elderly negro servant of one of the earliest of the colonists, whose whole life was an example of the sublimest christian virtue. Dr. Spalding thus refers to Uncle Harry:

"On the death of his master, he became the property of infant heirs; and he was left by the executor of the estate to his own choice in the selection of his employment. He determined to go to the Salt Licks, thinking he could there earn more by his labor for the benefit of the young heirs. Father Badin, to whom he had applied for advice, endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, and represented to him the hardships he would have to undergo; the distance

*The frivolous excuses by which so many Catholics of the present day attempt to justify their absence from church on the days prescribed as of obligation, were almost wholly unknown among our Catholic progenitors of three-quarters of a century ago. Sacrifices of convenience and comfort were cheerfully made in those days for the privilege of kneeling before God's holy altar, and of worshiping the truly present Deity reposing thereon. In those times, the early hours of Sunday mornings found the roads leading to the churches literally alive with detached parties, mostly on horseback, but many on foot, moving decorously toward a common center, where the holy mass was to be offered up for the living and the dead.

he would be from church, and the danger to which his salvation would be exposed.

"'Uncle Harry' replied to this last consideration, with admirable simplicity of faith: 'God would protect him from danger, and the Blessed Virgin would take care of him.' Father Badin yielded. At the Licks 'Uncle Harry' was a model of piety for all. When any one of his fellow-servants was sick, it was he that was always called for. On these occasions, he did everything in his power to console and instruct the sick person, by the bed-side of whom he was wont to recite his beads, and to say all the prayers he knew. Sometime afterwards he was publicly sold, and purchased by a man who was not a Catholic. He obtained permission to see Father Badin, whom he induced to purchase him, promising that his labor should indemnify him for whatever expense he might incur. A year or two later Father Badin paid him a visit. He was found laboring in the field, and apparently much dejected. Being asked the reason of his sadness, he answered, that he was fearful lest he should die before he could repay his kind master the amount he had expended for his purchase. It is needless to say that he was soon comforted.

"He said prayers, morning and night, with the other servants, all of whom had for him the greatest respect. He gave them the most comfortable beds, and often spent the night in prayer, taking but a brief repose on the hard floor. In the church, he always knelt as immovable as a statue, and was often there for hours before the rest of the congregation. His whole life appeared to be one continual prayer; and he died as he had lived, praying. One morning he was found dead, sitting upright on a stool, his hands clasped in prayer, holding his beads, and his countenance irradiated with a smile." [Sketches, pp 116–117.]

Father Badin was well known to most of the public men of Kentucky, by many of whom he was held in the highest esteem. Among his earlier non-Catholic friends may be named: Richard M. Johnson, afterwards vice-president of the United States; Wm. T. Barry, afterwards senator in congress, postmaster general and minister to Spain; Judge John Rowan, afterwards judge of the court of appeals and senator in congress; Gen. Robert Todd, Judge George Robertson and Robert Alexander, of Lexington; Col. Joe Daviess;* Judge George M. Bibb; Hon. John Pope; Worden Pope, Esq.; and Judges Stephen Ormsby and John P. Oldham, of Louisville. It appeared a real pleasure to these non-Catholic gentlemen, and to many like

* His first acquaintance with Col. Joe Daviess, than whom, in his day, there were few more deservedly popular men in Kentucky, was the result of an accident. Col. Daviess had missed his way while traveling, and accidentally called at St. Stephen's for direction. The acquaintance thus began, soon ripened into a warm mutual friendship. Col. Daviess had never before seen a Catholic priest, and he was astonished to find in Father Badin a man so thoroughly intelligent and polite. The priest loaned him several Catholic works, and he promised to make himself better acquainted with the Catholic doctrine. Col. Daviess was killed in the battle of Tippecanoe, November 7th, 1811.

them in different parts of the State, to have Father Badin a guest in their houses; and, not unfrequently, he was liberally aided by them in his efforts to provide church accommodations for the poorer of his congregations.

In his intercourse with non-Catholics, Father Badin followed a rule that rarely failed to win for him their confidence and respect. He was always courteous, and there was neither boldness nor condescension in his manner of addressing them. He met them simply as equals. He never obtruded upon them either his opinions or his convictions; but when asked the reasons for the hope that was in him, he was as careful to state the exact truth as he was to guard his tongue against language that was in the least calculated to give offence. It was only towards the rudely impertinent that he was in the habit of giving full play to his uncommon powers as a wit and satirist. In such cases, he rarely failed to send his adversaries discomfitted from the field. Here are two cases in point:

Once, when a Protestant minister and one of his friends were riding along a country road, they espied in the distance, approaching them in the direction from which they were riding, the well-known form of Father Badin. He was reading his office—the reins fallen from his hands and loosely dangling from his horse's neck. When the parties met, the Protestant minister addressed him politely, inquired after his health, and they were soon engaged in a conversation which culminated in the following dialogue:

"Father Badin," said the minister, "you are yet a strong and vigorous man, and moderately good-looking; why don't you marry?"

"I am married—I have long been married," said the priest.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the minister. "I always thought that you were a bachelor. Whom did you marry?"

"I was married to the Holy Church of God when I became, by virtue of ordination, one of her ministers," said Father Badin.

"O," said the minister, "I too am married to the church; but I have a woman for my wife."

"Ah," said Father Badin, "You are married to the church, and you are married to a woman! You have two wives, then. All I have to say is, that one or the other of them must be a s——t."

Father Badin was once met by a Presbyterian clergyman, on the road leading from Bardstown to Fairfield. The priest had his saddle strapped upon his back, and was trudging along on foot.

"Where's your horse, Father Badin?" asked the minister.

"He was taken sick and died on the road," answered the priest.

"Did you give him absolution before he died?" questioned the minister.

"O no," answered Father Badin; "it would have been useless; the silly animal turned Presbyterian *in articulo mortis*, and went straight to hell."

The reader will not understand Father Badin as implying by this answer that he was ever in the habit of passing judgment upon the

question of any deceased person's salvation. Catholics never do this, since it is impossible for them to measure either the mercy of God or the disposition of a man at the moment of his death. His answer, the wit of which will not be denied, was meant simply as a proper rebuke to a most impertient question.

It will not surprise Catholics to learn that the number of converts brought into the church by baptism, during Father Badin's public ministry in Kentucky, were reckoned by hundreds. His own example and that of the great majority of those for whose spiritual elevation he was constantly laboring, were ever present incentives to similar uprightness of walk before God for all such as had opportunities to witness their every-day manner of life. In very many cases, conversion was the result of zeal displayed by certain pious laymen and women; and, not unfrequently, the pastor's first knowledge of any such conversion came with the presentation of the party before him sufficiently instructed for baptism.

Among the most noted of Father Badin's converts, may be named Judge James Twyman, a soldier of tried courage in the Indian wars of the State, and afterwards a lawyer of great distinction. He was at once a reasoning and a reasonable man, and when he had once convinced himself of the truth of a propostion, it was not his habit to shirk the responsibility of its open and prompt acceptance. After having had the doctrines of the Church explained to him by Father Badin, he sought for other light through the medium of books; and, with the removal of doubt, he presented himself for baptism with proper christian humility. *

Another of Father Badin's converts was a Mrs. —— Onan, a woman of strong practical sense, and having an excellent memory. Though she was wholly ignorant of letters, she had, so to speak, almost the entire Bible at her fingers' ends. After her conversion, Father Badin was in the habit of occasionally saying mass at her house. Her defection, as they called it, was very unpalatable to her old Protestant friends, and the preachers among them were indefatigable in their endeavors to convince her that she had blundered in changing her religion. When they sought to overwhelm her by displays of their scriptural knowledge, she met their onslaughts by fling-

* On a certain occasion, while he was attending court in the town of Washington, Mason county, Judge Twyman was sitting at the table in the public tavern of the place with a number of his professional brethren and others, when the conversation happened to turn on the subject of religion, and, eventually, on what some of the company were pleased to call "the stupidity of Catholics in worshiping images, and in paying divine honors to the Virgin Mary." During a lull in the table-talk, which, under the excitement of the theme, had been somewhat boisterous, and decidedly abusive of the "Romans" and their religion, Judge Twyman arose to his feet and exclaimed: "Look at me! Do you take me for a fool! I am a Roman Catholic! I was raised a Protestant; and I embraced Catholicism, only after long and careful examination!" The announcement created a sensation, and not another word was said touching either Catholics or their religion.

ing in their faces other passages of the Bible; and she often did this to their manifest confusion.*

Father Badin had little respect for public oral controversy as a means of enlightenment on the subject of religion. But in the state of public sentiment, which was then largely hostile to the Catholic Church, it will not be thought surprising that he was forced at times to act on the defensive. He was often challenged to appear in public debate with the more pugnacious of the Protestant ministers of the day; and, on a few occasions, he was known to lend an unwilling ear to their solicitations. Vastly more learned than any of them, and far better versed in biblical literature, his victories were invariably assured and easy. It was a habit with him, when he happened to hear that a particular Catholic doctrine had been the subject of discourse from some neighborhood Protestant pulpit, to instruct his own people upon the point that had been controverted, so that the intelligent among them might be able to give to honest inquirers a satisfactory explanation of the doctrine impugned.

He had ordinarily too much to do to bandy words with the Protestant ministers of his acquaintance; but he never shirked their advances nor treated them with discourtesy. When, however, they made too great exhibition of either ignorance or insolence, none knew better than he how to put a stopper upon their wordy or offensive outpourings. An apt inuendo, a sharp stroke of wit, or a cutting satire delivered in a single sentence, was generally all that was necessary to induce them to defer to a more fitting opportunity their predetermined and prearranged onslaughts upon "the Romish priest." The anecdotes that follow will give the reader a fair idea of his capabilities as a wit:

On a certain occasion, a preacher who, in addition to his clerical calling, pretended that he was able to discover the presence of water in the earth by the use of the divining-rod, asked him pompously, profanely using the words of our blessed Lord: "Who do men say that I am?" Father Badin answered immediately: "They say that you are a preacher and a water-wizard."

Father Badin had stopped at Danville, on another occasion, with the intention of visiting the family of the late Daniel McIlvoy, the only Catholic resident of the town. A Mr. Vardiman, a well-known Protestant minister of the day, was then in the place, and on the evening before had preached a sermon in ridicule of Catholic practices, and had been especially severe on that of the rosary or beads. Vardiman

* On the occasion of a visit paid by Father Badin to this lady sometime during the year 1808, she informed him that a Baptist preacher, living in the neighborhood, had declared from his pulpit on the Sunday previous, that he was able to prove from the written word of God that the "Romans"—by which term was implied the Catholics—had actually crucified the Savior of the world. The poor man had confounded the Roman soldiers serving under Pilate with the modern "Romans" who had captured Mrs. Onan. This good lady wanted to go at once and refute the absurd charge; but Father Badin persuaded her that it would be best for her to stay at home, to say her prayers, and to permit the preachers to be as absurd as they pleased.

had often met Father Badin before, and seeing him enter the house of Mr. McIlvoy, determined to have a talk with him. He was perceived before reaching Mr. McIlvoy's door, and that gentleman had barely time to inform Father Badin of the sermon of the previous evening, when he entered the room. With true Irish hospitality, Mr. McIvoy set refreshments before his visitors, including a bottle of brandy, remarking incidentally that he believed the latter to be a good article. Father Badin took up the bottle, shook it for a moment, and holding it up to the light remarked, with a sly look at his host, "Ah this is good Catholic brandy; I see that it has the *beads*."

A characteristic anecdote of Father Badin runs thus: A church had been long needed in a certain Catholic neighborhood, and he determined to make an effort to secure enough to build it from the heads of families in the congregation. Having written out proposals for subscriptions, and headed the paper with his own name, he handed it to a gentleman of known liberality by whom it was signed, and after whose name appeared figures constituting a respectable sum of money. To one after another of his parishioners the list was presented by the priest, until all had signed it; but where he had expected subscriptions of tens, the record called only for units. Exhibiting the list afterwards to his single parishioner who had shown reasonable interest in the contemplated work, that gentleman remarked: "Why, Father Badin, one might suppose that the people whose names are here were heretics and not Catholics, so little do they give evidence of christian charity." To this the priest made answer: "I don't know if they be tainted with heresy or not; but of one thing I am quite certain—they are not of the sect of the *Donatists*."

It is not to be denied that the first Catholic settlers in Kentucky were not proverbial for their liberality to the Church. But there are excuses for them to which much weight should be attached. It is to be remembered, in the first place, that they and their forefathers of the old colony of St. Mary's had been served by priests whose stipends were paid out of funds raised for the purpose in Europe. The calls made upon them for money to be expended for religious purposes had been infrequent and for trifling sums. In their new homes, they rightly considered that the first requisite of their isolated situation was a legitimate pastor; but it required years for them to learn the full extent of their obligations in respect to his proper maintenance and that of the altar at which he served. In the second place, the emigrants were very generally poor, at least in the sense that they had very little money.

Upon the declaration of peace, after the war of 1812, there was great rejoicing in Kentucky. In many of the Protestant churches extraordinary services of thanksgiving were held in commemoration of the happy event. Father Badin happened to be in Scott county in the height of the excitement, and a number of his parishioners suggested to him the propriety of holding a similar service according to the Catholic ritual.

He agreed at once; and a day was appointed, and notification given to the neighborhood. A commodious school-house, near the Great Crossings, was fitted up for the occasion; and, at the appointed hour, a large crowd was in attendance, mostly made up of Protestants or non-Catholics. Conspicuous among these were Richard M. Johnson and William T. Barry. At the close of the mass of thanksgiving, Father Badin turned to those present and said: "Now, my friends, you will kneel down with me, and we will give thanks to the good Lord for His mercies." The Catholics present, of course, came to their knees at once; but these did not number one in ten of the audience. Again the priest lifted up his voice and said: "All you who are *christians* will kneel down with me and thank the Lord for His mercies!" Thus apostrophized, the greater number of the standers fell upon their knees. But there was a goodly number still standing, and among them were the parties above named. Fixing his eyes upon those leaders of society and political action, Father Badin exclaimed: "All you who are *gentlemen* will kneel down with me and return thanks to the Lord our God who has remembered us in mercy!" It is needless to say that there was no more faltering in that assemblage.*

* This anecdote comes to me from Patrick Joyce, Esq. of Louisville, a Protestant friend, who had it from one who was present on the occasion referred to in the text.

Among my earliest recollections of persons, there are few that remain to the present time more distinct than those that refer to Father Badin. He was often at the house of my father, in Bardstown, when I was a child; and, as he took occasion to tell me a quarter of a century later, the two had been devoted friends. It is quite certain that I have no memory of the time when I did not know him. I am not sure, however, that the picture I propose to give of his person, is not to be referred rather to what I have heard concerning his appearance than to my own early impressions. In 1819, the time to which I allude, I was not yet six years old, and Father Badin had entered upon his fifty-second year. He was a little under the average height of men, and though compactly built, I doubt if his average weight was over a hundred and forty pounds. His face was healthfully florid; his eyes, hazel in color, and kindly in expression, were often seen flashing with humor; and his hair, slightly streaked with gray, with here and there an independent lock that appeared half disposed to curl, hung disorderedly about his forehead and ears. He was impulsive in both speech and action, and not a little given to jesting when in the company of his friends. There was at this time no indecision in his movements, and no appearance of loss of physical energy.

CHAPTER XII.

REV. CHARLES NERINCKX.

By many persons, Rev. Charles Nerinckx is regarded equally entitled with Rev. Father Badin, to the honor and distinction of having consolidated the Catholic faith in Kentucky. His name is to this day associated in the minds of the Catholic people of the State with the idea conveyed by the term *robustness*. He is still looked upon by numbers of the faithful of the country, as having been, *par excellence*, the missionary of his day in the west; as having imbibed in a greater degree than others, the spirit of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and as having labored unceasingly, as did his great prototype, to render his ministry profitable to those to whom he had been sent. It is not the purpose of the writer to give here any extended sketch of the life of this extraordinary priest. That has already been admirably done by Rev. C. P. Maes, whose "Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx" has been before the public since 1880. Besides, elsewhere in this history, and in many places, his labors in connection with many of the early missions of the State, have been abundantly referred to.

Charles Nerinckx was the oldest of fourteen children born to their parents, Sebastian Nerinckx and Petronilla Langendries, of the village of Herffelingen, in Belgium. The father was a physician of some note, and he was still more notable for his many christian virtues. The mother is compared, by the biographer of her son, to the "valiant woman" of Holy Writ. That the comparison is just, is implied by the fact that two of her sons became priests, and three of her daughters nuns. Soon after the birth of their first child and son, October 2d, 1761, the family removed to Ninove, in East Flanders, where, as the author of the "Life of Father Nerinckx," tells us, "the couple lived secluded and without ostentation; distinguished, if at all, from their neighbors, more by the earnestness and priest-like zeal which the doctor brought to the discharge of his duties, and the unobtrusive piety and conscientious care with which the young mother governed her household, than by any exterior show." Charles Nerinckx was sent, first to the college of Enghein, near Ninove, and afterwards to that of Gheel. The third school entered by him was the Catholic University of Louvain, whence, in 1781, he became a student in the theological seminary of Mechlin. His ordination took

place toward the end of the year 1785; and, a year later, he was appointed vicar of the Metropolitan parish of St. Rumoldus, Mechlin. In 1794, he was promoted to the pastorship of Everberg-Meerbeke, where he entered upon his work with such earnestness as to soon bring about many needed reforms. He remodeled the church, and changed the aspect of the parish from one of recognized disorder and irreligion, to one in which was to be seen regularity and a high degree of practical piety. In 1797, the armies of the French revolution reached Belgium, and all was confusion. Warned that an order for his arrest had been issued, he fled by night, disguised as a peasant, and was enabled to secrete himself in the hospital of St. Blase, Dendermonde, where his aunt, Mother Constantia Langendries, was of the sisterhood in charge. For four years, says his biographer, Father Nerinckx devoted himself in secret to labors in the interests of religion and humanity. Unknown, except to the members of the community, and to those to whom he was introduced by them, mostly patients in the institution, his ministrations bore abundant fruits. After his mass for the community, which was said at two o'clock in the morning, he visited the wounded prisoners shut up in the hospital, and awaiting execution. He administered to them the last sacraments, and blessed them from his secret hiding-place, as they passed through the portals of the hospital to unmerited death. Often, too, at the peril of his life, he visited, by stealth, his abandoned parish of Meerbeke, administering the sacraments to his forlorn people, and encouraging them to bear their trials with patience. He was often in proximate danger of discovery, but trustful in the protection of Providence, he persevered, taking his rest in the day and laboring at night. This was continued for four years, and then there came a change that left him free to labor in his native land, but not untrammelled by conditions that he looked upon as burdensome to conscience.

As early as the year 1800, Father Nerinckx had thoughts of devoting himself to the foreign missions. On the 20th of November, 1803, he applied to Bishop Carroll, by letter, for admission to the ranks of his clerical force, and upon the receipt of that prelate's assurance of welcome, he made preparation for his voyage to America. On the 14th of August, 1804, he embarked for the United States from Amsterdam, and on the 14th of October he arrived at Baltimore and was kindly received by Bishop Carroll.

The hapless condition of the Catholic people in Kentucky was at this time a subject of grief and embarrassment to Bishop Carroll. For more than two years his vicar in that distant mission had been overwhelmed with work. With none to assist him for that length of time, he had vainly striven to stretch his ministry so as to make it available to all. There was no neglect, no lack of energy on his part, but the field was too great to be gone over by any one man, and the number of the faithful too many to enable any one priest to minister to the spiritual needs of all. People were left for months without any oppor-

tunity of hearing mass; they were even dying without the grace of the Sacraments, and there was no help for it. Father Badin had repeatedly implored his superior to send him an assistant; but, anxious as had been Bishop Carroll to do so, he had hitherto been wholly unable to comply with his wishes. The coming of Father Nerinckx under such circumstances, was regarded by him as providential; and when the good ecclesiastic was told of the urgency of the case, he did not hesitate for a moment, but announced his readiness to go at once to the assistance of his over-worked brother priest in the wilds of Kentucky.

Father Nerinckx reached the humble residence of Father Badin on the 18th of July, 1805, and at once the two priests became fast friends and energetic co-workers in the wide field of missionary duty to which they had been assigned. The Belgian priest was at this time in the 45th year of his age, and knowing little as yet of the spoken language of the country, it is presumable that most of his time for a few months after his arrival at St. Stephen's was given to the study of English. He never did acquire a correct pronunciation of the language, but he was soon able to make himself understood, and for the rest, the man and his manners were all sufficient to impress favorably all listeners to his sermons and exhortations.

Nominally, the residence of Father Nerinckx was with Father Badin, at St. Stephen's, until the arrival of Bishop Flaget in Kentucky in the summer of 1811. In fact, he was only to be found there when his associate was engaged on one or another of his distant missions. For the rest of the time he was a true nomad, here to-day and there to-morrow, but always where his services were most needed. His first winter in Kentucky was spent in preaching the jubilee, and the fruits of his labors were of sufficient importance to fill his heart with joy and thankfulness to God. A characteristic letter written by him early in December, 1805, and copied by Rev. C. P. Maes in the history he has given us of his life, should have in it much of interest to Catholics of the present day in Kentucky:

"On the second of December, we opened the first jubilee ever held in this part of the New World. About 1 P. M., we walked in procession from the parish church, now called Holy Cross, to the house where the Trappists live, a distance of nearly a mile. I had the happiness of carrying the most blessed Sacrament, and gave benediction from an altar built alongside the street (road). The priests of the Trappist community assisted, and the people showed much devotion. The good work is eminently successful, but it is impossible to do justice to it; it is as much beyond our strength as the sun is above our heads. We find out scores of people of twenty years and over who never made their first communion. Early rising, hard work and late meals tell on us all, and we are so lean that we will soon be able to worry through the narrow gate of heaven. God grant it!"

In April, 1806, Fathers Nerinckx and Badin visited Post Vincennes, where they remained for seven days engaged in missionary work.

Before this time, Father Nerinckx had serious thoughts of joining the Trappists. Happily for the thousands who were afterwards benefitted by his ministry, he was dissuaded from his purpose by the remonstrances of Bishop Carroll and Father Badin. He had not been ten years in the State before he was known by the title of the "church builder." Dr. Spalding tells us that he put up, or caused to be put up, ten churches during the nineteen years he was connected with the missions of the State. These were: Holy Mary's, on the Rolling Fork; St. Charles', on Hardin's creek; St. Augustine's, in Lebanon, and the renewed church of Holy Cross, all in the present county of Marion; St. Anthony's and St. Romuald's, in Breckinridge county; St. Clare's, in Hardin county; St. Patrick's in Mercer county; St. Bernard's on Casey creek, in Adair county, and St. Augustine's, in Grayson county.

The traditions respecting Father Nerinckx that have come down to the present time and are common among Catholics living in the central parts of the State, represent him as a wonder of zeal, of piety and of physical and intellectual energy. According to these traditions, he gave to his work the full measure of his time and the utmost strength of his faculties. He was so much a stranger to sloth that he gave to repose but half its dues, and this grudgingly. No sooner did he find his work done at one church or station than he was off to another.* He appeared to court the things that were less agreeable to the natural man. Toil was the element in which he lived, and the more he found to do, the more he also appeared to give himself up to his work, and to praise God for having given him the strength to compass it. A ride of fifty miles without breaking his fast was with him a common occurrence; and then, it might be, after having partaken of a cup of milk and a corn dodger, or probably as much bread and a slice of bacon, cold from the dinner of the day, he would hear confessions till far in the night, and be up to resume his work by day-break in the morning. He was little dainty in respect to the food he ate, eating but to sustain life, and often preferring to endure hunger rather than to give trouble to others.† Reaching a station after the household was asleep, he

* Father Nerinckx was of the average height of men, but heavily and compactly built. His weight, added to the speed at which he traveled and the length of his journeys, would have been too much for ordinary equine resistance. Satisfied himself of this fact, he was on the constant look-out for a horse that would enable him to go swiftly on sick calls, and to fulfill the least and greatest of his engagements. He was fortunate enough to secure, in the early years of his missionary career in Kentucky, an animal that never failed him, no matter how exacting were the tasks required of his heels. In time the ubiquitous priest was a no more familiar object in the Catholic settlements of Central Kentucky than was his famous horse, *Printer*. Anecdotes of this animal's extraordinary performances were rife in the State sixty years ago; but since my present business is not with the horse, but his master, I will have to forego their repetition here.

† Writing to his parents in 1807, he thus describes his bodily ailments and their cause: "I feel that my strength of body is diminishing, and my vigor of mind giving way under the constant pressure of hard work. I am frequently troubled with diarrhœa and indigestion, owing to reasons which I cannot

would stable his horse and take his own rest under no more favorable conditions; and when the inmates of the house arose next morning, they would find him up, and either saying his office or making his meditation before mass.

Father Nerinckx was an austere man, but he was singularly free from moroseness. Whatever he did or said, few, if any, ever misinterpreted his motives. It was plain to all that he was at once forgetful of self and mindful of his neighbor. His very severities, and no one could be more severe on occasion, appeared to be drawn from him by the jealous regard he had for truth and the honor of his Divine Master. His estimate of his own capabilities was modest in the extreme. Eminently successful as a pastor of souls in his own country, and equally so as a missionary priest in Kentucky, he appeared to be filled with distrust of the adequateness of his labors; and when, in 1808, he was informed of his appointment to the See of New Orleans, he rested not till he had secured release from the designated honor. He was ready to accept the labors of the Louisiana mission, but he shrank from the idea of episcopal responsibility in giving to them shape and direction.

Anecdotes of Father Nerinckx's great physical strength are quite numerous. It is safe to say that the labor of his hands was equal to that of any other two twice told in the building of every church in Kentucky with whose construction his name has been connected. His adventure with a rough character named Hardin is well told by Dr. Spalding. It would seem that the priest was in the habit of speaking plainly of breaches of decorum in church, and one day he animadverted severely against the ill conduct of a knot of young men who were disturbing the solemnity of the place and the occasion. One of them, the party named, took serious offense at the reprimand, and vowed vengeance against the priest. He was a stalwart fellow, and not a little of a bully, and he took occasion to waylay the priest and to demand his submission to a drubbing. Before Father Nerinckx was aware of his motive, however, he had seized the bridle of his horse, and by a dexterous use of his knife, parted one of the stirrup-leathers that hung from his saddle-flaps. To the young man's imperious demand that he should dismount and engage with him in a fist-fight the priest answered mildly, as became him; he assured him that he had not intended personal offense by the language he had used; and he begged him to remember that he was a minister of religion, and that it would he wholly unbecoming in him to accept his challenge. The bully would not be put off, and the priest was forced to dismount. Avoiding the blow struck at him by the infuriated man, Father Nerinckx clasped him in his arms, and, with more of gentleness than the occasion demanded, laid him flat on the ground. The fellow did not

avoid: among others, long fastings and very irregular meals. Many a day I have only one very late meal, entirely different from the food I was used to." [Life C. N. p 128.]

care to experiment further with a man whose hug was resistless, and upon his promise to behave himself for the future, he was permitted to rise and go about his business.

In rail-making, as is well known by woodsmen, the first insertion into the log of the iron wedge used for splitting it apart, can ordinarily be accomplished only by gentle taps of the maul, delivered upon the head of the wedge. A hard blow at this early stage of the operation is almost sure to end disastrously, as many a discomfitted tyro in the business has found out to his cost. One day, when the country was new to him, Father Nerinckx witnessed for the first time the operation of splitting rails on the farm occupied by Mr. Basil Mattingly. Observing the singularity of the process, he asked to be permitted to attack the wedge without the preliminary of easy tapping as described. "But the wedge will rebound, Father Nerinckx, and it may strike and hurt you," cautioned Mr. Mattingly. The priest persisted, and having struck the edge of the instrument through the bark until it stood upright, he took the maul in hand and with a single blow drove it more than one-half its length into the stiff wood. There was no rebound of course, because there could not be; and Mr. Mattingly was afterwards in the habit of declaring that in all his experience he had never witnessed an exhibition of such wonderful physical power.

Dr. Spalding tells us that though Father Nerinckx had charge of but six congregations, the stations served by him were many, and that these were "scattered over the whole extent of Kentucky." Wherever he could learn that there were Catholic settlers, however few, there he established a station. The labors he thus voluntarily assumed would now be esteemed incredible. He was a swift rider, and he was never known to waste an hour of his time, but it ordinarily took him six weeks to make the circuit of his churches and stations.

The terms "rest," "recreation," "sociality," had no meaning for one who had given himself altogether to God and to the interests of the souls purchased by the blood of His Son. He lived and labored as if the words of the beloved disciple were ever before his eyes in letters of fire: "I must work the works of Him that sent me whilst it is yet day; the night cometh when no man can work." He recked not of personal danger at any time when it was question of priestly duty. More than once when he had been called to the sick, he swam rivers at flood-tide, and on one such occasion he was swept from his horse's back and only saved himself from drowning by a fortunate grasp he made at the tail of the noble animal he was riding.

Wherever he went, his confessional was thronged with penitents. His very appearance was a suggestion of God's mercy and goodness to sinners. Then it was his habit before entering the confessional to address those who had assembled for the reception of the sacrament on its nature, conditions and the dispositions with which it should be approached. Austere elsewhere, in the sacred tribunal he was kind and tender and patient. It is still of tradition in those parts of Kentucky in which he labored that it was a rare thing to find one of his

penitents backsliding into grievous sin; and it is quite certain that the present descendants of those who were once his penitents are among the most pious and exemplary of their respective congregations.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of Father Nerinckx was his attentiveness to the spiritual needs of the "little ones of Christ"—the children and servants of the congregations served by him. With these he took infinite pains, firmly, yet gently, leading them by the pathway of knowledge to the love of their religion, and to a rightful appreciation of duty. It is said that his manner of dealing with children was most winning, and that the affection they had for him was everywhere remarkable. "In Kentucky, as in Belgium," says Dr. Spalding, "he sought to inculcate a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Under her invocation was dedicated the first church built by him in Kentucky, that of Holy Mary's. His churches were generally built in the form of a cross, the two arms of which, with one half of the body, were occupied respectively by the men and the women, who were always kept separate. After mass, he was in the habit of practicing a devotion that was as beautiful as it was touching and impressive. In the center of the Church, and surrounded by the children of the congregation, he would place himself on his knees, and with arms extended in the shape of a cross, the attending children assuming the same position, he would recite prayers in honor of the five wounds of our divine Lord. The parents often joined with their children in this moving devotion. After this, he would lead his little congregation into the adjoining graveyard, where he caused them to visit and pray over the graves of their deceased relatives and friends."

Quoting from letters of Bishop Flaget, Dr. Spalding inserts the following in his sketch of the life of the renowned missionary: "the continual traveling which M. Nerinckx was obliged to undergo, at all seasons of the year, and exposed to every inconvenience, would have terrified the most enterprising pioneers. . . . He made two journeys to Europe, and the valuables he secured for the Church of Kentucky, were equivalent to the sum of $15,000.*

"Nothing could exceed his devotion to the Holy Sacrament of our altars. Never did he permit a day to pass without celebrating mass, when that was possible; and a rule of his monasteries is, to keep up, even during the night, the perpetual adoration by a succession of two sisters to two sisters before the Holy Sacrament. This good man had also great filial piety toward Mary, the Mother of Jesus. . . . Often did the pious ejaculation, which he was in the habit of teaching to others, escape from his own lips: 'Oh, suffering Jesus! Oh, sorrowful Mary!' In all the churches attended by him he established the society of the Holy Rosary and the confraternity and sisterhood of the Scapular; and almost all the Catholics of his congregations are still enrolled

* A single one of the pictures presented to him for the cathedral of the diocese, and now to be seen in that of the Assumption, Louisville, is intrinsically worth more than half this sum.

in one or more of these pious societies. . . . Nothing could be more edifying than his piety toward the dead. He never permitted a week to pass without offering up the mass for their repose."

Father Nerinckx was a wonderful man; and he was alike wonderful in what may not be inappropriately termed the audacity of his courage and in his extraordinary humility. He was a giant to labor, and a child to receive and profit by instruction. But his labors in the field of missionary enterprise, great beyond computation as they were, were dwarfed by a single work of his, the beneficial results of which have gone on increasing to the present day. He was the founder of the institute of Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross, better known in his own lifetime, as the Sisterhood of Loretto. Had he done nothing else for Catholicity in the United States, this one consummation of his zeal and charity were still enough to perpetuate his fame with the Catholic people of the country. This noble institute, still guided by the spirit he infused into its rules, has now its arms stretched out till its finger tips, so to speak, are touching the sea to the West; and, wherever the sisterhood has been established, its members are to be found teaching the young of their sex what they owe to heaven, to their parents and to themselves.

We come now to the facts, alleged and ascertained, which induced Rev. Charles Nerinckx to abandon the diocese in 1824, and which shortly preceded his death. There was, undoubtedly, divergence of opinion between Rev. G. I. Chabrat, local superior of the convent of Bethania, near Fairfield, a branch establishment of the Loretto institute, and himself in regard to the rules he had promulgated for the government of the community. Father Chabrat looked upon these rules as unbearable because of their severity, and he repeatedly called the attention of Bishop Flaget to them with a view to their modification. On the other hand, as is alleged, the sisters were themselves opposed to the change. They had memory of their associates who had already reached heaven by the way of mortification, and they seemed to fear that their own progress toward perfection would be impeded in proportion to their deviation from the paths they trod. Dr. Chabrat, says the biographer of Father Nerinckx, was trying to arrogate to himself the right of altering, at Bethania, the rules of the society; he censured the piety of its ecclesiastical superior as visionary and over-done; he urged his removal; and, in 1824, "he wrote to Bishop Flaget a lengthy letter in which he enumerated all his complaints against him and his style of piety, censuring him for excessive rigor in his government of the community, and for unnecessary severity in the direction of souls. The bishop was much embarrassed, for he held both priests in great esteem. He made known to the superior, however, the complaints that had been made against him, but left his future course to his own prudence."

Under the circumstances related, Father Nerinckx concluded that it would be best for all concerned that he should leave Kentucky and devote the remainder of his days to his former and abandoned project

of Indian conversion. He left Loretto on horseback on the 16th of June, 1824, accompanied by Brother James Van Rysselberghe, whom he had brought with him to the country in 1821, and he reached the convent of Bethlehem, in Perry county, Missouri, where had been established, the year before, a branch house of his beloved sisterhood of Loretto, on the 20th of July following. He told the sisters he had come to pass the remainder of his days with them, and to have his bones rest in their graveyard.

The remnant of life that was left to him after his removal to Missouri was not idly spent. He arranged with the Indian agents in St. Louis for the education of twelve Indian girls at Bethlehem, the government to pay for tuition. A house was even put up for their accommodation, but the Indians never occupied it.* On his return way to Bethlehem he heard of a settlement of Catholics that had not been visited by a priest for more than two years. Reaching a house to which he had been directed, he had the Catholic people of the neighborhood called together; and, says his biographer, he was engaged with them from an early hour in the morning till three in the afternoon, giving them instructions, hearing their confessions and administering to them the holy communion. He wound up this last day of his active ministry by inducing those present to take up a subscription for the building of a church, toward which he subscribed himself ten dollars, and those immediately interested not far from a thousand. That evening he was taken so severely ill that he was obliged to give up the idea of saying mass the following morning. The morning of the day after, he did say mass, and, soon afterwards, still accompanied by Brother Rysselberghe, he rode twelve miles to St. Genevieve, to the residence of Rev. A. Dahmen, pastor of the congregation, where he was received with the greatest kindness and affection. He heard mass on Sunday, August 8th, and on that day and part of the next he appeared to be better. From Monday noon to Thursday he gradually grew worse, and on that day, the 12th of the month, he received the last sacraments from the hands of Father Dahmen and peacefully fell asleep in Christ.

The announcement of his death in Kentucky was the occasion of general sorrow among Catholics. He was personally known by the greater number of these, and where that was not the case, there were none who had not knowledge of his reputation for sanctity. The fact of his death was announced from the pulpit of the cathedral, Bardstown, by Bishop Flaget himself, and as he told the story of his life and death, of the services he had rendered to the diocese, and of the christian virtues that ennobled his character, his eyes overflowed and the tones of his voice were indicative of deep anguish. The cathedral congregation had seen less, possibly, of Father Nerinckx than any other in the State; but a stranger in their presence that day would have

* Father Nerinckx's biographer tells us that this breach of contract was owing to the death of the priest a few days later.

thought that the dead priest had been bound to them by long-established pastoral ties. Among the people of his own congregations there was felt much keener sorrow, but to this was added a sentiment that was akin to triumph. They had been served by a saint! —thus they reasoned—and they had now an intercessor in heaven who would pity them because they had been his children. His orphaned daughters of Mary were inconsolable. They prayed for him, to be sure, and they offered up their communions for his eternal repose; but there was not one of them that did not believe in her heart that she was more in need of prayers than he. They had before treasured the rules he had given them, but they now esteemed them a legacy that was beyond price. But it was not in Kentucky alone that the death of the laborious and saintly Nerinckx was regarded with peculiar sorrow, and that the life that preceded it was held to have been patterned after that of the Great Model of perfection, Christ himself. The odor of his sanctity had penetrated the whole western land, and the faithful and generally overworked clergy had been encouraged to perseverance by his example.*

In December, 1833, the body of Father Nerinckx was exhumed by Brother Charles Gilbert and removed to Kentucky. It now rests in the center of the conventual graveyard of the Loretto sisterhood, within a short distance of the former St. Stephen's, where the missionary first had his home in Kentucky with Father Badin, and where a monument of white marble covers his grave.

* Sixty years ago it was no uncommon belief among the Catholic people of Kentucky that Father Nerinckx had power given him of God to work miracles. To this day marvelous things are related of him in this connection in the localities wherein he was best known. Without vouching for the absolute truth of the relations, I care not to express my personal conviction that there is enough in them to give pause to doubt. The idea that the Church of Christ, since the last of the apostles of our blessed Lord was transferred from earth to heaven, has suffered privation of all the attestation of its divine character that is to be derived from miraculous events, is wholly unacceptable to Catholic christians. These know and feel that for the honor and glory of God and the welfare of souls redeemed by the blood of His Son, there is not a day that passes in which divine power is not manifested in the sight of men in ways that are not to be comprehended by the finite mind. They believe that now, just as was the case when the shadow of St. Peter fell upon the sick and they were cured of their maladies, God deigns to invest certain of His servants with power to work wonders in His name. Father Nerinckx was undoubtedly a man of very great sanctity, and when it is said of such a one, as his biographer declares it to have been the case with the saintly missionary, that his hands raised in blessing over those who had been bitten by venomous reptiles was all sufficient to destroy the poison that was commingling with their blood, the consistent Catholic will discover in the fact nothing repugnant to his faith-enlightened reason.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRAPPISTS IN KENTUCKY.

The first attempt of the Order of Our Lady of La Trappe to establish itself in America was made in the year 1804. In that year, in order to escape persecution, its French members were obliged to flee their country, and a colony of them, under the leadership of Father Urban Guillet, came to America and settled at Pigeon Hills, near Conawago, Pennsylvania. This colony was composed of eight priests, seventeen laybrothers, and a number of boys who had been taken in charge by the Order in France, to be reared religiously and in the knowledge of one or another of the useful trades. After a residence of a single year at Pigeon Hills, the entire colony removed to Kentucky and settled on lands about one mile removed from Holy Cross church, in Nelson county. Writing of their arrival in Kentucky, under date of November — 1805, Rev. Charles Nerinckx thus speaks of their journey from Pennsylvania: "The Trappists have had a sad and expensive journey; most of them have been sick, and two, to whom I gave the last sacraments, have died in their present residence. . . . Had I remained with them I would have arrived here a month and a half later, and, most likely, sick of the same fever. . . . In my opinion, Father Urban, their superior, is not a man in the right place."

It is not to be doubted that the manner of living adopted by the severe Order of La Trappe was wholly unsuited to the exigencies that were natural to the position in which these religious found themselves at the time. The clearing of their lands, and the erection of proper buildings in which to live, involved waste of energy that was not to be renewed by the use of lentils for food, and only lentils. Besides, the people of the settlement had not yet learned the process of storing vegetables and fruits for winter use, and it is not improbable that, owing to their inability to procure what was allowable under their rules, their aliment was meagre in both quantity and quality during the fall and winter months immediately following their appearance in the State.

Under such circumstances, it is little wonderful that there was suffering in the home of the Trappists on Pottinger's creek, and that there should have appeared amongst them many cases of severe and even fatal illness.

But not void of happy results was the short stay of the Trappists in Kentucky. They established a school for boys in which these were taught, in addition to the elementary branches of useful knowledge, how to make themselves favorites of God and exemplars of christian piety. They reconciled sinners to God, and they visited the sick in the neighborhood of their monastery. People were taught by them, without any formulary of words, to measure values: the world to come with that present; the joys of heaven with the pleasures of sense; the narrow way that leads to life with the broad thoroughfare, trod by many feet, whose end is destruction.

It is a happy circumstance for Catholicity in Kentucky that very many of those who were to become in time fathers of families were indebted for their christian education and training to the monks of La Trappe. What they learned of their faith from the mouths of these religious was scarcely more valuable to them in after-life than was the memory they retained of their contempt for the world and their absorption in divine things. Removing to other parts of Kentucky, as many of them did, and some to other States of the Union, they carried with them memories of sanctified life, familiar to their perceptions in boyhood, that were invaluable to them as reminders that it is only by the way of the cross that heaven is to be reached and felicity secured.

The extreme rigor of the rule of the Order of La Trappe, in no wise relaxed by its followers in Kentucky, is thus described by Dr. Spalding: "They observed a perpetual silence; they slept on boards, with nothing but a blanket for covering and a canvass bag stuffed with straw for a pillow; their hours for repose were from 8 p. m. till midnight; they took but one meal a day, and they neither ate meat nor fish, nor eggs nor butter. Their life was thus a continued penance and prayer." He goes on to say that the climate of Kentucky was not compatible with such austerities, and that five of the fathers and three of the laybrothers "fell victims to disease and were buried in Holy Cross church-yard."

Father Urban was undoubtedly a man of great sanctity; but just as undoubtedly his judgment was faulty. After three years he became possessed of the notion that it was his duty and that of his brethren, to labor for the conversion and civilization of the Indians. He would go further west, build a monastery upon the plains, and gather the nomads about it to learn of him, and others of his associates, the perfection of christianity. The impracticability of the scheme never once presented itself to his mind. While he knew nothing whatever of Indian nature and habit, he was unable to resist the impulse by which he was moved to attempt his evangelization. In the spring of 1809, he caused to be built on the banks of the Beech Fork of Salt river, about three miles from Bardstown, a flat-boat, and having launched his craft and placed upon it all the movables of the establishment, he and his brethren embarked on the frail vessel and proceeded to the Ohio river, and down that stream as far as the present town of Cairo. After many delays and discouraging difficulties, their boat was towed up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence up that stream and the Missouri river

to the landing nearest the town of Florissant, where Father Urban had determined they should remain. A year later they again removed, this time to Looking-glass prairie, a point on the Mississippi about six miles above St. Louis, in the State of Illinois, where a Mr. Jarot, a resident of Kahokias, had presented them with a farm. The striking feature of this farm was, that upon it stood a number of Indian mounds, to one of which, larger than the rest, from the time the monks of La Trappe held possession of the place, was given the name of Monks' Mound. On the open prairie, around the bases of these artificial hills, the Trappists built up a little village.*

The good monks were not here given opportunity to carry out their design of Indian conversion. There were red men in plenty, to be sure, all along the banks of the upper Mississippi, and sometimes they came almost to their very doors; but they were all hostile and dangerously so. "The monks," says Dr. Spalding, "were never molested in their establishment, but many persons were killed and scalped in the immediate vicinity of the place; and the youths belonging to the establishment were often compelled to join parties of white people who were organized for the pursuit and chastisement of the savages."†

For more than a year of their residence in Illinois, there was war between the whites and the savages of the Northwest. Dr. Spalding relates that on the occasion of the defeat of the Indians at Tippecanoe, Nov. 7th, 1811, by the forces under Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, the Trappists, though two hundred miles from the scene of strife, distinctly heard the reports of the cannon fired during the battle. This anomaly is explained by abnormal atmospheric conditions at the time of the action. With their hopes frustrated in regard to the conversion of the Indians; with the strife between the whites and Indians, soon to be followed by the conflict of 1812 between Great Britain and her savage allies and the United States; with even severer trials from the presence of sickness and death in their own ranks than they had been called upon to endure in Kentucky, the Trappists became gradually more and more satisfied that the time was not yet ripe for the successful establishment of their Order in America. The discouragement felt by themselves was communicated to their superiors in Europe, and the survivors were finally called home.‡

*"In excavating for the foundations of their houses," says Dr. Spalding, "the monks discovered bones, idols, beads, implements of war, and many other Indian antiquities."

†Dr. Spalding adds to the above: "The savages appeared to feel awe of the monks. They often paused in the vicinity of the Trappists' chapel while the monks where chanting the praises of God in the midst of the bones of their fathers."

‡The establishment was broken up in March, 1813, and the greater number of its members proceeded by keel-boat down the Mississippi to its junction with the Ohio, and up the latter river to Pittsburg, whence they finally reached the seaboard and sailed for France. Their journey up the Ohio was both

But the white-robed monks of La Trappe came to Kentucky at a later day, and this time their superior, Rev. Father Maria Eutropius, proved himself a man of determination, no less than of prudence and courage. He and his associates formed a colony sent to America from the Abbey of Melleray, near Nantes, Loire Inferieure, France, and they settled on a farm previously purchased by the order from the sisterhood of Loretto, and formerly occupied by them as the seat of a nunnery and female academy, which was then, and is still known by its title of *Gethsemani.* The farm referred to has an area of sixteen hundred acres; it lies in Nelson county, near the line of the Knoxville branch of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and the grand establishment which is now its commanding feature may be reached in three hours from Louisville. It was near the close of the year 1848 that the second and successful attempt was made to establish in Kentucky a house of the Order of La Trappe. A little less than three years thereafter the late Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, then bishop of Louisville, thus wrote of the young establishment at Gethsemani and of those from whose coming he augured happy results for his diocese.

"The religious belonging to this community, whose lives, like those of all who belong to the 'More Strict Observance of the Cistercian order,' are passed in solitary silence, labor and prayer, employ the time not given to religious exercises in manual labor. They work at various handicraft trades and as tillers of the soil. Men who are not encumbered by wives or children, or by obligations to labor for the support of others, may be received as novices, providing they accept the rule and are willing to abide by the established customs of the monastery. The superior of the community, Rev. Father Maria Eutropius, went to Rome last year to recommend the new colony to the fatherly protection of the Sovereign Pontiff. He was most kindly received by his Holiness, who was pleased to place in his hands a rescript bearing date July 21st, 1850, by which the new monastery, before ranked only as a Priory, was raised to the dignity and concomitant privileges of an Abbey. Upon his return, Father Eutropius was unanimously elected Abbot of Gethsemani, first of that name, and the first election to the office of Abbot on the continent of America. The proceeding was afterwards confirmed by Rome, and full power was granted to the Bishop of Louisville to consecrate the Abbot-elect in accordance with the rites and ceremonies of the Church.

"The fathers have already established a school for the gratuitous education of male children of any denomination, and there are now more than sixty children being taught therein reading, writing, arithmetic and English grammar. Every Sunday they give religious instruc-

fatiguing and dangerous, but it ended without any serious mishaps. The prior at the time, Father Maria Joseph Durand, remained for some time after the departure of his brethren engaged in the work of the holy ministry at St. Charles, Missouri. Quite a number of the young men who were attached to the establishment, remained in the United States and prosecuted the trades they had learned under their monkish masters.

tion to a large congregation composed of people living within a few miles of the church. Their offices and religious ceremonies are conducted with much decorum; their exterior, denoting as it does the very spirit of mortification, does not hide from the looker-on the lively joy that inflames their countenances; and altogether, edification has been the result of their appearance in Kentucky, as well for Protestants as for Catholics. Among the former there have been instances of those 'who came to scoff, and remained to pray.'"

The remainder of the account given by Bishop Spalding may be condensed into short space. They are cramped, he tells us, for room, in respect to both church accommodation and family living. They are in need of funds to build a suitable church and a monastery expansive enough for their needs. They had been obliged hitherto to content themselves with a number of log-cabins, mostly disconnected, that had formerly sufficed for the lesser wants of the former owners of the place, the sisters of Loretto. Their church was too contracted to admit the attendance of others than the members of the community. On extraordinary occasions, in order to afford the people of the neighborhood opportunity to hear mass, they were under the necessity of erecting an altar in the open air. He thus concludes: "When it is considered that these humble followers of the God-man are filled with but zeal and charity, the first for God's glory and the last for the welfare of their fellow-men, it may be easily imagined with what anxiety they wait for the necessary means of realizing their hopes — the funds requisite for the building of a church and monastery. . . . If unceasing industry, heart-felt piety toward God and habitual charity toward God's creatures meet with just reward, even in this world, it may be expected that their church and monastery will soon rise in the wilderness of Gethsemani, beacon-lights to guide erring sinners on the way to salvation."

The thirty-four years that have elapsed since the above was written have witnessed a wonderful transformation at the Abbey of Gethsemani. The buildings since put up are on a magnificent scale. Including church, convent and guest-house, they form one immense square, and the approach to the pile is through an avenue of trees and shrubbery, in the center of which is a life-size statue in white marble of Mary Immaculate. The church is a beautiful Gothic structure, so arranged as to form two chapels, one for the community and one for the congregation.* The lay-brothers of the Order cultivate the large farm attached to the Abbey, and they have charge also of a flouring mill, to which the neighboring farmers are in the habit of repairing with their grists for grinding.

One feature of the establishment is worthy of special mention; and that is, the facilities it affords to the thoughtless and the sin-laden for

* For many years the laics who attend church at the Abbey have been served by Father Louis Hoste, a venerable secular priest, formerly of the diocese of Nashville, who is passing the closing years of his long and useful life at Gethsemani.

temporary retirement from the world, and reflection on "the one thing necessary," the affair of their salvation. It has become a habit with many persons, clergymen as well as laics, to avail themselves yearly of the privilege here offered them of engaging, under wise direction, in the exercises of the spiritual retreat.

In 1851 there were connected with the Abbey of Gethsemani nine priests and forty-two lay-brothers, eleven of the latter being novices. In religion, the names of the priests were: Rev. Maria Eutropius, abbot; Rev. Maria Paulinus, prior; Rev. Maria Euthemius, sub-prior; Rev. Maria Emmanuel, procurator; Rev. Maria Jerome, secretary; Rev. Maria Joseph, master of novices; Revs. Maria Placidus and Maria Theotimus, choir-masters, and Rev. Maria Basil, master of German novices. In 1852, Rev. Maria Benedict succeeded Rev. Maria Paulinus in the office of prior, and Father Maria Simon in that of confessor of laics. The number of fathers attached to the abbey was at that time eleven.

The statistics of the institution for the year 1883, are as follows: Rt. Rev. M. Benedict, abbot; Rev. M. Edward, prior; Rev. Emmanuel, Rev. Benoit, Rev. Stanislaus, Rev. William, Rev. Augustin, Rev. Henry, Rev. Maurus, Rev. Aloysius, Rev. L. Hoste. Ten professed choir religious, four novices, three oblates; twenty-two lay brothers, three novices, four oblates; and several boarders, clergymen and laymen.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOMINICANS IN KENTUCKY.*

The remote cause of the appearance in Kentucky of the Dominican fathers is to be ascribed to the revolutionary troubles in Europe, which reached Bornheim, in Belgium, sometime during the year 1803, where there was then a flourishing college of the Order under the direction of the fathers of the English Dominican Province of Belgium. The college was seized and plundered by the French revolutionary troops, the fathers, with a single exception, escaping to England under the lead of the president of the institution, Rev. Thomas Wilson. The procurator, Rev. Edward Fenwick, was arrested and thrown into prison; but, for the reason that he was an American citizen, he was soon afterwards released.

Upon their arrival in England, Father Wilson and his brethren petitioned their general to be sent to America. The request was granted; and Father Fenwick, for the reason that he was an American by birth, was appointed superior. With the least possible delay their preparations were made, and the colony, comprising Rev. Edward Fenwick, Rev. Thomas Wilson, Rev. William Raymond Tuite and Rev. Robert Angier, at once embarked for the United States.

In due time the four fathers reached the American shores and presented themselves before Bishop Carroll, by whom they were received with becoming kindness, and with hearty thanks for having, in the presence of their own severe trials, bethought themselves of his necessities and those of his widely scattered people.

* It is to be regretted that, in the preparation of the matter contained in this chapter, I have been unable to secure any assistance whatever from members of the Order of Preachers in the United States. This renowned Order would seem to be governed by rigid rules respecting the dissemination of facts relating to its houses and missions. Were it not so, I cannot but think that my earnest endeavor to secure more exact information in regard to the lives and labors of members of the Order in Kentucky than was open to me outside of its own archives would have been met otherwise than by kind resistance. So much I am constrained to say, not in any complaining spirit, and certainly not in deprecation of a rule of procedure adopted by the organization, if there be such, of the wisdom of which I am clearly incompetent to judge, but in apology to my readers for the meagerness of my recital touching so important a factor as that of the Order of St. Dominic in the religious history of the State.

Father Fenwick and his associates were anxious to begin at once the establishment of a house of their Order in the United States, but circumstances prevented the immediate realization of their wishes. For two years after their arrival in Baltimore, they were employed on the missions of Maryland and the neighboring States. Long before the end of this term, however, they had asked and received advice from Bishop Carroll upon the question of a suitable point for their proposed new province. Up to this time there had been no abatement of the tide of emigration from Maryland to Kentucky which had set in just twenty years before; and Bishop Carroll well knew the needs of that distant mission. He had, to be sure, already sent Father Nerinckx to the assistance of Father Badin; but he knew that not even a half dozen priests could adequately discharge toward the greatly augmented Catholic population of the State the functions of their sacred ministry. Kentucky was the point to which he directed the eyes of Father Fenwick and his companions. There they would be afforded, even from the beginning, a field of missionary enterprise commensurate with their zeal for the salvation of souls, and a fitting spot for the foundation of a house of their venerable Order which would assuredly, in time, extend its happy influence in other directions.

In deciding upon the question of locality for the new Dominican province, Father Fenwick would seem to have been influenced by three leading considerations. The first of these was undoubtedly the expressed desire of Bishop Carroll that he and his companions should set up their tabernacles in Kentucky. The second had its origin in his abounding Christian charity: He had pity for those who were struggling in the wilderness without the grace of the sacraments to sustain them. The third was divinely human: Many of the emigrants had been known to him in his own early youth, and some of them were of his own kindred.

In order to fully satisfy himself as to the availability of the State for the establishment he contemplated, Father Fenwick first came to Kentucky in the autumn of the year 1805. After having visited his nearer relations among the Maryland emigrants, then settled in Scott and Franklin counties, he turned his face toward the principal Catholic settlements of the State, in Nelson and Washington counties. In the last named county he found many acquaintances and several relatives, among the latter being Mr. Basil Clark and Mrs. Rebecca Hill, wife of Thomas Hill, of whom mention has been already made.

Having passed some time with these and others of his old neighbors of St. Mary's county, Maryland, during which he never lost sight of the main object of his journey to Kentucky, Father Fenwick at length secured by purchase the farm upon which he and his companions afterwards built the church and convent of St. Rose. This property, with the grist-mill upon it, which was its main feature, belonged to a Mr. John Waller, a Protestant, and, as some say, a preacher of some reputation in the early annals of Kentucky. The money paid for the property was derived from Father Fenwick's patri-

mony.* Immediately after the execution of the legal forms by which he became the owner of the property mentioned, Father Fenwick returned to Maryland in order to arrange for the transfer of the members of the Order and their effects to Kentucky. This was happily accomplished in the spring of the following year, 1806, when the construction of a church on the land previously secured was at once begun.

The new establishment was called St. Rose, after St. Rose of Lima, the first of the Dominican Order in America whose name had been enrolled on the Church's calendar of saints. Begun in 1806, the church of St. Rose was not finished until 1808. Then immediately followed the building of a convent. The costly character of these works, costly for the times, at least, not only rendered their progress slow, but exhausted the resources of the good fathers long before their completion. When their straits were greatest, they learned that a legacy had been left them by a former member of their Order, Rt. Rev. Luke R. Concanen, who had been appointed first bishop of the See of New York, and whose death had taken place at Naples on the eve of his embarkation for America. This legacy comprised two thousand dollars in money and a valuable library of several hundred volumes. But before the news of this bequest had reached them, the fathers had established a school, into which they had gathered a large number of pupils from the surrounding Catholic settlements.

The plan of education adopted by the fathers was well suited to the remunerative capabilities of the patrons of the school, few of whom were able to pay their tuition-bills in ready money. These bills were ordinarily paid in kind. Then there was an industrial feature added, which at once reduced the fees to parents and furnished the Fathers with young and willing hands to aid them in the necessary work of construction and farm improvement and culture. The pupils were required to devote four hours each day to such manual labor as was not unsuited to their years and strength. During the time occupied in building the church of St. Rose, the fathers took upon themselves the care of St. Ann's congregation, and thus relieved Fathers Badin and Nerinckx of a part of the heavy burden they had been previously carrying.

* Fifteen years later, Father Fenwick, then Bishop Fenwick, who was at the time seeking charitable aid in Europe for the support of the missions of his diocese of Cincinnati, thus wrote to Father Badin:

"I wish you, also, my dear sir, to contribute your mite for relieving my distresses. . . . You know a little of my exertions, sacrifices and labors in Kentucky; that I devoted my whole paternal estate, and all I could collect, scrape up and save; that I really debarred myself of comforts, and even necessaries; that I undertook long and painful jaunts to found and promote the establishment of St. Rose; and behold I am now deprived of all right and claim on the Order, being taken out of it. I was obliged by my rule and vows to render an account of all property, even of books and furniture, that I had been allowed to use."—(Biographical Notice, published in 1848.) There is a tradition among the Catholic people of Washington county that the consideration paid for the St. Rose farm was *an even half bushel of silver money.*

Having founded the establishment of St. Rose, Father Fenwick began to tire of his position of authority. He felt, as the truly humble before God are apt to feel under such circumstances, that he was fitter to follow than to lead, to render obedience than to issue commands. Under the pressure of these sentiments, he wrote to the general of the Order, begging that official to relieve him of his office and to appoint in his stead his associate, Father Thomas Wilson. Both of his requests were granted: Father Wilson was appointed provincial *usque ad revocationem*, and Father Fenwick took his coveted place in the ranks of the subordinates of the establishment.

Father Wilson's administration of the foundation of St. Rose was in all respects admirable. He seemed to have felt in advance that the great coming want of the country, in respect to Catholic interests, would be a properly trained and educated clergy; and his grand idea was to make the institution over which he had been placed a source of supply to the ranks of the priesthood. His first thought, after his appointment to the office of provincial, referred to the establishment of a noviciate, and from that moment he gave himself up to the work of searching after and inducting into the institution proper subjects for the sacred ministry. For the most part he found these subjects in the school that had been previously established.

The noviciate of St. Rose dates from the latter part of the year 1808, or the beginning of that of 1809. The novices drawn from the school still continued to labor as before; but their studies were different, as was also their manner of life. They were now subjected to the rules of the Order and its conventual dress. As was afterwards the case at the seminary of St. Thomas, there was no species of labor, whether in connection with the farm or the establishment itself, to which the hands of the young aspirants to the priesthood did not become accustomed.

In his life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx, Father Maes introduces a letter written in 1807 by that renowned missionary priest, in which occurs this passage: "The fathers of St. Dominic have already ten or twelve students, out of whom they may perhaps gain a few to increase their community. This appears to be their only object, they do not intend to serve on the missions." It is not unlikely that Father Fenwick and his companions did not at first contemplate pastoral engagements beyond the parish in which they were located. But, if such was indeed their idea, it is quite certain that they soon abandoned it. Father Fenwick made long journeys in the interests of religion in both Kentucky and Ohio, and at an early day after their arrival in the State, Eastern Kentucky was largely dependent upon the fathers of St. Rose for pastoral service. In later times, they went to the assistance of the bishops of Cincinnati and Nashville, both of whom, but for their kindly aid, had vainly endeavored to conserve in their fullness the spiritual interests of their widely scattered flocks.

Father Wilson was not over forty-five years of age when he came to Kentucky. He was a very learned man; more erudite, possibly,

than any divine that had preceded him to the shores of America. He was withal, amiable, modest, retiring and highly polished in his manners. His zeal was quiet, but constant; and he was assiduous in both prayer and study. His place was with the novices, and by these he was revered and loved for his saintly life and for the unvarying interest he displayed in their advancement in knowledge and virtue.

On the twenty-fifth day of December, 1811, a remarkable event took place at St. Rose. This was the ordination of a priest. Dr. Benedict Joseph Flaget, the newly consecrated bishop of Bardstown, who had only reached his diocese the preceding spring, had brought with him to Kentucky a young French cleric, Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, who was already in sub-deacon's orders. During the intervening months, the young man had been, no doubt, gradually qualified to take his place in the ranks of the working clergy by that admirable master of the science of theology, Rev. John B. David. With the exception of the Dominican church, there was at the time no other in the State of sufficient capacity to accommodate a great number of persons — Catholics everywhere being anxious to witness the ceremony—and hence Bishop Flaget gladly availed himself of Father Wilson's suggestion that the ordination should take place at St. Rose.*

As will have been seen, it was to the zeal and liberality of an American priest, sustained, it may be by patriotic impulse, that is to be ascribed the establishment of the Order of Preachers in the United States. Its after expansion, and the happy results of its foundation, now to be seen in the heart of the country, and extending from seaboard to seaboard across its face, are to be attributed, in a great degree, at least, to the wise direction given to the little community of St. Rose by its second provincial three quarters of a century ago. It was not often that more than two of the fathers were employed within the precincts of the St. Rose establishment, and these, in addition to their duties in the novitiate and in the school, were burthened with the charge of the congregation, one of the largest in Kentucky at the time, and with the care of several neighboring missions.†

Fathers Fenwick and Angier found ample employment in traversing the State after what the former was in the habit of denominating "stray sheep." In addition to the older Catholic settlements in Nelson and Washington counties, there were minor settlements in Scott, Madison, Fayette, Jefferson, Bullitt and Breckinridge counties, and isolated Catholic families living in almost all the other organized counties of the State. Many of these settlements and families had rarely or never been visited by a priest. Father Fenwick saw and appreciated the danger to which these hapless persons were exposed, and he sought to lessen or

* This was the first ordination to the priesthood witnessed in the whole territory of the West. The assisting clergy were, no doubt, Fathers Wilson. Fenwick, Tuite and Angier, of the Dominican Order, and Fathers David, Badin, Nerinckx and O'Flynn, of the secular priesthood.

† In their conduct of the school, no doubt, Fathers Wilson and Tuite were largely assisted by the more advanced in learning among the novices.

avert it. With the approbation of his superior, he became an itinerant, and from that time to the date of his installation as first bishop of the See of Cincinnati, he may be said to have literally lived in the saddle. His zeal was as restless as it was earnest. It was a common thing with him to ride a distance of fifty miles, sustained by the mere hope that he might be of spiritual service to some out-dweller in the wilderness, whose name, casually heard, was associated in his mind with that of some Catholic family he had known in Maryland. He traversed and retraversed Kentucky, in all directions, everywhere accomplishing his purpose, which was but to give opportunity to isolated Catholic families of reconciling themselves with God through the worthy reception of the sacraments. He had a wonderful gift of persuasion, and being able to adapt himself and his discourse to the individual peculiarities of his hearers, he was rarely known to fail in his endeavors to infuse into them something of his own spirit.

The ministry of the Dominican fathers of St. Rose came in time to be regarded as lenient, just as that of Fathers Badin and Nerinckx was by many looked upon as severe. It is certain that the latter, in their private correspondence, expressed their fears lest the disciplinary relaxation noticed might prove harmful to the Catholic people of the settlements. This idea of theirs was not verified by after events. The congregation of St. Ann, the first over which pastoral supervision was exercised by the Dominican fathers, and that of St. Rose, by which it was succeeded in 1808, and which is still subject to their care and guidance, has at no time been regarded otherwise than as a model aggregation of Catholic christian souls. As early as the year 1826, on the occasion of the jubilee preached that year in Kentucky, it exceeded all others in the State in the number of those who approached the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist. Whereas the highest number of communicants in any one of the other congregations of the diocese on the occasion referred to, was but four hundred and ninety-five, (that of Holy Cross,) no fewer than eight hundred received holy communion in the single church of St. Rose.

In his many journeys in Kentucky, Father Fenwick was necessarily thrown much into the company of Protestants; and he learned by degrees to appreciate the principal obstacles to their conversion. To remove these obstacles, without incurring the suspicion of intrusiveness, was always one of the most painstaking of his employments. In countries denominated christian, there have been few missionary priests who were more successful than Father Fenwick in inducing returns to Catholic unity.*

The missions of the State of Ohio were the fruits of Father Fenwick's earnest toil. His first visit to the State was in the year 1810.

* Though Father Fenwick, from and after the year 1810, was in the habit of paying regular twice a year visits to Ohio, he only removed permanently to that State in 1818. In his letter to Rev. S. T. Badin, written in 1823, from which a passage has already been quoted, he says: "I think we may count two or three hundred converts since I have resided in Ohio."

Near the town of Somerset, he found three Catholic families, of German extraction, numbering in all about twenty persons.* He afterwards traversed the greater part of the State with the single object of searching after and finding the dispersed "sheep of the Catholic fold." Few points were reached by him in these wearing journeys in which he did not find one or more families of Catholics.

Father Thomas Wilson was fitted by nature and grace, as well as by culture, for the position to which he had been appointed. He commanded both admiration and respect, the first on account of his great learning and acknowledged talents, and the last because of his adherence to the right on all occasions. and the virtues he practiced in the sight of men. It were impossible that between such a preceptor and his pupils there should not have grown up affection on the one hand and reverence on the other. That he loved them was shown by his solicitude in everything that concerned them, and most especially in their advancement in the knowledge of divine things; and that he was held by them in the most profound reverence is evidenced by the fact that in their after-lives they never appeared weary of rehearsing his praises.

Notwithstanding the many and great disadvantages attending their course of study, Father Wilson was enabled, in 1816, to present before the Bishop of Bardstown four of his novices for priestly ordination. These were: Rev. Richard P. Miles, afterwards first bishop of Nashville, Rev. Samuel H. Montgomery, Rev. William T. Willett and Rev. Stephen Montgomery. Shortly afterwards another was added to the list in the person of Rev. N. D. Young, a nephew of Father Fenwick.†

It is necessary here to speak somewhat in detail of those to whom Catholics are indebted for the foundation of the Order of St. Dominic in the United States.

Edward Fenwick was born in St. Mary's county, Maryland, in 1768. He was of distinguished English ancestry, and his own parents were wealthy and of the highest respectability. In 1784, his mother, then a widow, sent him to Flanders for his education. He entered upon his studies at the college of Bornheim, and having finished his course, he sought admission to the Order with the view of becoming a priest.

* These persons were occupied in clearing lands, and they had not seen a priest for ten years. Father Fenwick heard at a great distance the stroke of the axe interrupting the silence of the forest, and following the sound, he was overjoyed to find that the workers were Catholics. The joy of these people at seeing a Catholic priest was so great that the good missionary could never recall the circumstance without experiencing the greatest consolation—[Catholic Telegraph, Vol. III, p 86.]

† The after-life of Father Dominic Young, though for the most part passed in the State of Ohio, would be a theme both pleasant and profitable for Catholic biography. He established a house of his Order near Somerset, in the State named, where he had previously labored with wonderful missionary success. He lived to be the patriarch of his Order in the United States, if not of the entire prieshood of the country, and it can be said of him that no man ever labored with greater earnestness in the cause of religion.

This idea, as has been seen, he carried out, and circumstances brought him again to his native land, after an absence of twenty-one years. What he did for religion and his Order in Kentucky has already been referred to. In 1810, and often subsequently, he visited Ohio, and to him and his nephew, Rev. N. D. Young, is to be ascribed the credit of having laid the foundations of Catholicity in that State.

In 1822, Father Fenwick was named bishop of Cincinnati. This appointment, no doubt, was brought about by the direct appeal to Rome of Bishop Flaget, who is known to have felt most keenly the need there was of another bishop in the west, and who knew, too, how admirably fitted for the position was his friend and co-worker, who had so often come to his relief in bearing religious consolation to his spiritual children living north of the Ohio river. It was with extreme reluctance that the humble Dominican father accepted the dignity proffered. He was unable to see, what was plain to others, wherein he was worthy of such distinction. His consecration took place in the church of St. Rose on the 13th day of December, 1822, and he left immediately afterwards for the seat of the spiritual authority he exercised so wisely for a littte more than ten years.

The late Rev. John B. Hutchins, who was present at the consecration of Bishop Fenwick, and who, in company with Rev. Vincent Badin, then in deacon's orders, and his own foster brother, afterwards Father C. D. Bowlin, O. S. D., followed the newly consecrated prelate to Cincinnati, described to the writer several years ago many incidents connected with this second episcopal consecration that had taken place in the west. The church was much too small to afford even standing room for the crowds that had flocked thither with the hope of witnessing the ceremony. The lay choir on the occasion was under the direction of Rev. R. P. Miles, who was esteemed then quite a musical prodigy. The ceremony was taken part in by the greater number of the clergy of the diocese of Bardstown, and when it was concluded, dinner was served to their guests by the hospitable fathers of St. Rose. It was at this entertainment that the newly consecrated prelate, in answer to a congratulatory speech of Bishop Flaget, thus addressed his consecrator: "The Holy Father, your Lordship, has appointed me a diocese, and you have to-day, by divine authority, made me a bishop. But where am I to find priests to help me bear my message of peace over the immense field that has been assigned me?" There was an appeal in his words that went straight to the heart of the venerable prelate addressed, but no answer came from his lips. After a brief silence, a young cleric arose, and, with a modest bow to his ordinary, thus delivered himself: "If you will permit me, bishop, I will go to Cincinnati with Father Fenwick." Dr. Flaget was touched, and he then and there consented to the transfer. The cleric alluded to was Rev. Vincent Badin, not yet in priest's orders, a brother of "the apostle of Kentucky" of that name, and his ordination to the priesthood took place a few weeks later in Bishop Fenwick's own modest cathedral of Cincinnati.

Bishop Fenwick was confronted from the first with labors and vicissitudes to which before he had been a stranger. He was called, as he well knew, to discomfort and toil—to the building up of a church without resources, either in hand or prospective, and with assistance little adequate to the immensity of the undertaking. Repressing his human fears as best he could, and placing all his reliance on the protection and guidance of heaven, he grappled with the work before him, and finally, after having been permitted to see the dawn of a better day for the diocese and his charge, he laid down his burden and his life together on the 26th day of September, 1832. He died of cholera at Wooster, Ohio, and his last words were: "*Come! Let us go to Calvary!*"

Of the four fathers who formed the nucleus whence has been developed the Order of Preachers as it exists in the United States at the present day, the more admired of the people, as well as of the clergy of Kentucky, was certainly Father Thomas Wilson. With the laity of all classes, this was due to the fact that he was a man of superior natural gifts and an eloquent preacher. The more pious among them, to be sure, had other reasons for their admiration. They were the witnesses of his exhaustive ministerial labors, of his habits of prayer and mortification, and of his tenderness toward those who sought relief at his hands, whether from troubles of body or soul. By the secular clergy of the diocese he was esteemed for all these reasons and many more. He was a man of varied learning and an accomplished theologian, and not even Father David was esteemed more capable than he of advising them when they were in doubt as to proper modes of procedure in particular emergencies.

What he did for secular education in the congregation of St. Rose and far beyond its limits, and what he did for the Church in Kentucky in supplying it with zealous priests to uphold and continue God's work in the land of his adoption, must in the future, as in the present and the past, make his name a by-word of honor among Catholic christians all over the country. Dr. Spalding tells us that this admirable priest, but a short time before his death, was known to have in his possession writings of his own on various religious subjects that it had been the hope of his associates to see one day in print. No such manuscripts having been found among his effects, it was supposed that in the excess of his humility he had destroyed them. The death of Father Wilson took place at the convent of St. Rose in the summer of 1824, when he was in the 63rd year of his age.

Of Father William Raymond Tuite and his labors, the writer's knowledge is confined to the simple fact that he was a most amiable and praiseworthy priest. It is his impression, however, that for many years after the establishment of the convent of St. Rose he was employed in the offices of the public ministry, with occasional hours devoted to teaching. He remembers having heard him spoken of by a friend, years ago, as one toward whom naturally tended the affection of his parishioners of the congregation of St. Rose, and as having lived

a life filled with merits, and having died the death of the just. The date of his death is given by Dr. Spalding as "1836 or 1837."

Father Robert Angier, after a residence of some years at St. Rose, where he was most likely engaged in teaching in the boys' school therewith established by Father Wilson, was given charge of the missions of Scott, Mercer, Fayette and other counties north and east of the Kentucky river. For further particulars concerning him the reader is referred to the chapter on the "Catholic Settlement of Scott County."

About the year 1825, the Order of preachers in the United States was re-enforced by the arrival in the country of three Spanish Dominicans, driven from their own country by its then irreligious and semi-infidel rulers, whose after-service in the cause of religion has made their names familiar in clerical circles from one end of the land to the other. These were: Rev. —— Munoz, Rev. Francis Cubero and Rev. Joseph S. Alemany, all men of exalted character, acknowledged talents and unaffected piety; and all, at one time or another, connected with the establishments in Kentucky and Ohio, and with the missions of the last named State. In 1828, Father Munoz was named prior of the convent of St. Rose, over which institution he exercised a most healthful influence. At the time of his death, which took place a year or two later, he was the chief assistant of the first bishop of Cincinnati. Father Cubero's labors were mostly confined to Ohio until the year 1872, when he retired to the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna near that of St. Rose, of which institution he was chaplain until called out of life ten years later. Of the venerable Dr. Alemany, the only survivor of the three, who has filled for so many years the archiepiscopal See of San Francisco, it is not necessary that anything should be here said. His admirable work in the field committed to his charge speaks more loudly in his praise than can tongue or pen. God grant that he may long survive to edify those he has so earnestly endeavored to serve.

But for the fact that the writer has little data upon which to base biographical notices of numbers of the deceased members of the St. Rose establishment of the Order of Preachers, it would be to him a grateful task to refer here to many among those with whom his acquaintance was more or less intimate. Of one of them, Rev. Richard P. Miles, afterwards first bishop of the See of Nashville, he finds among his unpublished personal and descriptive papers, written more than twenty years ago, the following:

"Richard P. Miles was born in Prince George county, Maryland, May 17, 1791. His father, Nicholas Miles, removed with his family to Kentucky when the boy was but four years of age. In the year 1807, he was sent to St. Rose's academy, in Washington county, a school but that year established by the Dominican fathers. He afterwards attached himself to the Order as a candidate for the priesthood. His ordination took place in the year 1816, and from that time to the day of his death he was actively engaged in ministerial and

administrative labors. His consecration as bishop of Nashville took place in the cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, on the 16th of September, 1838. The prelates present on this occasion were: Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, consecrator; Rt. Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, bishop of Vincennes; Rt. Rev. John B. David, and Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, of the Kentucky episcopate. The sermon was preached by Very Rev. John Timon, C. M., afterwards bishop of Buffalo.

"My personal acquaintance with Dr. Miles began in the year 1837, the year before his consecration, when I had occasion to call upon him at his convent of St. Rose. His hearty and cheerful welcome, and the readiness he evinced to serve me, are among the most pleasant memories of my young manhood. In the earlier years of his ministry he was regarded as the most talented controversialist of his order in the State, and I have it from good authority that he rarely declined a challenge to discuss matters of christian dogma with the belligerent Protestant ministers of his day. Much of his time, previous to his episcopal appointment, was spent at the house of his order in Somerset, Ohio. Once he served as prior of the convent of St. Rose, and for one term he was provincial of the order in the United States.

"After the Reverend Robert A. Abell, I have known a no more entertaining conversationalist among the clergy of Kentucky than was Dr. Miles. With his intimate friends, and on proper occasions, he was somewhat given to jesting. I have memory of an exhibition made by him of that peculiarity of his mind at my own table about ten years ago, where he was dining with Dr. M. J. Spalding, bishop of Louisville. The two were relating to us the incidents of a trip they had made a short time before to St. Louis. On their return journey, owing to some accident to the boat upon which they were passengers, they were compelled to stop for the half of an afternoon and the following night in the city of Evansville. Leaving the boat together, they determined to call on their old friend, Father Anthony Deydier, of the church of the Assumption. The apparition of two bishops at once in the apartments of that venerable priest set him thinking how he might best do them honor. 'You must lecture before my people to-night,' said he to Dr. Spalding. 'I want them to see and hear you.' 'But how will you get them together?' asked the bishop. 'Never do you mind about that,' replied the priest. 'Only say that you will oblige me in this, and my word for it you will have an audience.' Having consented to the arrangement, Father Deydier proceeded to 'scare up his people,' as Bishop Miles expressed it, and the two prelates to take a walk through the growing little city. Returning from their walk, an hour later, their attention was attracted to an oddly dressed negro fellow who was vigorously swinging a bell and shouting at the top of his voice: 'O yes! O yes! The great Bishop Sprawlding is a gwyin' to lecter to-night at Priest Dydiee's church! He knows how to talk for sure! Jest come along and have the *har* lifted off your heads! Twenty-five cents to hear the great Doctor Sprawld-

ing!' The bishop of Louisville did not laugh when he heard this announcement; the bishop of Nashville did; and when the latter repeated it at my own table, and described the antics of his episcopal friend's *avant courier*, as he called him, their relative demeanor, as I conceived, presented undistinguishable differences from that described as having marked their bearing that day on the streets of Evansville.

"But there was another recital in store for us, brought out, as I then thought, by Bishop Miles' love of fairness. 'I have had my joke at your expense, Dr. Spalding,' said he, 'and now I will tell you one that bears a little hardly on myself. You know how fond I am of music; but you do not know how strongly I affect the old-time refrains sung by the negroes at "house-raisings," and "corn shuckings." Shortly after I went to Nashville, a couple of my parishioners, knowing my predilection for this style of singing, persuaded me to accompany them one evening to a concert to be given by a troupe of negro minstrels. Without taking time to think of the impropriety of the proceeding in one so situated, I accompanied them to the hall. We were early, and taking our places in a corner the farthest removed from the stage, we conversed in whispers and awaited the rise of the curtain. The weather was cold, and wrapped in my cloak and muffler, I congratulated myself upon the likelihood that I would remain unnoticed, even though there might be some there who, knowing me, might feel scandalized at my presence in such a place. For some reason, the concert was delayed for many minutes beyond the time announced for it to begin, and many persons in the audience showed their impatience by noisy demonstrations. They stamped and yelled and whistled, and fairly turned the place into a pandemonium. In a lull of the uproar, a rough fellow—I had never before set eyes on him to my knowledge—arose and cried out, "I move that Bishop Miles be requested to open this meeting with prayer!" You can imagine what I felt of shame and regret that I had allowed myself to be drawn to a place where such impropriety was possible.' Bishop Miles laughed, indeed, when he had finished his narrative, but it was evident to us all that he had not yet learned to enjoy his joke.

"In person, Bishop Miles was tall—fully six feet in height—and of a moderately full habit. His features were significant of character more than comeliness. I am told that he could be stern on occasion, but it so happened that I never saw him in any such mood. To me he always appeared either pleasantly interesting, or in the highest degree entertaining. He had a warm heart, and his sympathy was easily evoked. His death took place in the city of Nashville on the first day of February, 1860."

A character among the Dominicians of Kentucky was the late Very Rev. M. D. O'Brien. Without any claim to strong intellectuality, much less to brillancy, and with but little claim to learning, and none at all to personal attractiveness in a worldly sense, it is doubtful if there ever was a priest in the State whose ministry was effective of results more wonderful. Marvellous are the stories told of conver-

sions and reclamations wrought through his instrumentality. It was as if a child had been endowed with the might of the athlete, a weakling in reason with intelligence to lead aright the intellectually strong. Father O'Brien was born in 1802, in Nenah, Tipperary county, Ireland. He was educated at St. Rose, where he was ordained, and his death took place in Louisville on the 15th of December, 1870.

Of Father Polin, who died on the 24th of December, 1839, the writer has heard in his day much that would interest his readers could he trust to his memory for the details. He was a man of scholarly attainments, and before entering upon his noviciate at St. Rose, he had been a school teacher. In their boyhood, the sons of Judge John Kelly, an Irish Catholic of distinction living in Springfield before and after the year 1820, had him for their preceptor.

In one respect, the establishment of St. Rose has had a remarkable record of late years. It has lost more of its members by their attention to the sick during the prevalence of epidemic diseases than any other in the whole country. These deaths occurred, for the most part, in the city of Memphis, where the Order of Preachers has charge of the extensive parish of St. Peter's.

The Episcopacy of the country, from first to last, has drawn from the Order of St. Dominic five of its members. These were and are in the order of their consecration:

Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, first bishop of Cincinnati; consecrated December 13, 1822; died September 26, 1832.

Rt. Rev. Richard Pius Miles, first bishop of Nashville; consecrated September 16, 1838; died February 1, 1860.

Most Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, present archbishop of San Francisco; consecrated bishop of Monterey June 30, 1850; afterwards transferred to San Francisco.

Rt. Rev. James Whelan, consecrated second bishop of Nashville in May, 1859; resigned four years later, and since deceased.

Rt. Rev. Thomas L. Grace, second and present bishop of the See of St. Paul, Minnesota; consecrated July 24, 1859.

These prelates were all, at one time or other, connected with the establishment of St. Rose.

At the present day, the Dominicans have two houses in Kentucky —one, the first established in the United States—that of St. Rose, near Springfield, and the other, that of St. Louis Bertrand, in Louisville; one in Ohio, that of St. Joseph's, near Somerset; one in New York, that of St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue; one in Tennessee, that of St. Peter's, Memphis; one in Washington City, that of St. Dominic's, and one in New Jersey, that of South Orange Avenue, Newark.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DIOCESE OF BARDSTOWN.

It was early in the year 1807 that Bishop Carroll's first movement was made toward a division of episcopal authority in the United States. He wrote the Holy See, suggesting the erection of four additional Sees in the country, one to be located in Boston, one in New York, one in Philadelphia and one in Bardstown. In recommending a proper person for the occupancy of the See last named, he was measurably influenced, no doubt, by the wishes of his vicar in Kentucky, Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin. Writing to the cardinal prefect of the propaganda, under date of June 17, 1807, he thus speaks of his own and his vicar's choice of a bishop for Kentucky:

"For several years he (Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget) was stationed at a placed called *Post Vincennes*, lying between the waters of the Ohio and the lakes of Canada, where with the greatest industry and the most hearty good will of all, he labored in promoting piety, until, to my great regret, he was recalled to fill some office in the seminary. He is at least forty years of age, of a tender piety towards God, of most bland manners; and if not profoundly, at least sufficiently imbued with theological knowledge."

All of Bishop Carroll's recommendations were adopted by Rome. The Sees named were created, and to the ecclesiastics suggested by him were sent bulls for their consecration. Those of Bishop Flaget were dated April 8, 1808, and they reached the hands of Bishop Carroll in September of the same year. When he heard of his appointment, the bishop-elect was temporarily stationed at Emmittsburg, Maryland. The news filled him with perturbation, no less than with astonishment. Hastening to Baltimore, he went direct to the seminary, where he fell into the arms of his after-life long associate of the Kentucky mission, Rev. John B. David. They had scarcely embraced when Father David removed his doubts and increased his dismay by thus addressing him: "They told me that I was to be bishop of Bardstown; I did not believe it, but I determined, should this happen, that I should invite you to accompany me to Kentucky. The case being happily reversed, I tender to you my services without reserve." *

Wholly regardless of distinction in the church, and entertaining a most modest estimate of his own merits and capabilities, the bishop-

* Life of Bishop Flaget by Rev. M. J. Spalding, p 60.

elect felt that it was his duty to seek to be relieved of the responsibility that had come to him unsought and unheralded. In order to avert what he feared would prove a misfortune to the Church of the young republic, he besought his Sulpician brethren to come to his relief, and by their united action to induce Bishop Carroll to recommend to the Holy See a change in the person of its representative. As a result of this appeal, a delegation from the society, headed by its American superior, M. Nagot, waited on the bishop and urged his favorable consideration of their prayer that, through his recommendation, another than the one appointed might be substituted for the bishopric of Bardstown. They told him that, before they had conceived it to be their duty to ask this favor at his hands, they had prayed for divine direction, and the deliverance they sought for their brother had come of the effect of prayer created in their own minds.

Bishop Carroll was as unmoved by their solicitations as he had previously been by those of the bishop-elect. "Gentlemen," said he, "you tell me you have prayed! Think you, then, that before proposing your brother I did not pray? That the Cardinals who surround the Holy Father, and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, did not pray? I tell you plainly that M. Flaget must accept!"

But Dr. Flaget, honestly entertaining the idea that he had no talent for direction, and that he was otherwise wholly unfitted for the post to the occupancy of which he had been called, still resisted. He wrote to the superior of the Sulpician Order in France, M. Emery, to whom he stated his reasons for declining the position, and upon whose kind offices he relied for the relief he had hitherto vainly sought at the hands of the head of the Church in America. He waited so long for an answer to this letter that he grew impatient, and, with the consent of his brethren, embarked for France in the fall of 1809. On presenting himself before M. Emery, his confidence in the tenableness of the position he had taken was wholly destroyed. The first words addressed to him by the stern superior were these: "My lord, you should have been already in your diocese! Know you not that the Pope has commanded your acceptance of his appointment?" The contest was ended; his conscience was clear, and he recognized in the command of Christ's Vicar on earth the expression of God's will. In his new position he would give to the Church all that had been vouchsafed him by heaven, whether of strength or zeal or prudence, and for the rest, he had faith in God's direction to lead him aright, and in His strength to enable him to bear the heavy weight of responsibility that had been laid upon his shoulders.

The bishop-elect of Bardstown reached Baltimore on his return journey to America and the seat of his future labors early in July of the year 1810. He was accompanied by six ecclesiastics, but one of whom was in priest's orders.*

* Bishop Flaget's companions on his return voyage to America were: Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, afterwards first bishop of the diocese of Vincennes;

The forty days preceding his consecration, which took place in Baltimore on the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, November 4th, 1810, were passed by the bishop-elect of Bardstown in the exercises of a spiritual retreat. At his consecration three prelates—all there were then in the country—took part in the ceremony. These were: Rt. Rev. John Carroll, bishop of Baltimore, consecrator, and Rt. Rev. John B. Cheverus (afterwards Cardinal Cheverus), bishop of Boston, and Rt. Rev. Michael Egan, bishop of Philadelphia, assistants.

Before following Bishop Flaget to Kentucky, it is important that the reader shall be made acquainted with the principal events chronicled by his biographer in the sketch he has left us of his life previous to the date of his consecration.*

"Benedict J. Flaget was born of respectable parents at Contournat, a village in the commune of St. Julien, near the town of Billom, France, on the 8th of November, 1764. He was the youngest of three sons; and he survived his two elder brothers, both of whom, however, lived to a very advanced age. At the age of about two years, he was left an orphan; when a pious aunt took charge of him and his brothers, and devoted herself assiduously to rearing them up piously, and bestowing upon them the blessings of a christian education. God bestowed an abundant benediction upon her exertions; and her three nephews all became distinguished members of society, and two of them bright and shining lights in the Church of God.

"Having thus become an orphan himself at so early a period of his life, the subject of this sketch ever afterwards cherished sentiments of the most lively sympathy for those left by Providence in a similar condition. It was the object dearest to his heart to provide for their temporal and spiritual comfort. He often spoke most feelingly on the subject, in the latter years of his life; and nothing was more grateful to his feelings, than to see assembled around him those little ones, for whom he had been able to provide a shelter in establishments erected under his auspices.

"He never forgot the good aunt, who had taken the place of his mother. In a letter to one of his brothers, written nine years after his arrival in America, he speaks of her in the following terms:

"My heart bounds at the very remembrance of my aunt. If she be yet living—and I hope that God has preserved her life till now—I cast myself on her neck; I water it with my tears; words fail me to express to her my gratitude. . . . The idea that she is with you and your virtuous wife, assures me as to her well-being. . . . Now

Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, in sub-deacon's orders, afterwards coadjutor of Bardstown; M. Anthony Deydier, afterwards for many years pastor at Evansville, Indiana; M. —— Derigaud, who followed his chief to Kentucky, and was raised by him to the priesthood on the first day of January, 1817; and two young men who afterwards attached themselves to the Society of Jesus at their establishment in Georgetown.

* "Sketches of the Life, Times and Character of Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget: By M. J. Spalding, D. D. Louisville, 1852."

that the Americans have free intercourse with the French, please see some banker at Clermont, who has business transactions with a merchant at Bordeaux or Havre, in order that I may be able to contribute something to the comfort of this good aunt. I would despoil myself to clothe her; I would deprive myself of nourishment to feed her; and I would thus be doing only what she has done a thousand times for me. I think I do not flatter myself on this point; my heart is not ungrateful; it seeks but the occasion to manifest its gratitude. *

"Having conceived, from his most tender years, an ardent wish to devote himself to the service of God in the holy ministry, and having taken all the precautions, dictated by christian prudence, to be enabled to decide wisely in a matter of so much importance, he at length determined to embrace the ecclesiastical state. In order to enjoy greater facilities for pursuing the course of studies required for this sublime vocation, at the age of about seventeen he was sent to the episcopal city of Clermont. Here he made his course of philosophy, and attended the class of theology for two years, in the university; boarding, in the meantime, with two young men of wealth, towards whom he discharged the office of private tutor, in consideration of their defraying his expenses.

"It was here, also, that he had the happiness of receiving the sacrament of confirmation from the hands of Monseigneur De Bonald, bishop of Clermont, whose age and infirmities had not permitted him to visit Billom. He was, at the time, in his eighteenth year. Having long cherished a tender devotion towards St. Joseph, the special patron of youth and especially of orphans, he took his name in confirmation. He received the sacrament with sentiments of the most lively faith, and with those emotions of tender piety for which he was always distinguished. He was thereby greatly strengthened in his purpose of devoting his whole life to the service of God and the salvation of his neighbor.

"The congregation of the Sulpicians, so celebrated for their ability in training youth for the ecclesiastical state, were then conducting in Clermont a seminary for the higher clerical studies. The young candidate for the ministry was forcibly struck by the learning, piety, and strict observance of this body of priests; and he determined to place himself under their direction. He accordingly entered their seminary, having obtained a free scholarship established by Bishop De Bonald. Under the enlightened guidance of this venerable prelate, he pursued his ecclesiastical studies with great confidence; and without his advice he took no important step.

"He was so much pleased by the manner of life followed by his new instructors, that, with the permission of Bishop De Bonald, he resolved to apply for admission into their congregation. They likewise had conceived a high opinion of his piety and other good qualities; and his application was favorably received. He became a member of their

* Letter, May 18, 1801. French Life, pp 8, 9.

congregation on the 1st of November, 1783; when he had almost completed his twentieth year. He now continued his studies with renewed ardor, and daily advanced in the path of perfection. Obedience, to which he had been trained from his infancy, had become a settled habit with him; and it now cost him comparatively but little, no matter how painful to nature the object of the command.

"At the canonical age, he received the holy order of sub-deaconship; and thereby bound himself irrevocably to the service of the Church at her holy altars.

"Having remained for nearly two years under the instruction of the Sulpicians at Clermont, and completed the course taught in that seminary, and not having as yet reached the age required for the priesthood, he was sent to the solitude of Issy, near Paris, to prepare himself for ordination. Here he remained about three years; continuing his studies, and grounding himself more in the sublime principles and difficult practices of the spiritual life.

"These were, perhaps, the happiest years of his life. He always viewed religious solitude as 'a paradise upon earth'; and he never tired of being near the holy altar, and paying his homage to Jesus, reposing thereon in the sacrament of His love. The office of sacristan, with which he was charged, afforded him the opportunity he so much coveted; and it was here that he grew up, under the shadow of the altar, in that tender and abiding devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which, through all the vicissitudes of his long life, he always so warmly cherished and so constantly practiced.

"The Rev. Gabriel Richard, afterwards for so many years an American missionary, stationed chiefly at Detroit, was then superior of the seminary at Issy; and here both these distinguished ecclesiastics imbibed in solitude that spirit of prayer and fortitude which fitted them to become apostles in the new world.

"After his promotion to the priesthood at Issy, Monsieur Flaget was sent by his superiors to the seminary of Nantes; where he was for two years professor of dogmatic theology. He here also filled, for a time, the office of procurator during the illness of the incumbent.

"The professor of moral theology in the seminary of Nantes having been appointed superior of that of Angers, asked that Monsieur Flaget, for whom he had conceived a special friendship, might be permitted to accompany him to the latter city, as professor of dogma. The request was granted. In a few months, however, the storm of the French revolution broke out with fury in that portion of France; and the seminary of Angers was closed. The professors sought shelter in private families, or wherever they were most safe against the rage of the infuriated Jacobins, who thirsted for the blood of every priest of God.

"In this sad emergency, Monsieur Flaget applied for counsel to Monsieur Emery, the superior general of the society, and under his advice he retired for a time to the bosom of his family at Billom.

This occurred in the year 1791, when he was in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

"While all was confusion and bloodshed around him, strong in faith and in hope, he possessed his soul in peace. His heart was indeed torn with anguish by the news of desecrated temples, of violated altars, of priests massacred while faithfully ministering to God, and of holy virgins immolated in the cloister; but his confidence that God would protect His Church never for a moment faltered. He infused much of his own serenity amidst the storm into the minds of others. Better days were coming."

We have already seen how Dr. Flaget, having determined to devote his life to the missions of America, reached Baltimore in 1792, and together with his companions, Revs. John B. David and Stephen T. Badin, was welcomed to the country by the then vicar apostolic of the London district, Dr. John Carroll. Six months later, he may be said to have begun his missionary life by his acceptance, at the hands of Dr. Carroll, of the charge of Vincennes post, an important military station in the territory of the Northwest. The journey to the seat of his mission was long and difficult. It was usually prosecuted by overland travel to Pittsburg; thence, by flatboats, down the Ohio river to Louisville, and thence through an almost unbroken forest to Vincennes.

Reaching Pittsburg, the missionary found the river too low to admit of further progress, and in that condition it remained for nearly six months. His enforced delay constituted no period of idleness, however. The general government was engaged at the time in an effort to enforce its authority over the hostile Indian tribes of the Northwest territory, whose savage instincts had led them to the commission of acts of barbarity that had already involved the lives of numbers of white settlers in the western wilds. Pittsburg was then a military post and recruiting station, under command of Gen. Anthony Wayne, whose ideas of discipline were peculiarly rigid. It so happened during the missionary's stay at the post that four soldiers of the command were tried for desertion and condemned to death. When he heard of the dreadful situation of these miserable men, Dr. Flaget hastened to the commander of the post and begged to be permitted to see and prepare the guilty unfortunates for their fast approaching end. Singularly enough, there was but a single one of the condemned men who had not been the recipient of Catholic baptism. Two of these, together with the non-Catholic, submitted themselves to the direction of Dr. Flaget, and went to execution sustained by the hope that, through the merits of Christ, their sins were forgiven them. The fourth, rendered reckless of the future by the stubbornness of his unbelief, was a Frenchman. In vain did the good priest seek to soften his obdurate heart. Remonstrances and tearful pleadings were thrown away on one who had drunk in as water the barren philosophy that had been so long the curse of his native land. In vain, too, did he appeal for mercy to the condemned at the hands of Gen. Wayne. He accompanied the men to the ground upon which their execution was to take

place, but his sensibility was too great to permit him to witness the dreadful finale. Having prayed with and for the three who had hearkened to his voice and that of their consciences, and administered to them the last absolution, he turned and fled from the harrowing scene. The death-dealing shots by which three of the condemned were launched into eternity fell not on his ears. He had fainted by the wayside. A little later, the good missionary learned that the least worthy and the most necessitous of the condemned men had been granted a reprieve by the commandant. He was thankful for this mercy to his compatriot, and it is not to be doubted that his conversion was for many days afterwards the theme of his prayers.

After a delay of six months at Pittsburg, the missionary was enabled to continue his journey westward, which was made by flatboat conveyance as far as Louisville. In due time he reached the then little settlement at the Falls of the Ohio, where he became the guest of an *emigré* from France who was the owner of a compact body of land of one hundred acres at the mouth of Beargrass creek, now covered by improvements aggregating millions of dollars in value. This gentleman, whose name has not transpired, not even in the records of the bishop's life as given to the public by his biographer, would seem to have been so much impressed by the admirable character of his guest, as to propose to him that he should remain with him in the capacity of chaplain, promising in that case to constitute him the heir to his estate. The missionary was in no wise tempted by this generous offer. He was under the law of obedience, and that which had been set for him to do demanded and should receive the limit of his care, irrespective of personal and temporal interests. This embodied his answer to his compatriot's proposal.

The short interval of his journey passed in Louisville, was in one respect providential to Dr. Flaget. There he fell in with Fathers Levadour and Richard, both sent by Dr. Carroll to pastorates in the far west, the one to Kaskaskia, and the other to Prairie du Rocher.

Having been commended by Gen. Wayne to the attention of Col. George Rogers Clarke, who was then in command of a garrison at the Falls of the Ohio, the missionary was treated by the last named officer with marked civility. He even accompanied him to Vincennes, giving him on the way the privilege of reposing in his own tent. From that time, Col. Clarke exhibited on all proper occasions much personal interest in Dr. Flaget, and their mutual friendship was only interrupted by the death of the renowned soldier in 1818.

Reaching Vincennes on the 21st of December, 1792, Dr. Flaget immediately set about the work of reconstruction which had led to his appointment. The church building, a rough structure of logs, was an affair rickety from long neglect, leaky and altogether wretched in its appointments. The altar, badly constructed from the first of unseasoned boards, was falling to pieces, and but for the uses to which it had formerly been put, was well calculated to disgust even a christian neophyte. The congregation was found to be in as bad a condition

as the church. Having fitted up the latter to the best of his ability for the festival of Christmas, he was enabled to induce twelve out of the seven hundred persons who acknowledged themselves Catholics, to approach the table of their Lord on the feast of His Nativity.

Sorrowful, but in no wise discouraged, the zealous priest gave himself no rest in his efforts to revive in the hearts of his people the half-forgotten Catholic traditions of their race. The greater part of the fathers of families under his spiritual jurisdiction were French Canadians, many of them married to Indian women and having large families of children. It was through these latter that he was enabled eventually to reach the hearts of the parents. He brought them together in a school and gave them instruction in the rudiments of secular learning. He gave to them lessons in the art of singing, and he caused them to assist with their voices in the services of the church. He could not have conceived more adequate means to the end he had in view. Just the reverse of repellent in both manner and speech, it was an easy task for him to win the affection of the children, and, so much accomplished, his way was open to the confidence of the parents. Turning his attention to these, he sought to improve their social condition by encouraging them in the application of their energies to pursuits that promised something better than the half-savage modes of life to which they had been accustomed. He sought to wean them from dependence upon the chase for their livelihood and that of their families, and to introduce among them habits of domesticity founded upon home industries and home comforts. His success was beyond his hopes, and it might have been still greater had he not been recalled to Baltimore by his superiors after two and a half years of conscientious and exacting toil in the wilderness.

Dr. Flaget left Vincennes toward the end of April, 1795. He first journeyed to Kaskaskia, whence he embarked on a flatboat for New Orleans. Here he remained a guest of the Capuchin fathers until he was enabled to secure passage in a sailing vessel bound for northeastern ports. It was not until the fall of the year named that he reached Baltimore. With little delay, he was sent to Georgetown college, conducted by priests of the suppressed order of the Society of Jesus. Here he remained for about three years, teaching geography and French, and filling the post of college disciplinarian. One of his pupils, to whom he became much attached, was Benedict J. Fenwick, afterwards successor to the late renowned Cardinal Cheverus, in the bishopric of Boston.*

* "While engaged at Georgetown college," says Dr. Spalding, "he had twice the pleasure of seeing and shaking by the hand the first president of the United States, George Washington. The first occasion was when he accompanied the faculty of the college on a complimentary visit paid by them to the president; and the second was when the latter returned the visit to the college. His estimate of the character of Washington had before been exalted, but having once seen him, and listened to his wise reflections on subjects that had for himself and his co-religionists a peculiar interest at the time, he was ready to give to him the title that has since inured to him by popular favor, 'the father of his country.'"

In 1798, by accessions to their ranks from Europe, the Jesuit fathers having control of Georgetown college were enabled to dispense with the services of those of St. Sulpice, who were wanted at the time to take charge of a proposed college in the Island of Havana. Three of the fathers were sent to the island, first Rev. William Dubourg, afterwards bishop of New Orleans, who was soon followed by Fathers Flaget and Babade. The welcome received by these fathers from the ecclesiastical authorities of the island was anything but assuring. The administration was at the time in the hands of two brothers, the vicars-general of the archbishop, who was incapable, by reason of age and blindness, of attending to the duties of his office; and these were dominated by extreme prejudice against the French clergy. On the plea that the Sulpician fathers were foreigners, they were refused the privilege of saying mass. Fathers Dubourg and Babade withdrew from the city at once and took immediate passage for Baltimore. It so happened that their companion was prostrated with yellow fever at the time of their departure, and they were under the necessity of leaving him on the island. The story of Dr. Flaget's after residence in Havana is here condensed from his biographer's more extended account:

In this extremity he was neither forgotten nor neglected His own sufferings and the hardships to which himself and his associates had been subjected had awaked for him and them a lively sympathy in Havana. He was waited on and nursed during his illness by an aged and wealthy lady of the city, who not only did everything in her power to render his situation less deplorable than it really was, but proposed to him, in the event of his recovery, that he should be to her as a son. Regaining his health, he became a member of the household of Don Nicholas Calvo, a man of affluence, who had earnestly appealed to him to take charge of the education of his son. This he contracted to do, but only on the condition that his superiors should be satisfied with the arrangement, and that within three months thereafter, liberty should be restored to him to offer up the holy sacrifice of the mass. The answer from his superiors was favorable, but vainly had M. Calvo and his other friends sought a reversal of the order restricting the priest from saying mass. But a few days remained of the three months during which he had agreed to wait the hoped-for permission, when the aged archbishop was called out of life, and the administration fell into the hands of the chapter of the cathedral. Accompanied by Don Calvo, Dr. Flaget attended a meeting of the chapter and stated his wishes. The decision of the dean was prompt and to the point: "Yes, Senor Abbate," said he, "I grant you these faculties; and I rejoice that the first act of my administration is one of justice." The two former vicars of the archbishop were present when these words were spoken, and it is to be presumed that the rebuke they then received was felt by them to their after profit.

Dr. Flaget's first mass in Havana was celebrated in the church of the Capuchins, and it was made an occasion for rejoicing by very many

persons who had become interested in his welfare through their observation of his singular piety and modest demeanor from the time of his arrival in the city. The greater part of his time, during his after residence in Havana, was given to the observance of his compact with M. Calvo in relation to the education of his son. While so employed, an incident took place that was destined to affect favorably the diocese over which Dr. Flaget was afterwards called to rule. Louis Philippe, of Orleans, afterwards king of France, together with his two brothers, exiled from their native land and slimly provided with means for their maintenance, arrived in Havana, and became in some sense, pensioners upon the charity of a stranger people. Sympathizing with them in their misfortunes, the more wealthy of the citizens undertook a private subscription for their benefit, the presentation of which was assigned to Dr. Flaget. This was a graceful admission on the part of the friends of the Orleans princes that there was no one more capable of representing them than the modest ecclesiastic who had so lately come to reside amongst them. The service required of him was performed with so much tact and discretion, and so feelingly withal, that it secured to him the lasting friendship of the exiled princes. This was afterwards evidenced in a tangible manner when the elder of the princes became king of France, and the spokesman of the almoners was bishop of Bardstown.

M. Calvo died in May, 1801. He had previously sought to secure the permanent services of Dr. Flaget by proposing that he should travel with his son for some years, and visit with him the several kingdoms of Europe.

The stipend, extravagant for the times, proposed to be given him, and the character of the service itself, so grateful to his natural longings, were no temptation to one who had long before surrendered his will for the glory of God. Says his biographer: "He wisely left all to the decision of his superiors." Soon after the death of his friend, Dr. Flaget was recalled to Baltimore by his superiors. On leaving Havana, twenty-three youths were entrusted to his care by their parents, all designed for Georgetown college. Among these was the son of Mr. Calvo, whose education had been his principal care up to that time since his recovery from the serious illness of which mention has been made. When he presented himself before his superiors in Baltimore, toward the end of the year 1801, he was enabled to give to these reverend gentlemen tangible evidences of the respect and confidence that had been reposed in him by the good Catholic people of Havana. Gifts, aggregating a large sum of money, had been forced upon him by these latter, and without reserving to himself anything, the whole was handed over to the treasurer of the society.

Again charged with college duties and frequent missionary labors, Dr. Flaget spent the seven years of his life immediately following his return to Baltimore with little intervening that was calculated to disturb its quietude. Had it not been for his natural anxiety concerning his

relatives in France—that country being involved at the time in what is historically known as Napoleonic wars—his peace of mind would have been well-nigh perfect. For much of the time he could not hear from them, nor they from him; and when it so happened that their letters did reach his hands, he found them made up of importunities for his speedy return to his native country. The thought that he was separated from, and little likely to be ever reunited to them in life, was very bitter to him; but his earthly work had been fixed for him; he had set his hands to the plow, and he felt that he would be recreant to duty should he abandon his field of toil. Writing to one of his brothers, he says: "It is difficult to uproot a tree that has been for seventeen years in a good soil. Let that be said, my dear brother, in order that we may both accustom ourselves to the thought of never seeing each other in this lower world. My heart is very heavy in making you such an adieu; but it is as well to make it to-day as to-morrow. The sorrow would be always the same; and the sacrifice once made, we would labor seriously, both of us, to be reunited, as soon as possible, in the bosom of God."

"The new bishop," says Dr. Spalding, "now ardently desired to repair immediately to the theatre of his future labors; but insuperable difficulties arose, which delayed his departure till the following spring. The principal obstacle was his truly apostolic poverty; he had not wherewith to defray the necessary expenses of his journey.

"He corresponded on the subject with M. Badin, now his vicar general in Kentucky; and the latter opened a subscription, with a view to raise the requisite sum. But the poverty of the Catholics, most of whom were new settlers, subsequently induced him to suspend the collection. The bishop approved of this proceeding, for he was aware of the destitution of his new flock, and he wished to do nothing to alienate their affections.

"He wrote to M. Badin: 'May the will of God be done! I would prefer a thousand times to walk, than create the slightest murmur.' And again: 'Be pleased to take notice, that we are seven or eight persons, and have but one horse among us. I intend to let M. David, as being the slowest of foot, have the use of this horse; I and my other companions will perform the journey on foot, with the greatest pleasure, and without the slightest reluctance. This manner of pilgrimage will be more to my taste; and unless I am greatly deceived, it will not derogate from my dignity. I, however, leave everything to your prudence.'

"While he was placed in these difficulties, a number of generous friends in Baltimore came to his relief, by contributing the necessary amount. We will here let him speak for himself; laying before our readers an extract from a letter to the directors of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, in France:

"'To give you a clear idea of the bishoprics of the United States, I propose to lay before you a brief statement of the condition in which I found myself, after the Holy See, on the representation of Bishop Carroll, had nominated me to the bishopric of Bardstown. I was

compelled to accept the appointment, whether I would or not; I had not a cent at my disposal; the pope and the cardinals, who were dispersed by the revolution, were not able to make me the slightest present; and Archbishop Carroll, though he had been bishop for more than sixteen (*twenty*) years, was still poorer than myself; for he had debts, and I owed nothing. Nevertheless, my consecration took place on the 4th of November, 1810; but for want of money to defray the expenses of the journey, I could not undertake it. It was only six months afterwards, that, through a subscription made by my friends in Baltimore, I was enabled to reach Bardstown, my episcopal See.'

"At length, on the 11th of May, 1811, the bishop and his suite left Baltimore for the west. They traveled over the mountains to Pittsburg; whence they embarked on the 22d in a flatboat, chartered specially for the purpose. They were thirteen days in descending the Ohio river to Louisville, where they arrived on the 4th of June.

"A Canadian priest, M. Savine, had joined them; and, on the boat, all the exercises were conducted as in a regularly organized seminary. Though 'M. David's health was in as bad a condition as the bishop's funds'— it having been greatly shattered on the missions of Maryland—yet he presided over all the spiritual exercises, the order of which had been previously fixed by the bishop.

"'The boat on which we descended the Ohio became the cradle of the seminary, and of the church of Kentucky. Our cabin was, at the time, chapel, dormitory, study room and refectory. An altar was erected on the boxes, and ornamented so far as circumstances would allow. The bishop prescribed a regulation which fixed all the exercises, and in which each had its proper time. On Sunday, after prayer, every one went to confession; then the priests said mass, and the others went to communion. After an agreeable navigation of thirteen days, we arrived at Louisville, next at Bardstown, and finally at the residence of the vicar-general.'

"At Louisville, the bishop met the good M. Nerinckx, who had come to welcome him in the name of the clergy, and to escort him to Bardstown and St. Stephen's.

"We cannot better relate his journey to Bardstown, or describe his sentiments on taking possession of his See, than in his own words, contained in a letter—half playful and half serious—written to his brother in France, a few days afterwards:

"'While we were there, (in Louisville,) the faithful of my episcopal city put themselves in motion to receive me in a manner conformable to my dignity. They despatched for my use a fine equipage drawn by two horses; and a son of one among the principal inhabitants considered himself honored in being the driver. Horses were furnished to all those who accompanied me, and four wagons transported our baggage.'

"'It was then, for the first time, that I saw the bright side of the episcopacy, and that I began to feel its dangers. Nevertheless, God be thanked, if some movements of vanity glided into my heart, they

had not a long time to fix their abode therein. The roads were so detestable, that, in spite of my beautiful chargers and my excellent driver, I was obliged to perform part of the journey on foot; and I should have so traveled the entire way, had not one of my young seminarians dismounted and presented me his horse.'

"'The next day, the sun was not yet risen when we were already on our journey. The roads were much better; I entered the carriage with two of my suite. I was not the more exalted (*fier*) for all this; the idea that I was henceforward to speak, to write and to act as bishop, cast me into a profound sadness. How many sighs did I not breathe forth while traversing the four or five remaining leagues of our journey!'

"'At the distance of a half league (a mile and a half) from town, an ecclesiastic of my diocese, accompanied by the principal inhabitants, came out to meet me. So soon as they had perceived us, they dismounted to receive my benediction. I gave it to them, but with how trembling a hand, and with what heaviness of heart! Mutual compliments were now exchanged, and then we all together proceeded towards the town. This *cortége*, though simple and modest in itself, is something very new and extraordinary in this country. It was the first time a bishop was ever seen in these parts (*déserts*); and it was I, the very last of the last tribe, who was to have this honor!'

"'In entering the town, I devoted myself to all the guardian angels who reside therein, and I prayed to God, with all my heart, to make me die a thousand times, should I not become an instrument of His glory in this new diocese. O, my dear brother, have compassion on me, overloaded with so heavy a burden, and pray fervently to God that He would vouchsafe to lighten it.'

"The bishop entered Bardstown—where there was as yet no church—on the 9th of June; and he reached St. Stephen's, the residence of M. Badin, on the 11th. Here he was met by the clergy of his diocese, and was greeted by a large concourse of his people, anxious to see their bishop. The ceremony of his installation is thus described by M. Badin:

"'The bishop there found the faithful kneeling on the grass, and singing canticles in English; the country women were nearly all dressed in white, and many of them were still fasting, though it was then four o'clock in the evening; they having entertained a hope to be able on that day to assist at his mass, and to receive the holy communion from his hands. An altar had been prepared at the entrance of the first court, under a bower composed of four small trees which overshadowed it with their foliage. Here the bishop put on his pontifical robes. After the aspersion of the holy water, he was conducted to the chapel in procession, with the singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; and the whole function closed with the prayers and ceremonies prescribed for the occasion in the Roman Pontifical.'

"Under circumstances so simple, yet so touching, did the first bishop of the West enter into formal possession of his See."

It is not deemed necessary here to pursue the after history of the See of Bardstown. That will appear as the record progresses. Neither will the writer refer further in this place to the after life of its venerable first bishop. In another chapter will be given, in his own words, a full account of his labors and their fruits up to the year 1820; and therein, too, will be found a pen-portrait, drawn by the author from his personal recollections, of one of the most saintly men that has yet adorned the history of the Church in America.

CHAPTER XVI.

REV. JOHN B. DAVID—THE SEMINARY OF ST. THOMAS.

On finding himself clothed with the purple of a bishop, and with the powers, privileges and responsibilities that pertain to the office, Dr. Flaget's first concern had reference to a source of ministerial supply, in order that the fruits of his labors might remain after himself and his co-workers should be called out of life. As has elsewhere been seen, Providence had favored him from the first with the services of an ecclesiastic possessing every requisite needed for the special work of seminary foundation. Father John B. David was not only learned in theology, but he had previously, and for long years, been connected with institutions wherein he had acquired much experience as a teacher and trainer of young men who were being prepared for the work of the holy ministry. The name of Father David is so intimately connected with the history of the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, that the writer finds it impossible to treat separately the man and his work. The life of the venerable ecclesiastic referred to, up to the date of his consecration as coadjutor bishop of Bardstown, is thus epitomized by Dr. M. J. Spalding:

"John Baptist David was born in 1761, in a little town on the river Loire, in France, between the cities of Nantes and Angers. His parents were pious, exemplary, and ardently attached to the faith of their fathers. Though not wealthy, they were yet blessed with a competence for their own support and for the education of their offspring. Sensible of the weighty responsibility which rests on christian parents, in regard to those tender ones whom heaven has intrusted to their charge, they determined to spare no pains nor expense that might be necessary for the christian education of their children.

"Young John Baptist gave early evidences of deep piety, of solid talents, and of an ardent thirst for learning. At the age of seven he

was placed under the care of an uncle, a pious priest, who willingly took charge of his early education. By this good priest he was taught the elements of the French and Latin languages, and also those of music, for which he manifested great taste. He was enrolled in the number of *enfants de chœur*, or of the boys who served at the altar, and sung in the choir. He thus passed the first years of his life in the church, where he was reared up under the very shadow of the sanctuary.

"At the age of fourteen, he was sent by his parents to a neighboring college, conducted by the Oratorian priests. Here he distinguished himself for regularity, close application to his studies, solid talents, and, above all, for a sincere piety, which soon won him the esteem and love of both professors and fellow students. But what all admired in him most was that sincerity and candor of soul, which formed throughout his long life the distinctive trait in his character.

"From his earliest childhood, the young John Baptist had manifested an ardent desire to embrace the ecclesiastical state, that he might thus devote his whole life to the service of God and of the neighbor, in the exercise of the holy ministry. His parents were delighted with these dispositions of their son; and to second his purpose, they sent him to the diocesan seminary of Nantes. Here he entered with ardor on his sacred studies, in which he made solid proficiency. In the year 1778, the eighteenth of his age, he received the tonsure, and, two years later, the minor orders from the hands of the bishop of Angers.

"In the theological seminary he remained for about four years, during which he completed his course of studies, and took with honor the degrees of bachelor and master of arts. In the twenty-second year of his age, after having duly prepared himself by a retreat of eight days, he bound himself irrevocably to the sacred ministry, by receiving the holy order of subdeaconship. He now considered himself as belonging wholly to God; and throughout the remainder of his life he never regretted nor recalled that first act of entire consecration, by which he had bound himself forever to the service of the altar.

"Shortly after he had taken this important step, with the advice of his superiors, he yielded to the earnest solicitation of one among the most wealthy and respectable citizens of Nantes, and became, for some years, private tutor in his family. Accustomed to enter heartily into everything he undertook, he discharged this duty with such assiduity and zeal, as to win the respect of the parents and the love of the children under his charge. On the recent visit of Bishop Flaget to France, one of these came to inquire about his old preceptor, for whom he manifested feelings of love and gratitude which long years had not weakened nor diminished.

"M. David was ordained deacon in the year 1783; and, having shortly afterwards determined to join the pious congregation of Sulpicians, he went to Paris, and remained for two years in the solitude of

Issy, to complete his theological studies, and to prepare himself, by retirement and prayer, for the awful dignity of the priesthood. During this time, he edified all by his exemplary virtues, by his assiduity in study, and by the punctual regularity with which he attended to every duty of the seminarian. He was raised to the priesthood on the 24th of September, 1785.

"Early in the year following, he was sent by his superiors to the theological seminary of Angers, then under the direction of the Sulpicians. Here he remained for about four years, discharging with industry and ability, the duties of professor of philosophy, theology, and the holy scriptures: always enforcing his lessons by his good example. At length the storm of the French revolution broke over Angers; and, late in the year 1790, the seminary was seized on by the revolutionary troops, and converted into an arsenal. The professors and students were compelled to fly for their lives; and M. David took shelter in a private family. In this retreat he spent his time in study, and in constant prayer to God, for light to guide him in this emergency, and for his powerful aid and protection to abridge the horrors of a revolution which was everywhere sacrificing the lives of the ministers of God, and threatening the very existence of the Catholic Church in France.

"After nearly two years spent in this retirement, he determined, with the advice of his superiors, to sail for America, and to devote the remainder of his life to its infant and struggling missions. As we have already stated, he embarked for America in 1792, in the company of MM. Flaget and Badin. On the voyage he applied himself with such assiduity to the study of the English language, as to have already mastered its principal difficulties ere he set foot on American soil. This is but one in a long chain of facts, which prove that he made it an invariable rule never to be idle, and never to lose a moment of his precious time.

"Very soon after his arrival in the United States, Bishop Carroll ascertained that he knew enough of English to be of service on the missions, and he accordingly sent him to attend to some Catholic congregations in the lower part of Maryland. M. David had been but four months in America, when he preached his first sermon in English, and he had the consolation to find that he was not only well understood, but that his discourse made a deep impression on his hearers. For twelve years he labored with indefatigable zeal on this mission, in which he attended to the spiritual wants of three numerous congregations. He was cheered by the abundant fruits with which God every where blessed his labors.

"Feeling that mere transient preaching is generally of but little permanent utility, he resolved to commence regular courses of instruction in the form of retreats; and so great was his zeal and industry, that he gave four retreats every year to his congregations. The first was for the benefit of the married men; the second, for that of the married women; the third and fourth, for that of the boys and girls.

To each of these classes he gave separate sets of instructions, adapted to their respective capacities and wants.

"His discourses were plain in their manner, and solid and thorough in their matter. He seldom began to treat, without exhausting a subject. At first, but few attended his retreats; but gradually the number increased, so as to embrace almost all the members of his congregations. But he appeared to preach with as much zeal and earnestness to the few, as to the many. He was often heard to say that the conversion or spiritual profit of even *one* soul, was sufficient to enlist all the zeal, and to call forth of all the energies of the preacher.

"Great were the effects, and most abundant the fruits, of M. David's labors on the missions of Maryland. On his arrival among them, he found his congregations cold and neglectful of their christian duties; he left them fervent and exemplary. Piety everywhere revived; the children and servants made their first communion; the older members of the congregations became regular communicants. Few that were instructed by him could soon forget their duty, so great was the impression he left, and so thorough was the course of instruction he gave. To the portion of Maryland in which he thus signalized his zeal, he bequeathed a rich and abundant legacy of spiritual blessings, which was destined to descend from generation to generation: and the good people of those parts still exhibit traces of his zeal, and still pronounce his name with reverence and gratitude.

"In the year 1804, Bishop Carroll found it necessary to recall M. David from the missions, in order to send him to Georgetown college, which was then greatly in need of his services. The good missionary promptly obeyed the call, and for two years discharged, in that institution, the duties of professor, with his accustomed fidelity and ability.

"In 1806, the Sulpicians of Baltimore expressed a wish to enlist his services in the theological seminary and the college of St. Mary's under their direction in that city. M. David belonged to this body, and he promptly repaired to the assistance of his brethren. He remained in Baltimore for nearly five years, discharging various offices in the institutions just named, and devoted all his leisure time to the duties of the sacred ministry. He labored with so great zeal and constancy, that his constitution, naturally robust, became much impaired. Still, he was not discouraged, nor did he give himself any rest or relaxation. A pure intention of promoting the honor and glory of God, and a constant spirit of prayer, sustained him, and hallowed his every action.

"When his intimate friend, the Rev. M. Flaget, was nominated first bishop of Bardstown, M. David, as we have already seen, cheerfully offered himself to accompany the bishop to his new diocese in the West. Though then in his fiftieth year, and though his previous hardships had greatly weakened his health, yet his zeal had not abated; and he was fully prepared to share with his dear friend in all the hardships and privations of his rugged mission. The bishop gratefully accepted the tender of his services; and cheerfully entered into the

design of M. Emery, the venerable superior-general of the Sulpicians, who had already named him superior of the theological seminary to be organized for the new diocese of Bardstown.

"'Occupied solely with the wants of his flock,' says M. David, 'the principal end and object of Bishop Flaget was the foundation of a seminary. Without this, it was impossible for him to have a clergy sufficient for a diocese which extended to the sources of the Mississippi and the lakes of Canada. He arrived in Baltimore in July, 1810, accompanied by a subdeacon and two young laymen, the elements of his seminary, which I had been already charged with by M. Emery, the superior-general of the Sulpicians. My health then was in as bad a condition as our funds. . . . A Canadian priest had joined us; and the boat on which we descended the Ohio became the cradle of our seminary and of the Church of Kentucky.'

"Having reached St. Stephen's, the residence of the vicar-general, 'our seminary continued there for five months. The bishop lived in a log cabin, which had but one room, and was called the "Episcopal palace." The seminarians lodged in another cabin, all together, and myself in a small addition to the principal house. A good Catholic, who had labored for sixteen years to make an establishment for the Church, then bequeathed to the bishop a fine plantation; and in November, (1811) the seminary was removed thither. After five years, we finally succeeded in building a brick church, sixty-five feet long, by thirty wide. The interior is not yet sufficiently ornamented for want of means; it is, however, in a condition sufficiently decent for the celebration of the divine offices. The bishop officiates in it on all the great feasts, and in it three ordinations have already taken place.'

"He next proceeds to state that, at the date of his letter—November, 1817—there were at St. Thomas' fifteen seminarians, of whom five were studying theology, and of whom but two were able to pay annually the sum of fifty dollars each. The number might have been doubled if the means of the bishop had allowed him to receive all who had applied for admission. Notwithstanding the poverty with which the infant institution had to struggle, God watched over it, and his providence did not suffer its inmates to want for any of the necessaries of life.

"The young seminarians corresponded well with the parental solicitude of their good superior. They caught his spirit, and entered heartily into all his plans for their spiritual welfare. They united manual labor with study. They cheerfully submitted to lead a painful and laborious life, in order to fit themselves for the ministry, and to prepare themselves for the privations they were destined to endure on the missions. On this subject, we will translate for our readers a portion of M. Badin's account of the early missions of Kentucky:

"'The seminarians made bricks, prepared the mortar, cut wood, etc., to build the church of St. Thomas, the seminary, and the convent of Nazareth. The poverty of our infant establishments compelled them to spend their recreations in labor. Every day they devoted

three hours to labor in the garden, in the fields, or in the woods. Nothing could be more frugal than their table, which was also that of the two bishops, and in which water was their ordinary drink; nothing, at the same time, could be more simple than their dress.'

"Father David continues his account of the seminary, over which he presided, as follows:

'"We have at length succeeded, thanks to God, in building a seminary thirty feet square. The second story, which is a garret, serves as a dormitory, and may contain twenty-five persons; it is habitable in winter. For about a year we have been able to give in it hospitality to twelve persons belonging to the *suite* of the bishop of Louisiana, who is daily expected to arrive with twenty-three other companions. These will be lodged with difficulty; but our hearts will dilate with joy; and these good missionaries will perform with us an apprenticeship of the apostolic life.'

"As superior of the seminary, Father David was a rigid disciplinarian. Both by word and by example he enforced exact regularity in all the exercises of the house. He was himself always amongst the first at every duty. Particularly was he indefatigable in discharging the duty of instructing the young candidates for the ministry in the sublime maxims of christian perfection. He seemed never to grow weary of this occupation. A thorough master of the interior life himself, it was his greatest delight to conduct others into the same path of holiness. He was not satisfied with laying down general principles; he entered into the most minute details, with a zeal equalled only by his patience.

"He sought to inspire the young seminarians with an ardent desire of aspiring to perfection; and of doing all their actions for the honor and glory of God. To arouse and stimulate their zeal, he often dwelt on the sublime grandeur of the ministry, which he delighted to paint as a co-operation with Christ for the salvation of souls. A favorite passage of the holy scriptures with him, was that containing the words of our blessed Lord to his apostles: 'I have placed you, that you may go, and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit may remain;' as also this other declaration of the Saviour: 'I have come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?'

"Though he sometimes rebuked faults with some severity, yet he had a tender and parental heart which showed itself on all occasions. For all the seminarians he cherished feelings of the most paternal affection. It was his greatest happiness to see them advance in learning and improve in virtue. He rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and wept with those who wept. No one ever went to him for advice or consolation in vain. As a confessor, few could surpass him in zeal, in patience, in tenderness. But what most won for him the esteem, confidence, and love of all under his charge, was his great sincerity and candor in everything. All who were acquainted with him, not only believed, but *felt*, that he was wholly incapable of deceiving them in the least thing.

"He was always even better than his word: he was sparing of promises, and lavish in his efforts to redeem them when made. If he rebuked the faults of others, he was free to avow his own; and more than once have we heard him publicly acknowledging his imperfections, and with tears imploring pardon of those under his control for whatever pain he might have unnecessarily caused them. He was in the constant habit of speaking whatever he thought, without human respect or fear of censure from others. This frankness harmonized well with the open character of the Kentuckians, and secured for him, in their bosoms, an unbounded confidence and esteem.

"Those under his direction could not fail to profit by all this earnest zeal and devotedness to their welfare. They made rapid advances in the path of perfection, in which they were blessed with so able and laborious a guide. Even when he was snatched from their midst, they could not soon forget his lessons nor lose sight of his example.

"We may say of him, what he so ardently wished should be verified in others: that he 'has brought forth fruit,' and that 'his fruit has remained.' He has enkindled a fire in our midst, which the coldness and neglect of generations to come will not be able to quench. He has impressed his own earnest spirit on the missions served by those whom his laborious zeal has reared. Such are some of the fruits produced by this truly good man, with whose invaluable services God was pleased to bless our infant diocese.

With each succeeding year, the number of those whose aspirations were leading them to the service of the altar, went on increasing; and as early as 1814, at least one of these received priestly ordination from the hands of Bishop Flaget. From and after the date given, up to the year 1823, the ordinations at St. Thomas were of the following named priests: Revs. Peter Schæffer, M. Derigaud, M. Champonier, Anthony Gahill, David A. Desparcq, Philip Horstman, Robert A. Abell, George A. M. Elder, William Byrne and Elisha J. Durbin.*

* Among the writer's sketches of individual life, character and personal appearance, given to the reader further on, will be found one of the venerable founder of the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONVENTS AND SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

It is a singular circumstance in the history of the three first established and more widely known of the Catholic sisterhoods of Kentucky, that the experiences of those who founded them, as well as of their earlier members, should present features so identical as to render the story of one but the repetition of that of each of the others. Literally, and in accordance with natural laws, these sisterhoods began their work, now co-extensive with the western part of the country, upon capital comprised of willing hands and individual determination. Without money or resources of any kind, were laid the foundations of these now magnificent establishments, each with its hundreds of members, its numerous affiliated houses, wherein the children of the poor and of the rich are being taught whatever is needful for them to know, whether for their happiness here or hereafter. No day-laborer, on farm or street, or in any one of the multifarious occupations in which strong hands find employment, ever earned to himself commendation for more ready acceptance of the divine decree, "in the sweat of thy face, thou shalt eat bread," than did these humble virgins of the early Church of Kentucky. Enlightened by the divine spirit, they surrendered everything for God, and elected to serve Him by devoting their lives to the service of those upon whom was to depend in so great a measure, the future of Catholicity in the State. Some of the experiences to which reference has been made, will appear in the accounts that follow of the organizations now known as those of the Sisterhood of Loretto, the Sisterhood of Charity of Nazareth, and the Sisterhood of St. Catharine of Sienna.

THE SISTERHOOD OF LORETTO.

The organization of the Sisterhood of Loretto, or as it was first called, *The Little Society of the Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross*, antedates that of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth by a little more than eight months, and it preceded that of St. Catharine of Sienna, known at first by the title of *St. Mary Magdalen's*, by just ten years. Inclinations to conventual life are not ordinarily brought about by mere self-reflection. On the contrary, they are generally the result of influence brought to bear upon the plastic minds of the young by those who gave themselves up to a celibate life in their own youth, and have since walked by faith and found their joys increased, the nearer

they approached the hill of Calvary, and the more distinctly was reflected in their hearts the drama of salvation thereupon enacted. The founders of the three orders of religious referred to were all men of eminent sanctity; men who were devoted to prayer, to labor, to the Church and its Divine Head, and to the work of the holy ministry to which they had been pledged. They were men who not only preached—but practiced, mortification.

The labors of Father Nerinckx in Kentucky, were most nobly crowned by the foundation he made of the Loretto society. Here it is that the spirit of the great missionary still lives and abides, still leads the children of his adoption to the foot of the cross, and still evokes out of their hearts and minds and mouths that tribute of love and sympathy, the most pathetic ever conceived or uttered: "O, suffering Jesus! O, sorrowful Mary!" As early as the year 1808, Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin undertook the construction of a convent for women near his residence of St. Stephen's, wherein, it had been already arranged between him and his co-laborer, Father Nerinckx, certain pious souls among the young women of the settlement were to find a home and employ themselves in teaching the children of the neighborhood, both white and black. He prosecuted the work successfully, but on the very day the house was ready for occupancy, it took fire and was burned to the ground. The destruction of the building was felt by both missionaries to be a loss for which there was no immediate remedy. But a remedy was found, the facts connected with which are thus simply told by an aged sister of the Loretto society:

"Father Nerinckx determined this year, (1812) to establish a little day school for the children of his congregation of St. Charles, and he applied to Miss Mary Rhodes, then living with her cousin, James Dant, on the farm now occupied by the Trappists, to remove to Hardin's creek, live there, with her brother, Bennet Rhodes, and take charge of his school. Mary Rhodes was a good and pious girl, and having received her education in a convent, she had nothing to learn to fit her for the position she was invited to fill. The arrangement was perfected, and the school was opened in a couple of abandoned cabins that stood on an eminence, on the opposite side of Hardin's creek from the residence of Mr. Rhodes, and half-way between it and St. Charles' church. They were wretchedly dilapidated, and without other flooring than the bare ground. They were roofed with rough boards that had shrunk so far apart as to afford but slight protection against the intrusion of wind and snow. The playground for the children was a diminutive affair, separated from the near forest by a few sections of rail fencing."

The school was begun, and soon bare-footed children from miles around were to be seen treading the forest paths, and racing with each other toward the improvised academy building above described. It was not long before an assistant teacher was needed, and Father Nerinckx had no difficulty in his search after a proper one. Christine

Stuart was well known in the neighborhood as a sensible and pious girl, and none knew better than her pastor how well suited she was for the life to which he hoped in the end to attach both herself and Miss Rhodes, The two maidens were alike in many things. They were alike capable, alike pious and alike unworldly. They boarded and roomed together at the house of Bennet Rhodes, and, imperceptibly to themselves, it may be, there was developed in them something of conventual order, especially in respect to their devotions.

In the meantime, the young women named had discovered that their residence with Mr. Rhodes was throwing them too much into the company of the worldly-minded and the frivolous, and they concluded to fit up a lodging-room, and to remain for the future, isolated from worldly associations. They were joined about this time by Miss Ann Hevern, an exceedingly pious young woman, and they began to talk freely among themselves and with their pastor, of the propriety of banding themselves together in religious life, and thus forming the nucleus of a community vowed to specific duties, under ecclesiastical authority and discipline. Father Nerinckx saw in all this the beginning of the realization of his hopes, entertained for years, for the christian education of the girl children in his own and the neighboring congregations. He hastened to Bardstown, laid the matter before Bishop Flaget, and returned home with the authority to receive as novices the three postulants and those who might elect to follow their example, and to write out rules for the government of the new organization.

On the 25th of April, 1812, the three postulants walked over to the church of St. Charles, where mass was said by Father Nerinckx, and where they were received by him as novices in the community to which he then gave the name of *Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross*. Among those who witnessed the ceremony in the church, were Nancy Rhodes and Sally Hevern, and a few days later, these were admitted into the community as postulants. Previous to this date, mostly by the work of their own hands, the youthful teachers had made many changes in the cabins on the hill. They had improvised rooms for a few boarding pupils, and they had done much to render the entire establishment less uncomfortable to its inmates.

Now that their numbers had more than doubled in a few months, they were encouraged to labor with still greater efficiency, and soon they had a garden laid out, enclosed, and in a good state of cultivation; they were seized with a mania for rearing pigs and poultry, and all the little income that came to them from the parents of the children they were teaching was devoted to reconstruction. Now and then, a kind-hearted neighbor would proffer them service for a day or two, and again, when the work was wholly beyond their strength, they were helped out of their difficulty by the appearance on the place of a number of male members of the congregation, who had been previously notified by the pastor, of the need there was for their united charitable action.

And now another addition was made to their number, in the person of Miss Nellie Morgan, of the congregation of Holy Mary's, on the Rolling Fork. This young woman had asked for admittance into the contemplated society several months before, but she had contracted with several of her mother's neighbors to teach their children for a given time, and the period ended only on the 1st of June, 1812. Nellie was a great acquisition to the little community. She was a fairly accomplished young lady, easy and pleasant in her manners, and of a cheerful disposition. In addition to her graces of mind and person, she could sing well, had some knowledge of music, and was able to instruct others in the art.

On the 29th of June, the entire community, novices, postulants and pupils, repaired to the church of St. Charles, where a like ceremony to that of the preceding 25th of April, was performed and witnessed in the reception of Nancy Rhodes, Nelly Morgan and Sally Hevern as novices. In the afternoon of the same day, as is supposed, the six novices, in the presence of Father Nerinckx, went into an election of one of their number to preside over the community. Their choice fell upon Ann or Nancy Rhodes, the younger sister of Mary Rhodes, who, up to that time, had been at the head of the school. When Father Nerinckx announced the result of the election, he remarked: "You have chosen the youngest among you." "Yes, Father," answered one of the number, "but she is the most virtuous." There was no display, no feeling, indeed, of jealousy on the part of the elder sister. She knew her sister's capabilities, and she knew also how humble of heart she was, and how just was her sense of both duty and propriety. Father Nerinckx had selected for the title to be borne by the superior, that of *Dear Mother*. Each of the others, with the exception of Nelly Morgan, elected to assume in religion her baptismal name. The exception had chosen the name of Sister Clare.

On this same memorable 29th day of June, was felled the first tree designed for the construction of a new convent. This work had been blessed by Bishop Flaget, and he had appealed to the good will and charity of the people, especially of the congregation of St. Charles, for contributions in aid of the undertaking. Quick and generous response had been made to this appeal, and those who could give nothing in money were liberal of the work of their hands. The proposed buildings were to be of logs, and close at hand stood the monsters of the forest, out of whose stately shafts was to be shaped the material for their construction. The aged sister already quoted, thus describes the progress of the work:

"Small stones from the creek formed the foundations, and these were made solid by being filled in with mud and straw. This work was mostly done by Father Nerinckx himself. Through reverence for God, the logs intended for the chapel were hewed flat and smooth. The houses were built at short distances from each other on either side of a square and were of good dimensions. The school house stood first in the row at the right hand side of the entrance gate; and

immediately opposite to this, heading the left hand row of houses, was one intended for the pastor's residence. Like the school buildings, this was a double cabin of one story, and a single chimney formed of forest cuttings, daubed inside and out with mud. In the construction of this house Father Nerinckx had little assistance from others, and the entire work was done at a cost of six dollars and fifty cents."

According to the same authority, the novices were not a little troubled on a subject that is supposed to be of absorbing interest to women of every condition living in the world. Their rule as promulgated by their superior, required them to appear in habits that were uniform in shape, color and material. To supply these immediately was simply impossible. They had first to secure the wool, cotton and flax out of which to elaborate the finished cloth needed for their clothing. This they succeeded in doing eventually, and in time they were able to appear in dresses which were the absolute product of their own intelligent industry.

Months before the new convent was finished, Father Nerinckx had removed from St. Stephen's to St. Charles', where, so to say, he kept house in the sacristy of the church. A good woman of the neighborhood prepared his meals in her own house and sent them to him whenever it happened that he was not absent on ministerial duty. When at home, on week-days, his whole time was given to instruction of the novices and their pupils. Whenever it was possible, he said mass for the little community, in the most eligible room of the larger of the two cabins, whither he had caused to be transferred a statue of the Blessed Virgin which he had brought with him to this country.

In so far as Father Nerinckx can be said to have had a home at all on earth, the two-roomed cabin hitherto described served him for that purpose up to a short time before his death. Here it was that his thoughts were concentrated upon the work that was destined to live after him, and where he begged for divine guidance, in order to see clearly his way to the ends of his ministry, the greater glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men. Here were considered, and sometimes worked out, his homilies, afterwards addressed to the sisterhood he had established, in which he sought to direct their minds, first of all to the Godhead, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who had inspired them to undertake their labor of love; then to Jesus' suffering, who had shed His precious blood for their redemption; and then to the Sorrowful Mother, under whose protection they had been placed, and whose aid he would have them invoke in all their trials and for the accomplishment of all their just desires.

The chapel of the new convent was blessed under the title of *Little Loretto;* this name attached as well to the convent itselt, which was not finished for some time after. There was now room sufficient, however, for all the needs of the community and their pupils, both boarders and day-scholars. The work of improvement about the place went on slowly enough for a number of years, but there was something of progression nevertheless. Though the Sisters were in no wise lacking

in industry, their hands were kept too busy with their legitimate tasks to permit them to attend to those that referred to house construction and change. For all that, they had to depend upon hired help. Their savings—how small they were will be better understood from the statement that the sum of thirty-two dollars was all they received for an entire session of board and tuition—were devoted wholly to these objects and the purchase of supplies for their table.

The number of their pupils was still steadily increasing. The boarding pupils were principally from the congregation of Holy Mary's, on the Rolling Fork, and from points in that of St. Charles' which were too distant from the school to enable the children to walk thither daily.

The summer months had passed away, and now the forest trees were beginning to put on tints of red and yellow, sure harbingers of their swift decay. There was quietude in *Little Loretto*, too much, indeed, for accordance with the natural joyousness of youth. The sisters—there was one now of their number missing—went about their usual avocations with energies unabated, but there were foreboding shadows on their faces, and there was dread in their hearts. Dear Mother Nancy Rhodes was ill, it was feared unto death. This child of predilection had been extremely delicate for years, and now her active spirit, which had kept her up since her entrance into the society, was asking release from its tenement of clay. No wonder there was deep sorrow in the hearts of her associates; and no wonder, too, there was less noisy demonstrativeness among the pupils while at their play. Dear Mother Nancy Rhodes was one of that class of women whose artlessness makes them attractive. Of herself, she never thought, but always of others. She sought for herself no exemption from labor, none from the stern rules of the house in reference to fasting and prayer. By those who were striving with all their might after perfection, she was regarded as one who had already reached as high a standard of virtue as is attainable by struggling humanity in its efforts to reach heaven, through the fulfilment of duty as prescribed by its King.

Day by day, it became more evident to the distressed community that the misfortune they dreaded was approaching them nearer, and still nearer. They were inconsolable, but in no wise rebellious. They prayed earnestly that the threatened cup might be removed from their lips, but they were able to say with Him who had subjected Himself to a greater trial, "not mine, Father, but Thy will be done." The dear mother lingered long, and though she often sought from her bed of suffering to direct the thoughts of her sisters into channels that had reference to present wants and daily duty, without speech she inculcated upon their impressible minds lessons of even greater importance. These were lessons of patience, resignation to the Divine will, of charity that grew stronger with the lessening breath, and of faith triumphant over death. They came to regard her as one so far separated from themselves, because of her greater sanctity, so ripe for Heaven, that their natural desire to retain her longer in their midst might be in reality both selfish and sinful.

The victory was gained at last. In the train of the Lamb found place another spotless soul, and the newly laid off community graveyard at *Little Loretto*, received its first seed for the resurrection. The death of this holy religious took place early in the morning of December 11, 1812.*

Soon after her sister's death, Mary Rhodes was elected superior. † Up to the 15th day of August, 1812, there was neither change in the little community nor in its routine of labors. The aged sister, often quoted, tells us something to be sure, of the manner of life the novices were leading. In order to earn the cost for the raw material of their clothing, they undertook the spinning and weaving of fabrics for the neighboring families. Their table was sufficiently meagre in all conscience. Breakfast consisted of bread without butter, a vegetable soup and an imitation of coffee in which rye formed the principal ingredient. At dinner there was meat, but only of one kind, and vegetables if they were able to procure them. Supper only differed from breakfast in the substitution of the infusion of sage for the decoction of rye as a beverage. Plates of tin and cups of the same metal served them in place of delf and china. Their beds were of straw, without sheets or pillows, and these were laid upon the floor.

On the 15th of August, 1812, the church of St. Charles was crowded with people, some of whom had come from the neighboring Catholic settlements, all desirous of witnessing the ceremony which was to bind to their religious state for life, those whose noviciate was now at an end. The sight was an affecting one, and many wept; but there was joy in the hearts of those who on that day consecrated themselves for life to the service of God, and to the sublime work of christian education.

A little later, the society was increased by the admission into its ranks as novices, of Monica Spalding and a Miss Hayden, the last mentioned being from Missouri. But it became evident to Father Nerinckx that there would be slow progress unless he could induce others than the members of his own poor congregation to assist in the extension and solidification of his institute. His thoughts reverted to

* The money with which the land had been bought upon which stood the establishment of *Little Loretto* had been the gift of its first superior, Dear Mother Nancy Rhodes.

† Mother Mary Rhodes must be accounted the first of her sex in Kentucky to whom grace was given to consecrate herself to a life that has no affinity with the world and worldly desires and pursuits; she lived to see the forty-first year of her religious profession. Her death took place at the convent of Loretto on the 27th day of February, 1853. Those who have borne the title of dear mother in the community from the beginning have been: Ann Rhodes, 1812; Mary Rhodes, 1812–22; Juliana Wathen, 1822–24; Isabella Clark, 1824–26; Sabina O'Brien, 1826–32; Josephine Kelly, 1832–38; Isabella Clark, 1838–42; Generose Mattingly, 1842–43; Berlindis Downs, 1843–52; Bridget Spalding, 1852–58; Berlindis Downs, 1858–64; Bertha Bowles, 1864–70; Elizabeth Hayden, 1870–76; Dafrosa Smith, 1876–82; Ann Joseph Mattingly, 1882.

his own countrymen, and to them he determined to appeal in person. Before leaving on his mission, however, he managed to finish the church and to render habitable the new convent building.

Reaching Baltimore on his way to take passage for Europe, he was constrained to defer his journey on account of the war that was then in progress between Great Britain and the United States. Returning home after a few weeks, content to await God's good pleasure for the realization of his hopes respecting his institute, he resumed his accustomed duties.

Living not far away from the church of St. Charles, was a Mr. Vincent Gates, an elderly man of great piety, and with him lived his widowed sister, Mrs. Ryan. The two thought it would be best for them, if permitted, to repair to Little Loretto, the one to assume charge of the garden and grounds of the establishment, and the other to enter upon her noviciate in the sisterhood. No more excellent arrangement than this could have been effected by the community, and the proffer made was willingly accepted. Under the intelligent direction of Brother Vincent, as he was afterwards called, and in a great measure by the labors of his hands and those of the indefatigable founder of the establishment, the entire place soon appeared both pleasing to the eye and suggestive of increased comfort to the household.

During the first eight months of the year 1815, four young women were received as postulants in the institute. These were Ann Hart, of Breckinridge county, who was designated in the community, Sister Agnes; Ann Clark, Sister Isabella; Esther Grundy, Sister Theresa, and Ann Wathen, Sister Juliana. The four named had previously been pupils in the institution.

Early in September, 1815, Father Nerinckx arranged with Bishop Flaget for a journey to Europe, the good bishop agreeing to supply his place, as well in the congregation attended by him as in his position of superior of the Loretto sisterhood. He left on the 10th of the month, with only a sufficiency of means to reach Maryland. Arriving among his old friends in that State, he was able to secure a sum sufficient to take him to his native Belgium. Here, for a year and a half, sinking his natural disinclination for the employment, he became a solicitor of alms for the churches of Kentucky, and for his own little community. He was successful beyond his hopes, and soon he had collected not only a considerable sum of money, but many articles, all useful and some indispensable to ritualistic worship and ceremonial. Among these were a number of magnificent paintings, several statues, vestments in great variety, altar plate, church bells, altar linen, tabernacles, candlesticks, lamps, books and prints, crucifixes, beads, etc., etc.

While in Europe, Father Nerinckx visited Rome and got the approval of the Holy See for his institute. But this was not done without a promise on the part of the priest that the rules he had established for the government of the sisterhood should be modified in certain particulars, which were regarded as too severe by the sacred congregation. He also visited the House of Loretto in Italy, where

he said mass and earnestly besought the protection of the Virgin Mother in behalf of the far away sisterhood who had borrowed the title of her early home on earth for their own rude convent and church.

After an absence of nearly two years, Father Nerinckx reached Loretto on the 4th of September, 1817. His coming was anxiously watched for, and when he was discovered at the main entrance gate, the entire household, sisters and pupils, went forward to meet him. He led the crowd to the church; all fell on their knees and gave thanks to God, the missionary that he had been protected while away and permitted again to resume his interrupted duties, and the rest, that their father and friend had been restored to them in health.

During the absence of their founder, the sisterhood, by advice of Bishop Flaget, had established a branch house of the order at Holy Mary's, on the Rolling Fork. This house dates from June 10th, 1816. The community numbered fourteen when he left, and now it numbered twenty-four.* The articles contributed in Beligum for the churches in Kentucky reached Loretto toward the close of the year 1817. Their distribution was at once begun, the finest of the paintings and a church organ going to the cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, and the other articles to various churches and congregations. Two of the statues, those of St. Joseph and St. Barbara, were given to the church of Little Loretto, and one, that of St. Francis de Hieronymo, to the congregational church of St. Charles.†

In the spring of 1818, was established, on a farm given to the sisterhood by Mr. James Dant, an uncle of dear Mother Mary Rhodes, the little convent of Gethsemani. The colony at this point was made up of six sisters, under the direction of Mother Teresa Grundy.‡

On the 21st of December, 1821, a colony of ten sisters, with Mother Bibiana Elder for their superior, were sent to take charge of a house near Fairfield, in Nelson County; in February, 1823, was

*Among the postulants for the time referred to in the text were: Misses —— Miles, Mary Drury, Mary Phillips, Catherine Clark, Christine Clements, Henrietta Clements, Margaret Thompson and Elizabeth McAtee. Shortly after the return of Father Nerinckx, three sisters, previously pupils in the institution, were received as postulants. These were Helen Clark, Sister Eleanora; Bridget Morgan, Sister Anastasia; and Annie McBride, Sister Apollonia.

†The stand for this statue was the handiwork of the pastor. It would seem that the good father had great faith in prayer addressed to this saint for the protection, through his intercession, of persons sorely tried, whether by sickness or other affliction. It became a practice among the people of the congregation, to pray before this statue when they were suffering from any species of illness, and even now, there are living men and women, formerly the victims of disease, who refer their cure to the intercession with God of St. Francis de Hieronymo, humbly invoked before his statue in the church of St. Charles.

‡This establishment was sold to its present occupants, the Monks of La Trappe, in the year 1848. The first mother superior of the house died soon after its foundation.

established the house of Mount Carmel, on Long Lick, in Breckinridge county.* On the 12th of May, 1823, the first attempt at colonization outside of the State was made by the society. This was done at the instance of Bishop Dubourg, who was anxious to have a house of the order at the Barrens, in Perry county, Missouri. After a journey that proved not a little perilous, the sisters reached their destination on the 21st of May, and about the middle of the following month, they took possession of the new house that had been built for them. This colony was under the direction of dear Mother Juliana Wathen.

In 1819, Father Nerinckx went again to Europe, and on his return, brought with him to Kentucky three young men, two Belgians and one Englishman, with whom he hoped to begin a brotherhood that should prove as serviceable to boys in the matter of education as had proved his convent of Little Loretto for girls. The project having been abandoned, the Englishman referred to, known afterwards as Brother Charles Gilbert, was induced to take charge of the Loretto farm, and to become on occasion, the agent of the sisterhood in the transaction of business affairs.†

After the death of Father Nerinckx, in 1824, Rev. G. I. Chabrat became ecclesiastical superior of the sisterhood.‡ He induced Bishop Flaget to remove the convent of Loretto from its location on Hardin's creek, to the farm formerly held by Father Badin, upon which stood the dwelling and chapel to which still adhered the title of St. Stephen's. The writer does not propose to follow in detail the future of the Loretto institute after this date. It will suffice to say that its progression has since been wonderful. The society numbers now about five hundred members. It has under its control in Kentucky, seven branch establishments; five in Missouri; six in

*An account of these schools will be found in the records already given of the Cox's Creek and Breckinridge County settlements.

† I was intimately acquainted with Brother Charles Gilbert, and I am able to say of him that I have rarely known a man whose capabilities so well fitted him for the position he occupied in reference to the affairs of the Loretto society. He was intelligent and of gentlemanly address, was prompt to learn whatever was needful to a delegated duty; he was a mechanic of great skill and ingenuity, and, withal, a sincere, practical and well informed Catholic. Engaged for more than forty years in the service of the society, sometimes at one of its houses and sometimes at another, he came to be very generally known by Catholics all over the State, and it is safe to say that he was respected wherever he was known. The last years of his life were passed at Cedar Grove academy, now known as Mount St. Benedict, in Louisville, where he died in 1867.

‡ The Loretto society, since the death of its founder, has been governed spiritually by six ecclesiastics, viz: Rev G. I. Chabrat, from 1824 to 1834, and the same after his consecration as coadjutor bishop, from 1835 to 1846; Rev. Walter S. Coomes, from 1834 to 1835; Rev. David A. Deparcq, from 1846 to 1864; Rt. Rev. P. J. Lavaille, from 1864 to 1867; Rt. Rev. Wm. McCloskey, from 1867 to 1869; Rev. J. F. Wuyts, from 1869 to the date of this publication.

New Mexico; three in Colorado; one in Kansas; two in Illinois; one in Alabama and one in Texas. The greater number of these have attached to them large and flourishing boarding-schools, in which hundreds of pupils are yearly educated. The sisters also have charge of three parish schools in Louisville, Kentucky, three in St. Louis, one in Florissant, one at Cape Girardeau, one at Springfield and one at Edina; the five localities last named being in the State of Missouri.

The mother house in Marion county, has grown in fifty years into an immense establishment. The farm which it beautifies with its stately and picturesque buildings, and which has an area of hundreds of acres, has been reclaimed from barrenness to fertility and now presents to the eye a pleasant rural scene. The convent chapel is a handsome structure and rivals, both in size and appointments, many city parish churches. The history of the Church is full of contrasts no less wonderful than that here presented in the record of the Loretto society. In every age of the world since Christ founded His Church, the parable of the mustard seed, repeated by Him in the hearing of His disciples, has had its solution in the sight of men. In each and every one of these instances, He has Himself given the increase, and it is for the creatures He has redeemed to praise His beneficence. He, God all powerful, was with His humble handmaidens when they began their work of earnest charity, and were content to live in poverty and wretchedness, if they might thereby do something for His honor and glory, by leading to Him little children, and teaching them how worthy He was of their love. To no other end than this is the sisterhood they established laboring to-day.

Of the life and labors of one of the ecclesiastical superiors of the Loretto society, the writer prefers here to speak somewhat in detail:

REV. DAVID ALEXANDER DEPARCQ.

The record of the life of the earnest, faithful priest, though he may have lived and died unknown to others than the parishioners in whose service his days on earth were passed, should be of interest to all Catholics. Such a life is filled with instruction, with incentives to meritorious action for the young levites of the sanctuary and altar, and with edification for faithful souls of every class and position in the world. Such a priest was Father David A. Deparcq. Of his parentage and early education, the writer has been able to learn only that he was a scion of a race with whom religion was no mere sentiment, but a reality that takes in and accounts for whatever is comprehensive of human happiness here on earth, and all that is to be hoped for of felicity in heaven.

He came to the United States in 1818, and he was ordained priest by Bishop Flaget the ensuing year. His ordination following, as it did, so quickly upon his arrival in the country, the implication is unavoidable that he had about finished his ecclesiastical studies before embarking for America. The first mission of the newly ordained

priest was that of Lebanon, in Marion county, where he finished the church building previously begun by Father Nerinckx. He also attended Holy Mary's church, on the Rolling Fork, and filled for the sisters of Calvary convent the office of chaplain.

It may be said that, with short intervals given to the preaching of retreats at the calls of one or others of the pastors of souls stationed elsewhere, and until, in 1846, he was named by his bishop superior of the Loretto society, his entire ministerial life was passed in the service of the Catholic people residing in the counties of Marion, Casey, Mercer and Adair. He was of the class of priests known and honored as workers. Whatever was of duty first claimed and received his attention; but this term included for him the exercise of every power for good with which he had been endowed by heaven. One by whom Father Deparcq was well known, writes thus concerning him:

"He was of medium height, and stoutly built. I am inclined to think he had never been sick in his life until his last and fatal illness. He was in the habit of judging only after deliberation; and hence was applied to him the saying, 'slow, but sure.' He was charitable both in word and action. Though at one time, as you know, he was most grossly slandered, no word was ever heard from his lips in denunciation of those by whom he had been defamed.* As a preacher he spoke well and to the point, without notes and without previous committal of his thoughts to paper. His sermons were always short, solid and practical; and they were delivered with unction—his gestures, eyes, countenance, utterance and entire manner in the pulpit, giving evidence of the absorption of his mind in his work. He most affected in preaching, such subjects as confession, remission of sin, redemption and death, and the least agreeable to human nature of all the duties of the priesthood—that of hearing confessions—appeared to be the one in which he took most delight.

"Reared under Bishop Flaget and Father Nerinckx, he seemed to have caught the spirit of these saintly men. People liked to hear him preach; they liked to seek his advice, in the confessional and outside of the sacred tribunal; and as well in matters temporal as spiritual. I have seen and read letters of Bishop Flaget referring to the good qualities of Father Deparcq and the implicit confidence he reposed in him, which go to show that there was no priest in his diocese that

*This was in 1836, when Rev. N. L. Rice, a Protestant minister and editor, published in his paper a libelous charge against the priest similar to that which, a few years later, was perpetrated against the martyr priest of Evansville, Rev. R. Weinzoepfle. Father Deparcq was absent in Europe at the time, on business connected with diocesan affairs; but so monstrous was the charge, the clerical friends of the maligned priest—notably Rev. George A. M. Elder and his then associates of the faculty of St. Joseph's college—felt themselves impelled to apply in his behalf for redress through the medium of the courts of law. Suit was instituted, and the action came to trial in 1837. The jury pronounced the defendant guilty of libel, and assessed against him nominal damages.

stood higher in his esteem. But it is not worth while to cite quotations from these. He lives yet among us; his memory is fresh in our minds; we knew the man, and what we testify is true: He was just, impartial, charitable, truthful, most forgiving of injuries and most tender toward the repentant sinner."

The death of Father Deparcq took place at the convent of Calvary, whither he had retired to await that event, on the 9th day of November, 1864. His spiritual daughters of the Loretto society, of whom he was the ecclesiastical superior for twenty years, have placed over his grave a neat monument with an inscription embodying the record of his meritorious life of forty-four years spent in the discharge of the duties pertaining to his office of embassador for Christ.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH.

The first subject for consideration with the true missionary refers to the education and training of youth. He knows that upon this depends the conservation of religion and morals in all established society. It is not surprising therefore, that Bishop Flaget, from the moment he set foot upon the soil of Kentucky, should have not only felt and deplored his lack of facilities in this direction, but that he should have sought by every means in his power to supply for his people a want so indispensable to the welfare of their children, both for time and eternity. His thoughts recurred to his native France and the multiplicity of her teachers and charitable orders. Especially did he regret his absolute inability to secure and provide for a colony of *Daughters of Charity* for his poor diocese. But the transportation of these over thousands of miles of land and ocean was not to be thought of by one who had no means of his own, and whose people were able to render him but small assistance. There was no other resource left him than that which he happily adopted, and which gave Kentucky the organization known as *The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth.*

In making choice of the director of his seminary, and after coadjutor, Rev. John B. David, to establish for his diocese a body of religious women, Bishop Flaget showed discernment, as well of the object he had in view, as of the capabilities of his trusted agent. He knew his subaltern for what he was, tireless in zeal, constant in piety,

admirable as an educator and incomparable as a director of consciences. As for Father David, he might have shrunk from the task to which he was invited, had he not felt, equally with his superior, that in no other way than the one proposed, was it possible to secure results worthy of the great cause in which they were enlisted.

On the 1st day of December, 1812, the *Society of Sisters of Charity of Nazareth* had its beginning. On that day, two young women, Teresa Carico and Elizabeth Wells, took possession of a small log cabin, on the seminary farm of St. Thomas, which had been previously prepared for their reception by Father David and his seminarians. On the 21st of the following month these were joined by Catharine Spalding, whose name was prominently connected with the community up to the date of her death, March 20, 1858. On Easter Monday, 1813, the little band having increased to six members,* Father David gave them certain provisionary rules for the government of the society, and directed that an election should take place immediately for the offices of superior, assistant superior and stewardess. This was done, and Catharine Spalding, Harriet Gardiner, and Elizabeth Wells were severally elected to the positions in the order named. As soon as the arrangement could be perfected, a house somewhat more comfortable than the one hitherto occupied by the postulants was provided for them, at a distance of about a half a mile from the church of St. Thomas, and to this modest conventual home, Father David gave the name of *Nazareth*. The establishment of a school was deferred for the very sufficient reason that the sisters were themselves to be instructed before they would be capable of teaching.

*The names of these postulants were: Teresa Carico, Elizabeth Wells, Catharine Spalding, Harriet Gardiner, Mary Beaven and Mary Gwynn. One of these, Elizabeth Wells, retired from the community a year later. Her career, however, both before and after the date given in the text, was sufficiently extraordinary to warrant me in giving here some of its details. Elizabeth, or as she was generally called, Betsy Wells, was a sister of General Wells, of Jefferson county, and of Captain Wells, who was killed by Indian allies of the British in the war of 1812. At the age of sixteen years, she happened to be thrown in the company of Catholics, and she afterwards made the acquaintance of Father Badin, who, a few months later, gave her instructions and received her into the Church. From that time to the day of her death, her energies were devoted to the service of religion. After her conversion she lived on the Rolling Fork, near the present site of Calvary academy, toward the purchase of which she is said to have contributed a considerable part of its cost. In 1802, she was housekeeper for Rev. M. J. Fournier, and, I have heard it said she acted afterwards in the same capacity for Father Nerinckx. She was a pure and noble soul, somewhat eccentric in her ways, possibly, which explains her retirement from the Nazareth community; but pious withal, and exceedingly practical. One who knew her well once wrote of her: "Beyond food and clothing, she would accept nothing for her labor. She held with St. Paul that 'Piety with sufficiency is great gain; having food and wherewith to be covered, we are content.'" For many years previous to her death, which took place at the convent of St. Rose, in Washington county, on the 6th of June, 1851, sister Betsy Wells was associated with the sisterhood of St. Magdalen, now known as that of St. Catharine of Sienna.

Upon Father David fell all the labor of preparing these well-disposed, and naturally bright and talented young women for their future work.

In the meantime, they were not idle. They had none to depend upon but themselves for subsistence. They spun and wove and plied their needles from morn till night, stopping only for the two hours of confinement to the class-room, and to take their meals. The garments worn by the seminarians were mostly of their fashioning, as was, also, much of the clothing needed in the families living around the church of St. Thomas. Thus they procured means for their own maintenance, and aided in providing for the seminary. They were to be seen in field as well as garden, laboring with a constancy that made up for their lack of strength, and in the forest, gathering fuel for the kitchen and winter supply. Their food was often scanty, and it consisted, for the greater part, of bacon and corn-bread. Condiments, with the exception of salt, were almost wholly unknown to these unsophisti cated maidens. Their table beverages were a decoction of parched rye in the morning, and an infusion of sage or sassafras in the evening, without sugar, and often without milk. It was not long before they felt themselves able to care for a few aged and helpless men and women. To do this was in the direct line of duty to which they had devoted their lives.

Early in the year 1814, a most valuable acquisition was made by the sisterhood in the person of Miss Ellen O'Connell, a young lady who had experienced the benefit of Father David's spiritual direction when he exercised the holy ministry in Baltimore. Her father was an eminent professor of languages and rhetoric. Ellen, his only child, left motherless at a tender age, was the object of his greatest solicitude. He cultivated her gifted mind with care and delighted in her progress. She became herself a teacher of rare merit, and when through the correspondence she kept up with Father David, she learned of the little community growing under his direction, she determined to unite herself to it. Her scholarly training and experience in school management removed a great obstacle to successful effort on the part of the sisterhood that not even Father David, zealous and learned as he certainly was, could have wholly set aside. Mother Catharine, Sister Harriet and one or two others were already able to assist her. With the aid of the seminarians, among whom the late Rev. Robert. A. Abell was conspicuous, a school house of logs was put up near their residence, and on the 14th day of September, of the year referred to, the classes were commenced, Cecily O'Brien, a young girl who lived a short distance away, being the first to present herself as a pupil.* The school grew rapidly in numbers and reputation; several boarders came, and after four years, the sisters were able to erect a comparatively large brick building. Sister Ellen O'Connell continued to direct the school for a period of nearly twenty years; but her death took place

* Cecily O'Brien became a member of the community in after years, and lived to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her religious profession.

at St. Catharine's academy, Lexington, Kentucky, in the year 1841.*

About the beginning of the fourth year of their association, the sisters adopted as a permanency, the rule drawn up by St. Vincent of Paul for the Daughters of Charity of France. They adopted, too, a religious dress; the same is still worn by the members of the community, with the exception of the cap, which was at first black and is now white. On the 2nd of February, 1816, Mother Catharine Spalding and two of her associates were permitted to take the three ordinary simple vows of the order. Throughout her life, Mother Catharine was in the habit of associating the event that brought to her the greatest joy she had ever known, with the festival of the Purification, that is celebrated by the Church on that day. The community was now increased by the entrance into its novitiate of Ann Spalding, Mother Catharine's sister, Mildred Stuart and Harriet Suttle.†

The first attempt at colonization, made by the community, took place in 1819. In September of that year, the sisters purchased a house in Bardstown, and therein established a day school, to which they gave the title of Bethlehem.‡ In 1820, a colony of four sisters,

*From a letter written by the late Mrs. Eliza Crozier Wilkinson, who graduated at Nazareth in 1836, I am permitted to extract the following reference to Sister Ellen O'Connell: "I write the impressions of a child of ten; but these were afterwards confirmed by years spent at Nazareth. Sister Ellen was directress of studies, and it was to her care that I had been specially confided by my mother, who I knew regarded her with great admiration and respect. Young as I was, I saw that Sister Ellen's labors were incessant—teaching all of the higher classes in the school, as well as writing, tapestry, embroidery and painting, for which she had a true and cultivated talent, she was at the same time preparing the young sisters for teachers, and was mistress of novices. A few years later, I learned more fully to appreciate this gifted women. Brilliant in wit and repartee, her literary taste was highly cultivated. She was quite stout, but very light in her movements. Her features possessed great regularity; lovely brown eyes and teeth of perfect shape and whiteness—a hand that would have been a model for a sculptor. All of these things, I saw as a child. To-day I can recognize her high poetic talent, especially in two of her compositions: *An Elegy on the Grave Yard at Nazareth* and *Alone*. Her English was perfect. Positive in character as one of such talent and experience must be, she was peculiarly fitted for her position, that of the first accomplished teacher of Nazareth. Great in mind, a thorough scholar in christian doctrine and biblical lore, she had no superior—a heart melting to charity—a humility that led her even to wash the feet of the erring, rebellious child. She was the proud teacher, too, of Sister Columba Carroll, whom she loved as a mother loves her own child. All honor to the memory of Sister Ellen O'Connell at Nazareth! She shall live in my heart forever."

†Miss Suttle was known in religion as Sister Elizabeth; she was a woman of exceedingly pleasant manners, cultivated mind and solid piety; she was much beloved by her associates. Her beautiful life, superabounding with charity, closed at the mother house, near Bardstown, in 1873.

‡This house was purchased of Nehemiah Webb, and in it the writer was born. It stood within a few hundred yards of the then recently consecrated cathedral of St. Joseph, before the opening of which it had served as the church station for the congregation.

among whom was Sister Elizabeth Suttle, was sent to Long Lick, in Breckinridge county, where an attempt was made to establish a school. It proved unsuccessful, however, and in a short time the enterprise was abandoned. A happier result followed a similar attempt made a few months later, to colonize the sisters in Union county. At the head of this delegation of the order, was placed Sister Angela Spink, well remembered in the institution for her indomitable energy and practical piety. She was a lover of poverty, and practiced it to the letter. It is related of her that, in the infancy of the establishment of St. Vincent, in Union county, she never allowed herself more than four hours of sleep. Long before day, she was up and at work, now in the garden she had herself planted, and now in the performance of household duties. She passed to her reward in the year 1844.

An important event, in the history of the Nazareth community took place in 1822. The success of the institute was now considered as assured, and it became necessary that its members should look forward to something of independency in regard to tenure of property. For more than ten years, they had lived on the farm of St. Thomas, of which the ordinary of the diocese had no power to transfer any part to them in fee-simple. With the full concurrence of their ecclesiastical superior, they determined to buy suitable grounds elsewhere, and to build for themselves a home that they might call their own. Their choice fell upon a tract of land, about two and a half miles north of Bardstown, upon which there was a fairly comfortable residence, then occupied by a Presbyterian minister, known as Elder Lapsley. The purchase was made of Wm. R. Hynes, then a prominent citizen of Bardstown. The sisters had spent their earnings on the brick house and other improvements made on their home at St. Thomas, which they now had to relinquish, and they would have been unable to pay for this new property, but for the assistance of Sister Scholastica O'Conner.*

When the sisters moved to their new quarters, June 11th, 1822, they numbered thirty-eight, including novices and postulants; and they had under their care twenty-five boarding pupils. Minister Lapsley's former study was hastily fitted up for a chapel, and the following morning, having first blessed the entire house Bishop David here said mass for the community.

*Sister Scholastica was a young widow and a convert to the Catholic faith. She had made Father David's acquaintance in Baltimore; he guided her first steps in the spiritual life, and she soon became a pattern of exact piety. At the time of her husband's decease, she conceived the idea of devoting the remainder of her life to God's service in the religious state. In spite of the opposition of her relatives, she presented herself to Father David in 1820, and begged admission to his little society. She brought with her what she could of her small fortune, a few thousand dollars. She was highly accomplished and proficient in music, which she was the first to teach at Nazareth, where she lived but three years after her profession; these years were filled with labors, with mortification and with merit. The community looked upon her as a bright example of every virtue.

On the 13th of April, 1823, Mother Catharine, accompanied by three sisters, went to Scott county, where they opened the school of St. Catharine, a tract of land having been given for that purpose by Mr. James Gough, on condition that the sisters should pay him a small annuity while he lived. This school was afterwards removed to Lexington, where it soon acquired a high reputation, and where it is still regarded as one of the community's most important establishments.

In 1824, an attempt was made to establish a house of the order at Vincennes, Indiana, but after two successive trials, the enterprise was given up. This place was without a resident priest, and sometimes for weeks together the sisters were deprived of the strengthening influence of the sacraments. There died Sister Harriet Gardiner, the local superior at the time.*

In the meanwhile, the sisterhood as a whole was fairly prosperous. It had its share of difficulties, to be sure, but none of these were insurmountable. The venerable coadjutor Bishop was still their director, and on every Wednesday evening, he came to hear the confessions of his children and to encourage them to perseverance. The community room was provided with neither chairs nor benches; hence the sisters humbly seated themselves on the floor, while they listened to the weekly instructions given to them by their father. Here it was that he sought to open their minds to the knowledge of divine things, and their hearts to the promptings of holy charity. It was his delight to mark their generous correspondence with grace and to foster its fruits. They were rich in their poverty, for they learned to love a condition that made them more acceptable in His sight who had not "a stone whereon to lay his head." There was no repining among these heavenward toilers, but trusting confidence in God and His protecting providence.

Time passed, and the Nazareth academy began to be quoted for its educational advantages in other states than Kentucky, and the number of pupils increased. The thoughts of the sisters were now turned to reconstruction. The unsightly log cabin that served for a chapel, and similar additions to the original frame house, were no longer large enough; they must be removed, and stately buildings put up in their stead. "My children," said Father David. "build first a house for your God, and He will help you to build one for yourselves."†

* Sister Harriet Gardiner was a sister of the late Mother Frances Gardiner; her name appears the fourth on the membership rolls of Nazareth. She was assistant mother during two terms, and mistress of novices. To this day, there are kept up in the society, many interesting traditions of her care and watchfulness while she was endeavoring to lead her charge along the upward paths of christian perfection. She also exercised a very happy influence in the class-room, were she was universally respected and beloved.

‡ This advice was not forgotten, when, in 1852, the community and school requiring still greater room, the beautiful gothic chapel now in use, was erected first, and soon after, the present spacious building known as the academy.

These words found ready echo in the sisters' hearts, and soon afterwards, they had the happiness of kneeling before the altar of a neat and commodious church on their own premises. Their confidence was not misplaced. Early in the summer following, four pupils were sent them from the South, and the board and tuition fees, paid in advance for a whole year, enabled them to lay the foundations of a large school building.

This same year, 1824, brought tribulation as well as joy to the sisters. Five of their number died; among those summoned, were Mother Agnes Higdon, whose active energy had been of material assistance to the community, and Sister Columba Tarleton, whose extraordinary personal holiness is held among the traditions of the order. She was a pupil of the school, of which her superior mental gifts made her an ornament; she lived only four years after her entrance into the community. The story of her sanctified life reminds one of what has been written concerning the virgin saints and martyrs of the early Church.

In the fall of 1831, the sisterhood began its since continued career of usefulness in Louisville, with the establishment of the academy of the Presentation. Mother Catharine was first placed at its head, and here it was that this christian woman was at last able to carry out her long conceived idea of founding a home for orphan girls. A peculiarly distressing case coming to her notice one day, she sought out the victims of misfortune and had them temporarily provided for in the houses of a couple of personal friends. But, two motherless little girls were to be brought up; she took them, and out of this incident grew the noble charity known as *St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum*, wherein provision is now made for the maintenance of two hundred orphan girls.

In 1833, during the epidemic of cholera, the sisters of the mother house were distributed as nurses in Bardstown and the neighborhood, and in Louisville. Three of their number, sisters Joanna Lewis, Patricia Bamber and Generose Buckman, contracted the disease while thus engaged, and died from its effects.

Having watched over the community from its infancy, Bishop David was constrained to resign the office of ecclesiastical superior of the society in 1833. He was now an octogenarian, and his worn out body was no longer able to bear the fatigue incidental upon that office. Writing about this time to Sister Elizabeth Suttle, then superior of the branch establishment of St. Vincent, in Union county, the venerable prelate said: "Tell the sisters that I have not ceased to be their father because I have surrendered my awful responsibility as guardian of their souls; that I entertain for them that love which will reunite me to them in the eternal kingdom of God."*

* In 1841, when in a dying condition, he requested to be conveyed from Bardstown to Nazareth, and made the journey on a litter. He had come to die among his daughters, whom he had taught both how to live and how to

The second ecclesiastical superior of the Nazareth community, was Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, afterwards bishop of Charleston. On the 27th of November, 1835, he was succeeded by the late Rev. Joseph Hazeltine, whose retention of the office ended with his death, February 13, 1862.*

The next to hold the office was the late Rev. Francis Chambige, who, equally with his predecessors in the position, was tireless in his endeavors to promote the interests of the institution and to secure the sanctification of those over whom his spiritual authority extended.†

Rev. M. Coghlan held this office for a short time; it has since devolved on the Very Rev. M. Bouchet.

From the incipiency of their conventual establishment, neither Father David nor Mother Catharine lost sight of the primary object of the order, which is the succor of the sick, the orphan and the poor. There was no idea with them of making the institute they were endeavoring to found, a mere channel of accretion. Up to the year 1832, to be sure, the needs of the community swallowed up its earnings, and left it still poor and struggling. In each of their houses, the

die. They surrounded him with all the care their deep and filial reverence could suggest; it was a precious though sorrowful privilege to soothe their venerated father's last hours on earth. His appointed day of rest from labor came to him at length, and all that was mortal of its founder reposes in the community's burying-ground. The death of this holy priest and bishop, this faithful instructor in sacred science, this amiable and admirable man of God, took place on the 12th day of July, 1841.

* My remembrances of Father Hazeltine extend to the time when I was a ten year old learner in the primary department of the college of St. Joseph, in which institution he was econome and disciplinarian. He was accounted overly severe and exacting at the time, but it is doubtful if any one charged with the execution of necessary disciplinary laws in a school where there were many unruly boys could have escaped like censure. Though he was certainly the terror of these at the time, very many of them became in after life his most devoted friends and admirers. Father Hazeltine was born in New England, of non-Catholic parents. It was from Canada, however, where he had been converted to the Catholic faith, that he came to Bardstown for the purpose of associating himself with the officers of St. Joseph's college and the students of the seminary. This was most likely as early as the year 1822. He was deficient in neither talents nor learning, but he had a special gift for finance and management, and his elevation to the priesthood was held in abeyance for years because he was kept too much occupied with the business affairs of the college to give him time to prepare for ordination. He was already advanced in years, when he became a priest, and with the exception of a brief interval after his ordination, his whole after life was given to the duties of his superiorship at Nazareth, and to the pastoral care of the small congregation of St. John the Baptist, in the neighboring county of Bullitt. In person, Father Hazeltine was tall, over six feet in height, and of a moderately full habit. I have no memory of another priest in the diocese who was more dignified in appearance. He was reserved without being haughty, and he was the embodiment of order, exactness and punctuality in everything he did or promised to do. His government of the community was admirable, from the first, and he soon came to be venerated by the sisterhood only in a second degree to their illustrious founder.

† Elsewhere will be found a sketch of the life of Father Chambige.

sisters taught and boarded some destitute children; they could do no more till the orphan asylum was established. In 1836 Mother Catharine thought of opening an infirmary for the sick of Louisville. She began this work in an apartment of St. Vincent's orphan asylum, and it was there conducted under the skilful management of the late Sister Apollonia McGill, until the number of patients applying for admittance forced the sisters to remove it to its present admirable location on Fourth street.

MOTHER CATHARINE SPALDING.

What was regarded at the time as the supreme misfortune of the society took place on the 20th of March, 1858. On that day died the leading spirit of the Nazareth sisterhood, and its first superior, the gentle Mother Catharine Spalding. She was with her "dear orphans" at the time; among them, it had always been her delight to dwell, and there was no thought, either in her own mind or theirs that she was so soon to be removed out of their sight. About two weeks previous to her death, she had been called to visit a poor family in the neighborhood of the asylum. Impelled by charity, she ventured out on her errand of mercy at a time when the snow that covered the ground was fast melting, and she thereby contracted the illness of which she died. Day after day, the malady increased until it was apparent to all that her life's work was ended. When told by good Sister Apollonia, with whom she had been associated for well nigh forty years, that her hour was approaching, she received the intelligence with the calmness and resignation that was to be expected of one whose whole life had been but a preparation for the change that was at hand. She, who had never intentionally given pain to any one, was now imploring the forgiveness of her weeping sisters, for whatever might have been amiss in her conduct in their regard; from the bottom of her heart, she told them, she forgave all who had given her pain or caused her anixety. She gave directions for the distribution of some little alms and clothing left at her disposal for the poor. The last sacraments were administered by the then chaplain of the asylum, the late Rev. Walter S. Coomes, and the last benediction and plenary indulgence, by her friend and distant relative, Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding. Her agony was painful beyond expression; but when she felt that death was even at the door, she signed to her attendants to lay her on the floor. Heaven's pity found her there, and from that level, her soul mounted to companionship with the angels.*

* Among the female religious of the West, the name of Mother Catharine Spalding must long stand pre-eminent. In native goodness, in practical piety, and in devotion to the interests of the society she did so much to establish and perpetuate, her rivals were many. But she was endowed with attributes of mind that fitted her, beyond others, for leadership. In purpose, she was straightforward, never vacillating; she had a clear understanding of duty, and her will power was always equal to the occasion, whatever that might be.

On the 23d day of April, 1858, Sister Teresa Carico, the oldest sister of the community, the foundation-stone, as her associates often called her, laid down the burden she had joyfully carried for the sake of Christ for forty-six years, and was given rest from her labors. Her place in the society had been a lowly one from the first. Her department had been the kitchen, and here she had wrought and prayed, and found sanctification. Her cheerful disposition, her piety, her simplicity, her disregard of toil; the earnestness with which she sought at all times to conserve the interests of the society; her clear, practical mind and exact observance of every rule—these were the virtues in which she excelled; and because of these, there was manifested toward her by the members of the community, especially during the declining years of her life, an affection that was at once tender and filial. She looked upon the death of Mother Catharine as a warning of her own approaching end, and only a month later they were reunited in eternity.

During the war of the rebellion, so called, an avenue was opened to the sisters in direct harmony with the object of their vocation. Wherever they happened to be, they proffered their services as nurses in the hospitals. They took charge of those in Louisville, in Lexington, in Paducah and in Bardstown, and a number of them laid down

She was just and reasonable, and true to principle. She was conciliatory in manner and speech. She discovered quickly and acted promptly. She sympathized deeply with poverty and suffering, and it was the comfort of her life to be able to relieve the one and assuage the other. It is impossible that one in her position, so qualified, should not be able to command willing support. This she did, from the beginning to the end of her career. She lived to see the unpromising seedling she had helped to plant, and to which her tender care was given at every stage of its growth, lifting its branches in the free air of heaven, and scattering its fruits broadcast for the refreshment of multitudes. This was enough for her, and it was enough for Him who had been her inspiration, and was Himself to become her exceeding great reward.

Catharine Spalding was born in Charles county, Maryland, December 23, 1793. Her father, Ralf Spalding, was a second cousin of Richard, father of the late Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, archbishop of Baltimore. She and a younger sister, Ann Spalding, who was her after associate in the Nazareth community, having early lost their parents, were cared for by their aunt, Mrs. Thomas Elder of the Cox's Creek settlement. Upon the marriage of Clementina Elder, daughter of Thomas Elder, with Richard Clark, about the year 1809, the orphaned children were transferred to the newly married pair. At the age of nineteen years, she left her comfortable home to become the companion of the two young women who had preceded her to St. Thomas', with the avowed purpose of devoting themselves to the religious life and its unselfish pursuits. By the suffrages of her associates, she was placed at the head of the community for eight terms of three years each. Indeed, Bishop Flaget, Father David and the sisters wished that she should retain the office all the days of her life, and they had decided in her case, to overlook the rule, which limits to two successive terms of three years the eligibility of the mother superior. She, however, pleaded so eloquently the importance of strictly adhering to the rule from the beginning, that the matter was dropped. But whether in authority or not, there was nothing important undertaken by the society about which she was not consulted.

their lives, while striving to save the sick and wounded sent to them from the camps and battle-fields of Kentucky and Tennessee.

In 1865, the Nazareth school recovered its prosperity, which was necessarily lessened during the war: more than three hundred boarding pupils were now enrolled in the ranks of its scholarship; since that year the patronage has been satisfactory.

The sisters have since opened many houses, notably, in 1873 the Hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth, the munificent gift of the late Wm. Shakspeare Caldwell, as seen elsewhere in this work.

The year 1878 was a trying one for Nazareth. It opened with the obsequies of Rev. F. Chambige, and ere it closed, twenty of the best members of the sisterhood had been laid in the grave. Nineteen contracted the yellow fever while caring for the victims of that scourge in Holly Springs and Yazoo City, Mississippi; nine of them succumbed then, two some time after, and the remaining eight survived with health impaired for life. Eleven more were laid in the little grave-yard at the mother-house, and death garnered for heaven among these virginal souls the ripest and choicest fruit of this vine planted by the Lord—Mother Frances and Mother Columba.

MOTHER FRANCES GARDINER.

Out of a family of four children, all daughters, born to Joseph Gardiner and his wife, Winifred Hamilton, who came to Kentucky and settled near the site of the present town of Fairfield in 1795, three became members of the community of Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. The baptismal names of these, in the order of their birth, as well as those borne by them in religion, were: Harriet, so called also in community life; Charlotte, Sister Clare; and Elizabeth, Sister Frances. Never was the religious life adopted, and the world and its allurements abandoned with a fuller understanding of what was to be gained and relinquished by the step taken, than in the case of these three aspirers after places in His retinue whose resurrection to glory was preceded by a life on earth of toil and suffering endured for the creatures His hands had made. They were all women of more than ordinary natural intelligence, and each of them sought, in an humble spirit, to put to profit the talents with which she had been endowed. Sister Harriet, waited on by the virtues she had cherished and taught others to cherish, sank peacefully to rest more than half a century ago; Sister Clare, noted for the religious spirit with which her whole life appeared to be regulated, passed to her reward on the 30th day of July, 1878; and four months later, the remaining sister, the venerable Mother Frances, bade her weeping daughters farewell, and fell asleep in Christ.

This good mother had a talent for administration; but it was not on that account that the hearts of her associates of the society went out to her, laden down with affection and reverence. It was rather because there was to be observed in her every word and act, the habitual rest of her mind in God and duty. When engaged in prayer,

especially in the presence of the Most Holy Sacrament, a glance caught of her face, often streaming with tears, was a poem of edification ever afterwards to be remembered and treasured by the beholder. The holy rule she had embraced when a girl appeared to grow more and more dear to her with each recurring day of her conventual life; and a model of punctuality from the beginning, at no previous time had she been more regular in her attendance at the exercises therein prescribed than when, a few days before her death, she was to be seen, always among the first, taking her appointed place in the convent chapel or community room. The firmness of her faith was evidenced by a recollection that appeared almost seraphic; by acts of piety, of divine compassion and of entire submission to the will of God, that could have had no other source than her consciousness of His ever abiding presence, of her own needs, and of His infinite mercy. Naturally timid and shrinking, Mother Frances may be said to have cultivated in her soul the virtue of humility. The terms preeminence and precedence were, for her, words of frightful import. These, in their turn actually came to her, not only unsought, but as the severest of trials, accepted and borne only as crosses, and because such was the will of God. After nearly sixty years passed in the community, during twenty-five of which she filled the office of superior, Mother Frances found rest in God on the 7th day of November, 1878.

MOTHER COLUMBA CARROLL.

After Mother Catharine Spalding, there has certainly been no superior of the Nazareth community, whose name is so familiar to Catholics all over the country as that of Mother Columba Carroll. There are reasons for this that the story of her life will explain. With worldlings, the wonder will always be, as it it has always been, that they who are esteemed humanly perfect, should ever subject themselves to ways of living from which are eliminated all display, all self-seeking, and all worldly emulation; that they should elect to live for God and God only, who are most fitted in mind and manners to adorn society. No Catholic christian can thus reason. He knows that the world was made for man, and he for God; and he neither feels nor exhibits jealousy toward the Great Master when He calls to His service that which is esteemed by mortals the most perfect of His creation.

Margaret Carroll, known in religion as Sister, afterwards, Mother, Columba, was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 5th day of June, 1810. Her parents, James Carroll and Eliza Cooney, were natives of Wicklow county; they had removed to Dublin soon after their marriage. The father, a relative of Dr. Murray, archbishop of Dublin, was a merchant of known integrity, and a Catholic in practice as well as profession. The mother, who was of remote Spanish ancestry, was a woman of more than ordinary personal beauty, highly accomplished and exceedingly pious. When Margaret was yet a child, an incident

took place which is thus related: Her mother had given to her a new cloak, and her first wearing of the garment was on an occasion when she had accompanied her to church. Leaving the edifice together after mass, the child was struck by the appearance of a little beggar girl about her own age, who was standing near the door, clad in rags and shivering with cold. Turning to her mother, she begged to be allowed to transfer to the shoulders of the hapless child of misfortune the cloak she prized so much. The good mother hesitated for a moment before answering, and then there seemed to flash upon her mind a revelation, as it were, of the immense value to her little one of the lesson she was conning, and she was too wise not to permit her to pursue it to the end.

Mr. Carroll removed with his family to New York in 1815, and after residing in Albany for a single year, he came to Louisville, Kentucky, and established himself in business. This did not prove remunerative, but he was still able to live in comfort, and to extend generous hospitality to the clergy, who were in the habit of visiting the town at irregular intervals, and giving opportunity to its few Catholic inhabitants of fulfilling their religious obligations. The entire family, comprising four persons, the parents and two girl children, was held in high esteem by all who were happy enough to come within the range of its influence. Margaret and Esther were doubtless taught to read and write by their parents. Afterwards, most likely in the year 1821, and thereafter, they attended the school of a Mrs. O'Kelly, a competent instructress of the day.

In 1822, as related elsewhere, Father Philip Hortsman, while attending the sick of the epidemic fever of that year in Louisville, was himself prostrated by the malady. He was immediately brought by Mr. Carroll to his own house and attended by himself and wife with filial care; but in despite of their efforts for his relief, he succumbed to the disease after a few days of suffering. Mr. Carroll himself was soon seized with the fever, and also Mrs. Carroll. The husband died, and the wife rallied, and was spared to her children for two years longer. When she, too, was carried out of life, letters of administration over Mr. Carroll's estate were granted to a friend of the family, Mr. J. McGilly Cuddy, an Irish-American citizen of high standing then engaged in business in Louisville. This gentleman, who assumed legal guardianship over the orphaned children, knowing what had been the mother's views in regard to the education of her daughters, sent Margaret to Nazareth, and Esther to Loretto, for the completion of their education.*

*Sometime after her graduation at Loretto, Esther came to pay a visit to her sister at Nazareth, where she was seized with a serious illness. Upon her recovery, she sought the privilege of joining the Nazareth community, in which she bore the name of Sister Sophia. She is still referred to by her associates of the time, as an admirable religious, and a most capable teacher. Sometime before her death, which took place on the 28th of November, 1841, there happened to be in the school a young niece of her former guardian, Mr. Cuddy,

From her entrance into the school of Nazareth, the sensitive nature of Margaret Carroll found that which she most needed—sympathy and affection. These came to her, not dribblingly and at intervals, but plenteously and continuously. She attributed all this, not to anything that was lovable in herself, but to the innate goodness of those by whom she was surrounded. The modesty with which she accepted kindness increased the more her attractiveness, and soon, herself supremely unconscious of the cause of the phenomenon she esteemed so extraordinary, she became an object of interest, as well to her teachers as to her classmates.

Under the circumstances related, it will cause no one to wonder that such admirable teachers and religious as Sisters Ellen O'Connell and Columba Tarleton, should have taken exceeding pains to lead aright the mind and heart of one who appeared to them so full of promise of future usefulness. They took to their hearts the fruitful bud that had fallen at their feet, and they watered it with the tenderest care. They sought to satisfy her cravings after knowledge, and also her yearnings after that perfection which has its approaches from the foot of the hill of Calvary. To Sister Columba Tarleton, most likely, is to be ascribed the greater part of the direction by which Margaret Carroll was influenced in embracing the life of a religious. Not by words was this impulse awakened, but by the silent force of example. It is related in the annals of the community that when this long-suffering religious lay on her bed of death, Margaret Carroll was permitted at times to watch beside her. Lying there, sweetly patient, waiting for her release, and happy in the thought that she was being led by the Master's hand, through suffering to rest, her pupil's mind is believed to have been opened by the sight, not only to the futility of earthly strivings, but to the contemplation of His boundless perfections who is able to fill the hearts of His rational creatures with peace and joy under every condition of their being. Sister Columba Tarleton died; and a year later, immediately after her graduation, Margaret Carroll assumed the name by which she had been known in the community; and in time, too, the tasks she had laid down in the labors of the school.*

whose name was the same as had been given to herself in baptism. She held this little girl in great affection, and said to her one day, "Esther, my child, after awhile you will come to Nazareth and be a sister, and then you will be called by my own name." And so, after fifteen years, it came about. Esther Carton, as known in society, became Sister Sophia, of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. No introduction to Sister Sophia of the Presentation academy will be needed by my readers of Louisville.

* From all that afterwards came to my knowledge of Margaret Carroll, and from all that I subsequently saw of her, under an aspect far different, she must have presented a queenly appearance on the day of her graduation. Among those who were the witnesses of what was regarded as a triumph, there was one whose admiration was characterized by a still warmer feeling. Unwittingly she had planted in her guardian's heart a sentiment which she was powerless to reciprocate. To his proposals of marriage, in no wise objectionable under ordinary circumstances, she told him that she had other views and higher

For very many years, Sister Columba was engaged in teaching the more advanced classes of learners in the institution. She filled the office of directress of studies, was elected mother's assistant five times, and, in 1862, she succeeded Mother Frances Gardiner in the office of mother superior. The terms during which she governed the community aggregated ten years and five months. She was at the head of the sisterhood in the disastrous days of the war, and it is generally conceded that her admirable conduct of affairs at that time prevented much of apprehended trouble to the institution.

With a single allusion to a trait in the character of Mother Columba that is simply admirable wherever found, we will close this sketch of her life. There was in her no more evidence of exaltation over anything she ever did that subjected her to praise, than if the merit of the act performed belonged to another and not to herself. One who had known and observed her for years gives this evidence to her superhuman abnegation of a principle in man's nature that is almost ineradicable. Mother Columba was seized with the illness of which she died in the fall of 1878, and, on the 18th of December of that year, was extinguished the light of her beautiful life.

THE NAZARETH CEMETERY.

The little plot of ground in which lie buried the dead of the community of Nazareth is situated to the right as one approaches the entrance gate of the establishment, and is but a few hundred yards from the convent chapel. Within the enclosure has been built an oratory, to which the sisters are in the habit of repairing in their leisure

aspirations. Though I have no words by which to picture, as she really appeared to me throughout a personal acquaintance of nearly fifty years, this latest of the deceased mothers superior of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, a word or two of personal description, however the attempted delineation may be unworthy of its subject, will not be considered by my readers wholly out of place: Mother Columba was of the middle stature, perhaps a little above it. She was very fair, and her features were of that regular order that is adjudged by artists as comprehensive of all needed requisites to facial beauty. Her eyes were of a light blue, mild and encouraging where her confidence was either given or sought, and piercing, with modifications of aspect that spoke of sorrow as well as grievance, when she felt called upon to repress among her pupils either levity in speech or breaches of decorum. No one could look into her face, and not discern therein intellectuality of a high order and neither could any one hold intercourse with her and not discover that her nature was all noble. In manner, she was dignified beyond any woman I have ever known, but her dignity left no impression of either pride or *hauteur*. Her voice was as pleasant as anything in nature that is most grateful to the ear, and her conversation was of the precise character that one would expect out of the mouth of an intelligent christian woman. Looking at her and listening to her, as I have often done, I have felt that there was no earthly dignity to which she might not have aspired and of which she was not worthy; and I have felt, too, that it was meet that such excellence, with its wealth of capacities and capabilities, should have been reserved for heaven and its King.

hours to pray God's mercy upon themselves and the souls of the departed whose mouldering clay surrounds them. Not here are their orisons ended; for well they know that to many a one of the sleepers below has been opened a pathway to heavenly beatitudes, and that power has been given them, unknown and insignificant as they were living and in the sight of men, to help by their prayers their struggling sisters of earth. There rests for its resurrection the mortal vesture in which was clothed the saintly Bishop David, the founder of the society; and prone at his feet, as was her habit in life, has been laid away the body of the good Mother Catharine Spalding, whose steady hand and loving heart had led and inspired with something of her own courage her associate daughters of St. Vincent from the infancy of the community to its adolescence. There sleep the Sisters Gardiner and O'Connell and Tarleton and Carroll and Sutton, and many more, still so lovingly referred to in the traditions of the Nazareth society.

Of the clergy of Kentucky, the cemetery at Nazareth encloses the remains of quite a number. The names and dates of death of these are here appended:

Rt. Rev. John B. David, coadjutor bishop of Bardstown—died July 12, 1841.

Rev. George A. M. Elder, first president of St. Joseph's college—died September 28, 1838.

Rev. William E. Clark—died at St. Mary's college, March 5, 1850.

Rev. Joseph Haseltine, ecclesiastical superior of the institution—died February 13, 1862.

Rev. Joseph H. Elder—died at Raywick, Kentucky, January 29, 1868.

Rev. F. H. D'Hoop, S. J.—died at St. Joseph's infirmary, Louisville, March 23, 1853.

Rev. F. O'Loghlin, S. J.—died at Bardstown, July 20, 1862.

Rev. J. Graves, S. J.—died at St. Joseph's infirmary, Louisville, August 21, 1869.

Rev. M. M. Coghlan, president of St. Joseph's college—died at Bardstown, March 11, 1877.

Very Rev. Francis Chambige, ecclesiastical superior of the institution—died at Nazareth, December 30, 1877.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOMINICAN CONVENT OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA.*

This noted convent and school, up to the year 1852, bore the title of *St. Mary Magdalene's*. Its location is near Springfield, in the county of Washington, and it is distant from Lebanon, on the Knoxville branch of the Louisville and Great Southern railroad, about eleven miles. It is beautifully situated on a large and well cultivated farm, and its buildings are at once stately and imposing. For the foundation of a house of the Third Order of St. Dominic in America, and in Kentucky, credit must be given to the late Rev. Thomas Wilson, O. S. D., who had previously established in the State, not only its first Catholic school for boys, but also its first seminary for the education of clerics.†

In 1822, just seventeen years after the establishment of the convent of St. Rose, Father Wilson's mind was turned to the pressing necessity then existing in his large congregation for adequate educational facilities for female children. It was just as perceptible to him as it had been to Fathers Nerinckx and David under circumstances precisely similar, that the full complement of good to be hoped for as a result of his labors was beyond his reach so long as he was unable to secure to the young of his congregation proper culture for both mind and heart. With this idea uppermost in his mind, he consulted with Bishop Flaget, who gladly authorized him, if that might be, to establish in his diocese a community of nuns of the Third Order of St. Dominic. He next applied to the master-general of the order of St. Dominic, residing in Rome, who not only granted his request, but was pleased to accord to the members of the proposed organization

* In its proper chronological order, this chapter should be preceded by the two immediately following; but it has appeared appropriate to the author that the more ancient of the orders of female religious established in Kentucky should be grouped together.

†Admiration for Father Wilson is a sentiment I contracted early in life. By all the earlier of the native priests of the State he was regarded with peculiar veneration. Rev. Robert A. Abell had been a pupil in his school of St. Rose, and it was his pleasure to speak of him on all proper occasions, not only with profound respect, but with admiration of his abilities and learning, and especially of his eloquence. He was certainly the leading spirit among those who introduced to the country the great Order of Preachers, now become so efficient as earnest workers in the vineyard of the Divine Master, and so formidable as earnest defenders of the faith.

all the privileges ordinarily conceded to those of the Second Order.* Armed with all the requisite powers, Father Wilson proceeded to lay the foundation of the institute of St. Mary Magdalene, having for its object the sanctification of such christian women as might elect to associate themselves together in religious community-life and spend their days in forming the hearts of youth to virtue, and storing their minds with useful knowledge. In his large congregation of St. Rose he had little difficulty in selecting the proper material out of which to form the initiatory links of the chain with which he hoped to bind heaven to earth for innumerable souls. The names borne by his postulants were: Maria Sansbury, in religion, Sister Angela; Mary Carico, Sister Margaret; Teresa Edelin, Sister Magdalen; Elizabeth Sansbury, Sister Benvenuta; Ann Hill, Sister Ann; Rose Tenley, Sister Frances.†

The first year of their community-life was passed by the sisters in an old log cabin that had been prepared for their use on the farm attached to the convent of St. Rose. At the expiration of this term, they removed into a house of their own, built upon lands secured to the association by one of their own number, Sister Angela Sansbury.‡ This second house was more desirable than their first for the reason that it was divided into three rooms. One of these served them for a chapel; the second for kitchen and refectory combined, and the third for work, for sleeping, and for recreation. When not engaged in out-of-doors work, it was here their busy hands found employment in the varied processes by which the staples of wool, cotton and flax are transformed into wearing apparel. Their first out-of-doors employment was the tansportation of drift-wood from the creek to serve for winter firing. The process was the primitive one of "sticks to shoulders and an up-hill tramp to the wood-pile." There had been left standing on the place an old still-house, and this was transformed by them into a school house. Here it was that on the memorable day of the opening of their school, they found assembled fifteen pupils. The year's provisions, required to be deposited in advance by the parents of the pupils, unaccountably gave out before the end of the year was reached; and now began a season of suffering for the poor sisters. It was only by God's grace that they were enabled to beat back the intruding thought that they had miscalculated their powers of endurance. Confiding in His help, who had made perennial the widow's cruse, they labored on. They tilled the soil, gathered in their scanty crops, pulled and housed fodder for the cattle, and did man's work for less than child's recompense

*The ancient order of St. Dominic is composed of three distinct sections, or branches. First, the ministry and those preparing for its exercise; second, the enclosed nuns; third, and the more numerous, such as devote themselves to the instruction of youth. Both St. Catharine of Sienna and St. Rose of Lima were members of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

† According to another account furnished me, to the above names should be added that of Ellen Whalen.

‡ The father and an uncle of Maria and Elizabeth Sansbury were among the earlier emigrants to Cartwright's creek.

It was not its semblance, but true heroism that these weak women were exhibiting. Having given themselves to God, they regarded neither discomfort nor privation so long as by these they were brought nearer to Him, nearer to the bleeding feet of His Son, their thorn-crowned Lord and Master. They multiplied their prayers and they besought more urgently the aid of Heaven's Queen to enable them to walk firmly on in the rough ways that God's providence had opened for their feet; but they neglected not the ordinary means of rescue from peril which this same providence had placed within their reach and that of all His rational creation. Such courage and perseverance was worthy of blessing, and this came to them in the measure of their absolute needs.

For six or eight years after its establishment, the office of chaplin of the convent of St. Mary Magdalene was filled by Rev. Richard P. Miles, afterwards first bishop of the See of Nashville. During these years, and to the end of his life, Bishop Miles interested himself greatly in everything that concerned the community and its interests.

Six years passed away, and though the sisters had accumulated nothing by their labors, they were not now subjected to so great trials nor to such incessant toil as had hitherto marked the course of their young organization. Their school was becoming better known and more highly appreciated, and now there was no longer room in their improvised school building to accommodate their pupils, and the children whom parents had signified their intention of sending for the coming session. Without a dollar in hand, but filled with confidence in God, they began the erection of a more commodious building. The details of the labors undertaken and successfully prosecuted by these unskilled women would scarcely be credited by any of their sex of the present day. They bent to their work, arduous as it was, not only uncomplainingly, but with spirits surcharged with joy. They thought not of themselves, but of Him who was their strength, and of the "little ones" of His blessed humanity whom it was their privilege to bring to His feet that He might bless and save them. To raise the walls of the new building was beyond their strength, but this they did in effect through their personal solicitation of alms. Two and two they tramped the country round for miles on their pitiful errand, and though they were often rebuffed, and sometimes harshly, they secured in this way what was needed to finish the building.

An occurrence took place about that time—in 1829, most likely—that is thus related by one of the sisterhood:

"The sisters were in much need of a teacher of drawing and painting, one who would be capable of instructing in the art a class of two or three of their own number. One day a gentlemanly young man called to apply for the position. He was not a Catholic, but his recommendations were satisfactory, and he was at once employed. The room assigned to him in which to give his lessons was next to the sisters' chapel. Here, day after day, he sat in the hearing of the

sisters while engaged in chanting the prescribed offices. They soon learned that he was a native of New England, and that he had been reared to detest the religion of Catholics. He was a very capable young man, and notwithstanding his prejudices, which he took no pains to conceal, he was retained in the institute for a little more than a year. At the end of this time we were astonished to find that he was a changed man. He had often, to be sure, asked the meaning of certain observances of which he had taken cognizance, and the proper answers had been given him; but it turned out that he had reflected as well as observed, and that, little by little, his prejudices had given way and left him a Catholic at heart. But that was not enough; he would be one in the face of the world. He wrote to his father, stating the change that had taken place in his convictions of religious truth and his purpose to unite himself with the Catholic Church. The father was a bigot, and alienation between himself and his family followed the consummation of his high purpose."*

What has hitherto been said of the experiences of the sisterhoods of Loretto and Nazareth in respect to personal hardships, coarse and scanty food, and all manner of inconveniences, will equally apply to that of St. Mary Magdalene; at least up to the year 1834. Then, indeed, the sisters began to feel that the roughest of their trials were of the past. They were now less often called upon to labor in the fields; their table was beginning to present a more generous apearance, and now and then they were able to treat themselves to wheaten bread and real coffee. Thus passed for them a decade and a half of years, each one of which was an improvement on its predecessor, bringing with it realities for which they had long hoped and patiently waited. In 1848, they felt themselves able to begin the construction of a church; and, a year later, they had the happiness of contemplating the finished edifice—beautiful it would have been considered any-

* The young man referred to in the text was the late Rev. H. V. Brown, who died pastor of Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 187–. After his baptism by one of the Dominican fathers of the convent of St. Rose, he went to Rome, where he was a student in the college of the Propaganda. From the fact that the late Very Rev. B. J. Spalding was one of Father Brown's most intimate friends, I have been led to the belief that they were at one time fellow-students in Rome. There was something of facetiousness about Dr. Brown. The last time I met him was on the occasion of the consecration of the then newly erected church of the Trappist fathers at Gethsemani, where we and others, clerics and laymen, were guests of the establishment. Though born and reared in the North, Father Brown's life as a priest had been altogether spent in the South; and though I feel quite sure he was cosmopolitan in his love of country, he affected on this occasion, for jest's sake, to be extremely southern in his sentiments. The rooms of the guests' house at Gethsemani have inscribed over them the names of the apostles and evangelists, and that into which Father Brown was ushered happened to bear the name of St. Thaddeus. Looking attentively at the name for a moment, he wanted to know of me whether I thought the monks intended to insult him by putting him into *old Thad. Stephen's* room. Thad. Stephens, it will be remembered, was a leading republican congressman during the war.

where, and to them it appeared grand and imposing—and of uttering their thanksgivings before its altar, in the very presence of their Creator and Redeemer. After a brief two years, the pupils of the institution, now vastly multiplied, were ushered into a new academy building, constructed for durability, and large enough to accommodate a still greater number.*

In 1851, the corporation was empowered by grant of the legislature to change the title until that time borne by the institution, to that of "The Academy of St. Catharine of Sienna."

The annexed summary of incidents and personal recollections of individuals in some way connected with the establishment of St. Mary Magdalene, coming as they do from one to whom the facts related are wholly familiar, connot prove otherwise than interesting reading for Catholics:

"Sister Angela Sansbury, the first prioress, was born in Prince George county, Maryland. Her parents were Alexius Sansbury and Elizabeth Hamilton. Long before she received the habit from the hands of Father Wilson, she was noted for her piety and extreme modesty. As she had before been for the young women of the congregation of St. Rose a model of virtue and christian propriety, so, after she had consecrated herself to God, she was for her associates of the community a model of patience and christian confidence. When these were well nigh in despair, not knowing whence was to come the food for which they were almost famishing, she never once lost courage, never doubted that Providence would provide for their absolute wants. One day the sister whose duty it was to prepare food for the community went to her with the information that there was nothing in the house out of which she could even make an ash-cake—not a morsel of meat nor a dust of meal. Mother Angela looked at her reassuringly and said: 'Be not troubled, sister; God will provide!' And so He did. Before the hour of noon, a man who was to them an entire stranger, brought to the convent a hundred-weight of meat, and begged the sisters to accept it as a gift. Occurrences such as this were not at all uncommon in the early days of the institution. Mother Angela Sansbury was a strict disciplinarian, but a loving one. She led the sisters in all their labors, and she shared with them all their trials.

"In 1851, at the instance of Rev. N. D. Young, O. S. D., a colony of sisters, composed of Mother Angela and Sisters Benvenuta Sansbury and Ann Hill, were sent to Somerset, Ohio, where they

* The St. Catharine's academy buildings, including the convent and church, as they appear to-day, form three sides of a square. The grounds within are tastefully laid off, and they are studded with shrubs and flower-beds. The establishment sits, the mistress of a lovely vale, surrounded as with a crown, by low hills that are verdure-clad for two-thirds of the year. In the heart of this valley nestles the convent, and in the still of the evening the sound of its bells sweeps over the hills, and is heard and blessed in hamlet and farm-house for miles around.

established the Convent of St. Mary of the Springs, and laid the foundation of the now flourishing academy known as St. Mary's. *

"Sister Magdalen Edelin was remarkable for her indomitable energy and the excellence of her judgment. During the several terms she filled the office of prioress her management of the affairs of the institution was regarded as admirable. This was the case even when she was suffering from the tortures of an incurable disease. She was distinguished especially for her attention to choir duty. Her death occurred on the eve of her patronal feast, and her burial on the feast itself. A singular incident took place on this latter occasion. Scarcely had the grave been filled up, in which had been deposited the body of their aged associate, when, heard in the distance, came to the ears of the sisters the *Salve Regina*, raised by those of the community who had been left in charge of the house. They well knew the import of the sacred hymn sung at such a time. It told them that the undeniable call had come to another of their band; that another soul was in its agony. Adding their own voices to the solemn refrain, they sped on their way toward the convent, but the soul in agony did not wait their coming. Hastening to the infirmary, they were confronted by another vision of death. Sister Viluna Montgomery, the life-long friend and associate of Mother Magdalen, had passed to her reward.

"The benefactors of the establishment of St. Mary Magdalene, afterwards St. Catharine's of Sienna, were many; but only of a few will it be necessary to speak. In the infancy of the institution, but for the charity of the good people of the congregation of St. Rose, the very existence of the community must have abruptly terminated. Insignificant, to be sure, were their benefactions, for they were themselves poor; but they sufficed to sustain life and to establish hope. The first of whom personal mention is necessary should be the first ecclesiastical superior of the sisterhood, appointed by Father Wilson, Rev. Richard P. Miles, at a later day bishop of Nashville. What he had to give was little, to be sure, but it was mainly through his instrumentality that the needs of the sisterhood were made known and relieved. Another benefactor of the house, long since passed to his reward, is to this day gratefully remembered in their prayers by the sisterhood of St. Catharine's. The story of himself and his benefactions is an interesting one.

"One day, when the establishment was still in its infancy, an old man, sitting in a light covered wagon drawn by a staid-going little animal, drove up to the convent gate and asked for lodgings for the night. He was at once a singular-looking and singular-talking old

* The death of Mother Angela took place at the convent named in the text on the 30th November, 1839. Of her associates named, the first was her own sister. Sister Ann was a daughter of Clement Hill, of whom mention is elsewhere made. An aged sister of the community writes me concerning her: "Sister Ann was a highly gifted woman, and well educated. She was a most useful member of the community, and exceedingly pious. She died at Somerset, Ohio, on the 1st of April, 1840."

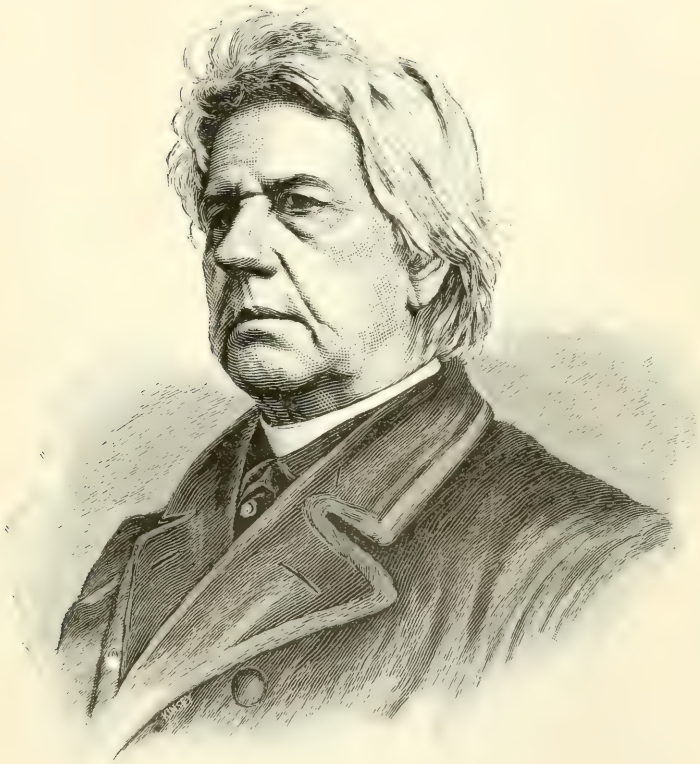
gentleman, out there was something in his face that was attractive, nevertheless, and his request was granted. In the morning, he not only did not take himself off, but he astonished the prioress by telling her that he had determined to stop where he was for the remainder of his days. 'This is the inn,' he said, 'to which the Lord has directed me, and here I will remain.' So earnest and persistent was his appeal, that the nuns agreed at length to give him employment, and, as the sequel will show, they could not have been led to a wiser solution of what presented to them, no doubt, the appearance of a difficulty. Mr. Simering—such was the name by which this odd genius was known—was a tinsmith by trade, and he had been for years in the habit of going about the country, peddling his wares among the housewives living in Nelson and Washington counties, and, where that was possible, rendering again serviceable their broken and battered kitchen utensils. From that time, almost to the day of his death, sixteen years later, all the tinware used in the place was of his fashioning. When there was nothing to do at home, he would buy a stock of tin, make it up into all sorts of useful articles, hitch up his horse and depart on a peddling expedition. These excursions began in time to be looked upon by the sisters as sure indexes of coming benefits to the institution; for the good man never returned from one of them without a lading of something much needed by the community. Whatever was the emergency, his was the hand to help them meet it. The first piano-forte used in the school was a gift from him. He was exceedingly blunt in his manners, and when he happened to know that the community treasury was empty, and that debts were pressing, he would appear before the disturbed prioress, fumble in his pocket for his purse, and, having flung it into her lap, blurt out snappishly: 'Is that anything you want?' On such occasions, and they were not a few, it was his habit to escape from the room at once, before the prioress could muster words in which to thank him.*

"Of all the benefactors of the establishment of St. Catharine of Sienna, not one, however, gave so unsparingly of his means, his time and his energies, as did the late chaplain of the institution, the venerable and beloved Father Francis Cubero. From 1872, the date of his appointment, to 1883, when in mercy of his infirmities, this aged servant of God was given rest from his labors, he had literally abandoned himself to the work of promoting the interests of his spiritual

* This unique character was known to me when, in 1823 and a year or two later, he was the master of a small shop then situated at the southeastern corner of the square upon which stands the former cathedral of the diocese, Bardstown. He was exceedingly industrious, and so firmly was his integrity and mechanical skill established in public estimation, that he did a thriving business. His eccentricities were pronounced and incontrovertible, however, and his removal to St. Magdalene's was occasioned, no doubt, by his desire to escape the ridicule and annoyance to which he was subjected at the hands of the thoughtless youths attending the neighboring college of St. Joseph.

children. Almost his first act on assuming the chaplaincy of the institution, was to lift from the over-burdened shoulders of the sisters a debt of nearly eight thousand dollars. This he paid, as is supposed, out of his own paternal inheritance. But this material help given by him to the sisterhood, was as nothing compared with the value of his labors to the end of the sanctification of his charge. His only thought appeared to have reference to them and their needs—the maintenance of discipline among them and love of their holy rule."*

* There are now in the United States fifteen houses of the Third Order of St. Dominic, all derived from the one whose early history is given in the text. Two of these are located in Kentucky; three in Ohio; five in Tennessee; one in Florida; one in Washington city and three in California. The sisters have charge, also, of a school for colored children in Washington county, which has been successfully carried on for years. Though called to labor inside of convent walls, and there with special reference to the education of youth, the sisterhood is not permitted to disregard the suggestions of humanity and christian charity in times of public calamity. The cholera epidemic of 1833 was frightful in Washington county, and it was then that the afflicted people of the country surrounding the convent, Protestants as well as Catholics, learned to honor, even more than they had done before, the white habited nuns of St. Magdalene. Their labors throughout the epidemic were as incessant as they were often effective of the happiest results for individual sufferers. Only one of the community, and that in the fresh out-break of the epidemic in the following year, lost her life by the visitation. Sister Mary Theresa Lynch died while attending the sick in the neighborhood in 1834. In later years the branch establishments of the house, especially that at Memphis, Tennessee, have suffered fearfully from similar visitations. In 1873, while engaged in nursing the sick of yellow fever, at Memphis and Pensacola, Sisters M. Joseph McKernan, Martha Quarry, Magdalene McKernan and Dominica Fitzpatrick were seized with the fever and died. The deaths among the sisters at Memphis in 1878, all from the same cause, were those of Veronica Glose, Bernardine Dalton, Rose McGary and Dolora Glose.



REV. ROBERT A. ABELL.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOSEPH, BARDSTOWN.

Bishop Flaget had already passed six years of his episcopal life in Kentucky, before any effort was made by him to secure to the diocese a suitable and properly appointed cathedral. Without resources himself, and charged with the care of a people with whom competency was a condition of the future, only to be acquired by continuous struggle, he did not feel that he was warranted in taxing them for even so much needed an object. He might sooner have undertaken the work, to be sure, had he been willing to burden the diocese with obligations to be liquidated in the future. But not the apostle himself who has written *owe no man anything*, had a greater horror of debt than he. He might have still hesitated, but for the urgent pleadings of his clergy, and a few of the better provided among his faithful people. At the instance of these, early in the year 1817, he authorized subscriptions to be made and collections to be taken up in furtherance of the object throughout the diocese. When the work of construction was begun, the subscriptions and cash collections were found to aggregate the sum of $14,000. More than satisfied with a result so little anticipated, the bishop left nothing undone that might by possibility facilitate the work; and the architect whom he employed, being both intelligent and energetic, was enabled, in a little over two years, to report the church so far completed as to admit of its consecration.*

The day fixed for the consecration of the cathedral was August 8th, 1819. No event so interesting to Catholics having ever taken place in any part of the country west of Baltimore, the desire to witness it was very general among them. In congregations the farthest removed from the territorial seat of episcopal jurisdiction, numbers of the faithful were contemplating excursions to Bardstown, in order to be present on an occasion that commanded their sympathy, and naturally excited in them sentiments of honest pride and hearty gratulation. Bishop Flaget knew all this, and he knew, too, that hundreds of non-Catholics, many of whom had contributed of their means toward the

*The architect and builder of the cathedral of St. Joseph was Mr. John Rogers, who, on his removal from Baltimore to Bardstown in 1815, had brought with him the perfected plans of the building. He was a pious Catholic, and a man of high repute in his profession. The only survivors of his children, Charles A. Rogers, Catholic bookseller and publisher, and Mrs. Mary O'Brien, are residents of Louisville.

erection of the church, were equally anxious, opportunity being given them, to witness a function about which they knew nothing, but were simply curious. Wishing to make the occasion one to be remembered with grateful joy by his own flock, and at least with tolerant consideration by his Protestant fellow citizens, Bishop Flaget spared no pains to give to the ceremonial and all its accessories the utmost solemnity that was within the compass of his limited capabilities. Among the questions of moment considered at the time by the bishop and Father David, not the least perplexing referred to the proper person to be invited, or directed, to occupy the pulpit on the day of consecration. It had been previously arranged that Father David should himself deliver an explanatory address immediately after the ceremony of consecration, but the sermon of the occasion, properly speaking, was to be the one after the gospel of the mass, and for this particular service, there were but four priests in the diocese whose qualifications and acknowledged capabilities fairly entitled them to the consideration of the ordinary. By far the most noted of these was Rev. Thomas Wilson, of the order of St. Dominic, residing at St. Rose, about sixteen miles from Bardstown. He was a man of exalted personal character, and there was, possibly, not another divine in the State who was either more learned or more eloquent. But being not directly subject to the bishop, he thought, no doubt, that it would be more appropriate to have the service performed by one of his own secular priests. The second and third, Fathers G. I. Chabrat and Anthony Ganihl, though they were both secular priests and able men, were objectionable from the fact that, being Frenchmen, the language of the country did not "come trippingly" off their tongues; and from the further fact that their style of eloquence was of too staid and sober a character to be altogether acceptable to the people on an occasion that called especially for rejoicing and gratulation. The fourth and last to be considered was the first ordained of the diocesan seminary, Rev. Robert A. Abell. He had talents, enthusiasm, everything, indeed, to recommend him except deep learning; and that was not thought to be a requisite of paramount importance on the particular occasion demanding his services. Both had long known and respected the talents of the young priest. They had heard him speak in the impromptu debates gotten up from time to time among the students of the seminary; and, on a few occasions after his ordination, he had caused them to open their eyes in astonishment at his powers as a preacher. For these reasons, he, rather than his elder brothers of the ministry, was chosen to deliver the sermon after the gospel of the first mass to be celebrated in the newly consecrated church. The personality of the preacher of the consecration sermon having been decided upon, Father Abell was notified immediately of the fact, and directed to report in person at Bardstown by a given date. That the young ecclesiastic should have felt gratification over so marked a tribute of confidence on the part of his superiors is not to be doubted. His prideful emotions, however, soon gave place to others that were nearer allied to pusillanimity. He began to fear that he was

destined to disappoint the expectations of his friends, and especially of those who reposed in him a degree of confidence that he could but characterize as wonderful. It took him many hours to discipline his mind to the proper contemplation of his position and its requirements. He had not yet fully determined upon the subject matter of his discourse and its mode of treatment when, in order to meet the appointment that had been made for him, he was under the necessity of mounting his horse and beginning his journey. There is no position in which a man can be placed that is so favorable for cogitation as riding on horseback along a little travelled highway. Father Abell was a true lover of nature; and at another time, he might have found pleasant interest in the contemplation of many things of which his eye scarcely took cognizance in his lonesome ride. But his mind was now wholly absorbed in the ordeal that was before him and how to meet it to the acquittal of his conscience and the justification of the hopes of his friends. His thoughts soon began to take form and shape, and long before he reached Elizabethtown, in Hardin county, where he proposed to stop for the night, he began to experience a healthy degree of confidence.

Retiring early, he had scarcely closed his eyes in sleep before he was awakened by a knock upon his chamber-door. A messenger had followed him all the way from his home, whither he had gone to urge his immediate presence at the bedside of one of his parishioners who was supposed to be dying. Father Abell did not hesitate. With the faithful priest, a call to the sick is regarded as a call from God. The night was passed in retracing the road of the previous day, and the sun had risen when he reached the bedside of the supposed dying man.* Having discharged the duties of his office toward his sick parishioner, the priest recommenced his interrupted journey, and this time he brought it to a successful termination. On presenting himself before his superiors, he was asked if he had written out the sermon he had been directed to preach. "No, Father David," said he, for it was that rigid disciplinarian who had propounded the question, "I had

*The sick person referred to in the text was Walter S. Coomes, son of Ignatius Coomes, who was among the earlier Catholic settlers of Breckinridge county. The young man recovered from his illness, and, soon afterwards, entered the diocesan seminary, where he prosecuted his course of theological studies, interrupted for several years by his appointment to the position of tutor in the college of St. Joseph, and he was ordained priest in the year 1830. Father Coomes, or "Father Watty," as he was familiarly called by his associates of the clergy, was an excellent and useful priest, and a thoroughly lovable man. Though he was never considered a man of marked intellectual gifts, the defect was unnoticed in his extreme amiability, and in the practical, common-sense way he had of deciding questions that were supposed to affect Catholic interests. Up to the date of his death, which took place November 28, 1871, in the 76th year of his age, no closer bond of friendship existed between any twain of the clergy of Kentucky than that by which were linked the hearts of Father Abell and Father Coomes. They were helpful to each other, and it is not unlikely that the stronger of the two benefitted most by their mutual friendship.

no time for that; but I have been revolving its matter in my mind, and I think I can safely promise you that it shall not fall below your reasonable expectations." The director of the seminary was not satisfied. "We cannot trust your inexperience," said he; "but there is time yet; go to your room at once and write out for the inspection of Bishop Flaget and myself what you propose to say."

There was no help for it, and Father Abell was obliged to submit. From noon till dusk, he kept his room, noting down indeed the heads of his discourse, but little else. After supper, having a roll of paper in his hand, he approached his mentors, who happened to be the only occupants at the time of the room set apart for the bishop, and proposed, then and there, to read to them the sermon he had prepared. Father David thought it would be better to have him submit his manuscript to them for the night, to be returned to him in the morning with their joint criticism upon its merits. To this proposition, the young priest objected by saying: "You could make nothing of it, Father David. In very truth," he continued, "my fingers have been clutching the bridle for so many hours that they are really incapable of guiding a pen so as to make my chirography legible to others than myself. If you will but retain your places and give me the use of the candle that is flaming on your side of the table, I will repeat before you the sermon I have prepared for the day after to-morrow." Relating the incident afterwards, Father Abell was wont to say:

"No objection being raised by either of my hearers, I reached over for the candlestick, placed it immediately before me, and unrolling my manuscript, made a pretense of reading. In the dim light given out by the single candle from its place on the table, fully three feet beneath my organs of vision, I could not have seen a letter, to be sure, though the writing had been as legible as print; but that circumstance did not matter to me, and, strangely enough, neither the bishop nor Father David appeared to take any cognizance of the anomaly. I began my sermon in a key that was suitable to the dimensions of the room, and to the proximity of those who had constituted themselves the judges of its merits; but, by degrees, and imperceptibly to myself, my voice was raised, not to its full pitch by any means, but to a compass sufficiently elevated to be heard beyond the walls of the building. I began by recounting the vicissitudes through which the Church in Kentucky had passed during the thirty-four years of its existence; and I spoke of the crosses that had hitherto pressed down the shoulders of both priests and people. I described the apologies of churches in which, for a third of a century, the great Sacrifice of Calvary had been repeated in an unbloody manner for the salvation of God's people in the wilderness of Western America. I spoke of the joy with which the faithful Catholic people of the State had greeted the bishop that had been sent to them a few years before, and of his hope and their own that the time was drawing near when the Savior whom they served would be provided with temples in which to repose, in some degree worthy of His exalted majesty. I gave to my hearers

a history of the undertaking that had now been brought to a happy consummation. I returned thanks to those who, by their great liberality, had enabled their bishop to erect, in a country but lately overshadowed by interminable forests, a cathedral church that would be honorable to the Catholic faith of any people—a temple in which they and their children and childrens children would meet and pay homage to the living God, and where, for generations to come the great sacrifice of the new law would be offered up for the living and the dead. Once only in the course of my performance, after the delivery of a passage I had endeavored to make peculiarly pathetic, I ventured to remove my manuscript from before my eyes and look my mentors in the face. There they sat with their hands clasped, sobbing like children. I no longer felt that I had anything to fear from their criticism. My peroration closed at length, I asked my superiors if they were satisfied. 'Yes,' replied Father David, after considering for a moment, as if fearful of the ill effects upon youthful minds of unstinted eulogy, 'the sermon will answer.' There was no suggestion of change, and neither was there of praise. Had others not told me of their favorable comments, delivered beyond my hearing, I might have supposed they regarded my labored effort as commonplace enough."*

Fifty years later was celebrated at Bardstown the bi-centennial anniversary of the consecration of the cathedral, and on that occasion the writer was fortunate enough to be present. Two only of those who had occupied places in the sanctuary a half century before were there to return thanks to God for having given them length of days, and for having vouchsafed them power and opportunity to dispense His mercy to sinners. These were Rev. Robert A. Abell and Rev. Athanasius A. Aud, the latter of whom had witnessed the ceremony of consecration from his place among the seminarians then in attendance. It had been the hope and expectation of the then pastor of St. Joseph, Rev. P. J. Defraine, that the voice that had filled the temple at its first opening would be heard from the same pulpit, measuring its powers over a new generation of hearers, and exciting in them feelings akin to those that had filled the hearts of the listeners of fifty years gone by. But the state of health of the venerable missionary was such as to disable him from anything beyond the delivery of a few brief sentences from the communion railing, at the close of the regular sermon from the pulpit. As he rose to his feet, the utmost stillness pervaded the crowded church. For a moment, he stood gazing upon the faces before him, and, no doubt, contrasting them in his own mind with those that

*The sermon preached by Father Abell at the consecration of the cathedral church of St. Joseph, Bardstown, created possibly, more favorable criticism from persons supposed to be capable of judging of oratorical display, than any other that had previously been delivered in that part of the State. Among the lawyers of the place, especially, and the bar of Bardstown included at the time some of the master minds of the country, the criticism evoked by it was in the highest degree commendatory.

had been turned towards him on the occasion of his first sermon in that church. He spoke at length, not as if with an effort and feebly, but well and eloquently. He spoke of the Catholic zeal of those who had wrought and suffered to raise that temple to the service of God, and of their joy when they were permitted to bow their heads in adoration before its newly consecrated altars. "Where, now," he asked, "are those first parishioners of St. Joseph's? Where are the Sanders' and the Haydens, the Gwyns and the Wickhams, the Hagans and the Webbs, and all the other early Catholic settlers of Nelson county? All dead, and I am left to tell you what they did for religion." He spoke of his own journeyings in quest of means to pay for work done upon the church as that work progressed, and of the success with which heaven had blessed his efforts. He told his hearers of the crowds that had flocked to the church on the day it was consecrated, some journeying from long distances, and all rejoicing in the fact that the most capacious and the most beautiful building in the State had been reared for purposes of Catholic worship. When he was compelled to desist, from lack of strength to stand longer, it is doubtful if there was a dry eye in the church.

But a few months ago, in this year of grace 1884, took place another celebration in the former cathedral of the diocese, that was alike creditable to its present pastor, Rev. C. J. O'Connell, and to the large congregation that has succeeded to the use of the venerable edifice put up just two-thirds of a century ago. This was on the occasion of reopening the church after it had been submitted to the hands of skilled artisans for extensive repairs. As originally built, St. Joseph's was an honestly constructed church. As firmly stand its walls to-day as when those who raised them laid down their trowels and looked their satisfaction over their finished work. But for more than a decade of years its more perishable parts had been a source of concern to the good Catholic people of the county of Nelson. That so grand and beautiful an edifice should be permitted to perish for lack of renewal of the perishable material that had entered into its construction, was something that was not to be thought of by either pastor or people; and it was determined that the threatened evil should be averted. Setting themselves vigorously to work, in a comparatively short time the building was made to put on, so to speak, not only its pristine strength, but more than its pristine freshness and beauty. Accustomed to its sight, as the writer has been from his childhood, he was wholly astonished, a short while ago, at the transformation it presented before his eyes. Inside and out, its appearance is suggestive of the idea of newness. Its walls and ceiling are beautifully frescoed, and the empty niches in its façade, presumably left tenantless by the builders for lack of means to pay the costs of the ornamentation, are filled to-day with life-size statues of St. Joseph, the four Evangelists, and the representations known as the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. The central figure is that of St. Joseph, patron of the church. Next, on the right, appear in the order named, those of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. John and St. Luke.

To the left of St. Joseph, the figures are those of the Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Mathew and St. Mark.

Time was when St. Joseph's was undoubtedly the largest and grandest church edifice in the entire western country; and not then, nor now, in the opinion of very many persons supposed to be capable of judging of architectural merit, had or has it a rival in attractiveness.

From the date of its erection, the line of pastors of the former cathedral of the diocese, includes the names of the ecclesiastics here given: Rt. Rev. John B. David, until about the year 1827; Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, until his consecration as Bishop of Arras, and coadjutor of Philadelphia, in 1830; Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, from 1830 to 1835; Rev. Martin J. Spalding, from 1835 to 1838; Rev. James M. Lancaster, from 1838 to 1840, Rev. Charles H. DeLuynes, from 1840 to 1841; Rev. Martin J. Spalding, from 1841 to 1845; Rev. Benedict J. Spalding, from 1845 to 1848. In September of the year last named, the Jesuit fathers of the Province of Missouri took charge of the church and congregation. The pastors under their rule, which ended in 1868, were: Revs. P. J. Verhaegan, F. X. Di Maria, Chas. Truyens, J. De Blieck, F. J. Boudreaux, John Schultz and Thomas O'Neil. Since the last given date the pastorate of the church has been in the hands of Rev. Peter Defraine, Rev. John F. Reed, and the present pastor, Rev. C. J. O'Connell.

It is to be noticed, in connection with the pastorate of St. Joseph's, that the pastors of the church have at all times had the active assistance of clergymen employed in the adjoining college of the same title.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

From the moment of her public recognition as a power for good in the world, the Church of God became the chief source of intellectual enlightenment for the nations of the earth. Her great mission, to be sure, was and is to preach the gospel in the hearing of the sons of men, and to plant the cross in their sight and in their hearts. But everywhere, and at all times, she has proved herself the foe of ignorance. She has sought in the past, and she still seeks, to bring to the service of the Most High all the capabilities of man's intellectual being, together with all the affections of his heart. But never from the beginning, nor now, nor ever till the end, has she taught, or will or can she teach, the heresy of divorce of intellectual culture from that which has for its object the opening of the minds of men to God's designs in their regard.

The establishment of a school for boys of a higher grade than any that had before been of possible acquisition to the people of Kentucky had long been the subject of earnest thought with Bishop Flaget. The school of his thought, however, should have ecclesiastics for its conductors; but of these he had none to spare for any work less important than that of the holy ministry. It was not until about the close of the year 1819 that circumstances favored the realization of his desires in respect to the foundation of a school at Bardstown that would in some degree reflect his idea of a proper collegiate institution. He had seen his cathedral of St. Joseph rise from its foundations a finished structure. His new ecclesiastical seminary building, standing in the shadow of the church, was now completed, and to its occupancy he had brought the professors and students lately engaged in teaching and study at St. Thomas'. And what was even more important to the educational work he was contemplating, he was now able to command the services of a priest whose qualifications peculiarly fitted him for the post of president of a popular institution of learning. This priest was the late

REV. GEORGE A. M. ELDER

Together with the late Rev. William Byrne, the greater part of whose life was given to duties of a precisely similar character, Father Elder was raised to the priesthood in the cathedral of St. Joseph by Bishop David on the 18th of September, 1819. He was a son of James

Elder, one of the early emigrants from Maryland to the settlement on Hardin's creek, and the date of his birth is given, August 11, 1794. If there ever was a home in Kentucky wherein everything was made subject to duty, under the divine law, that home was the one in which the future priest of the family passed the years of his infancy and boyhood. It was an orderly home, and a quiet one, and not the less so because it was a cheerful one. The sounds of prayer and praise ushered in its ordinary day, and its ordinary night gave rest to a household fresh from communion with its God.

It is more than likely that his father was George Elder's only teacher up to his sixteenth year, when he was sent to St. Mary's college, Emmittsburg, then under the direction of Dr. Dubois, with a view to his education for the holy ministry. He was afterwards transferred to the seminary of the Sulpician fathers, Baltimore, where he finished his ecclesiastical studies. Immediately after his ordination, as stated, he was charged by his ordinary with the work of founding a college at Bardstown. No one, not previously aware of the character of labor that had been marked out for him, could have entered upon it with such an understanding of its requirements as did the young priest. He had evidently learned from his former instructors of Maryland to measure the difficulties he would have to encounter, and how he might best overcome them. He had striven to fit himself for his work by study and observation, and also by schooling his mind to a just appreciation of the absolute duties of his position. One's notions of individual character drawn from his youthful impressions are apt to be colored by either partiality or prejudice; but where the voice is general, it is to be accepted as truthful and just. It was the public conviction at the time that Father Elder brought to the conduct of his responsible office of president of St. Joseph's college, qualifications of the rarest excellence. Together with a natural disposition in which amiability was a leading characteristic, he carried into his work a power for discernment that instinctively led him to rightful methods in dealing with those who had been committed to his care for their education. He was gentlemanly in both manners and speech; and most careful in upholding his priestly character by uprightness of walk and conduct. He was deeply imbued with the religious sentiment, and fervently pious; but he made no show of superior sanctity in his intercourse with others.

Father Elder was tall and sparely built; graceful in action and engaging in manner. His friends were of all classes of society, and of enemies he had none. Though occupying, during almost the entire term of his ministerial life, the difficult post of president of an institution in which were domiciled from one hundred to two hundred and fifty young men—a large proportion of whom were natives of Louisiana and Mississippi, and consequently, if there be any truth in the generally accepted saying, "a hot sun breeds a hot temper," may be supposed to have been difficult of control—it is doubtful if he ever had an enemy in the college. He had evidently studied human

nature to some purpose. He won hearts by making it clear to the perception of all that he was himself possessed of the most loving of hearts. As a preacher, too, Mr. Elder more frequently addressed himself to the sensibilities of his hearers than to their reason. He seemed to be convinced of the fact that a cold heart is little fitted to perceive either the beauties or the sublime truths of the Catholic faith. His voice, whether in reading or speaking, was irresistibly pathetic. On the evenings of holy Thursday he was in the habit of preaching the passion sermon, and on these occasions few among his auditors were enabled to restrain their tears.*

It is not to be understood that in its inception St. Joseph's was other than a day-school for boys. In point of fact, its first classes were made up of boys whose parents were living in the town, but few of whom had other ambition than to acquire for their children the elements of a sound English education. During the entire year after the school was opened, lessons were learned and recited in the basement story of the seminary building. It was not until about the close of the year 1820 that what is now the south wing of the college was put up and occupied by teachers and learners. As late, indeed, as 1822, the so-called primary department of the college was conducted in the basement of the seminary.†

After the completion of the south wing, the president was enabled to take and care for a number of boarding pupils—*interns*, as they were designated by their fellow pupils residing with their parents in the town. In 1823, the north wing was built, and soon afterwards the front building, connecting the two wings, altogether forming one of the largest and best appointed school structures then to be found in the entire western country.

* Father Elder was one of the editors of the *Catholic Advocate*, established by the writer in Bardstown in 1836. The articles written by him were principally addressed to parents, and referred to the training and education of children. He had an idea that children were susceptible of moral guidance at a very early age, and he urged his views on this and other matters relative to parental obligations in a series of well-written and exceedingly interesting papers. He continued to write for the *Advocate* until he was seized with his last illness. I shall ever remember the gloom which the report of his dangerous illness spread throughout the entire community. I was seated, on the evening of his death, in the parlor of a friend, since deceased, conversing with several members of his family, when suddenly the tolling of the cathedral bell hushed our voices into awe. Not a word was spoken until the iron clang again thrilled through our ears, when, with a choking sob, one of the ladies present exclaimed, "O God, he is dead!" Few were the homes, indeed, wherein was heard that tolling bell in which tears and sighs and prayers were not the fitting accompaniment.

† I was myself of the number of juveniles belonging to this department, which was presided over at the time, and for years afterwards, by the late Thomas G. Rapier, a grandson of Capt. James Rapier, of whom mention is elsewhere made. My recollections of my first teacher are altogether pleasant. His capabilities were fully equal to the requirements of his position. Mr. Rapier afterwards removed to Louisiana, of which State, up to the time of his death, about the close of the late war, he was a much respected citizen.

In 1825, as we are told by Dr. Spalding, the public patronage extended to the institution was greatly increased by the influx of pupils from the Southern States. In May, of the year named, an ecclesiastical friend of Bishop Flaget, previously employed in a college in Louisiana, Rev. M. Martial, brought with him to St. Joseph's fifty young men, whose names were entered by him as pupils in the institution.* This was the beginning of the extended patronage enjoyed by the college from the States of Louisiana and Mississippi.

In September, 1827, Father Elder was appointed to the pastorate of the church of St. Pius, in Scott county, and the presidency of the college was intrusted to the hands of Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, under whom the institution suffered neither in repute nor in its condition of prosperity. In 1830, Dr. Reynolds was restored to pastoral duty, and the position of president of the college was resumed by its founder; the remaining seven years of whose life were unselfishly devoted to its interests.

But a sad misfortune was in store for the institution; and that provoked another that was still more lamentable. On the 25th of January, 1838, the main college building took fire and was burned to the ground. During the conflagration, Father Elder exerted himself to a degree that caused the illness of which he died eight months later. This last sad event is thus feelingly referred to by his friend and successor in office, Dr. M. J. Spalding:

"His death was, in every respect, worthy of his exemplary and blameless life. Those who saw him during his last painful illness of two weeks' duration, can not easily forget the impression the spectacle made on their minds. We will give, in the language of an eye-witness, some edifying details connected with his last sickness, and his death.

"'In the midst of the most painful agonies of his sickness, he lost nothing of his usual calmness of mind. To his last breath, he was patient, without murmuring; he was even cheerful, though enduring the most excruciating sufferings. He received the last sacraments of the Church with a fervor the most edifying, answering the usual prayers with hands clasped and eyes uplifted to heaven. After he had received the Holy Eucharist, he burst forth into a canticle of praise and thanksgiving to God, interspersed with appropriate passages from the Psalms, which he repeated with so much feeling and unction, as to draw tears from those present. When it was suggested by the clergymen who attended him, that he would exhaust his strength, he immediately acquiesced, and became silent, seemingly absorbed in prayer.

"'He frequently asked those in attendance to read to him some of the Psalms; and he himself pointed out such as were his special

* The Louisiana college alluded to had been, for some reason, broken up; and Father Martial had been empowered by the parents of the pupils to take them all to Bardstown. The priest named was an officer of St. Joseph's for several years after the event recorded in the text.

favorites: as the fiftieth, beginning, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, according to Thy great mercy;" and the eighty-eighth, "The mercies of the Lord I will sing for ever."

"'He retained his faculties to the last, with the exception of an occasional incoherency when he awoke from slumber, or when his pains were most acute. But even in these wanderings of mind he often spoke of pious subjects. During his last agony, almost every word he uttered showed that his mind and heart were directed toward heaven. Such were the following aspirations which he repeated many times, especially the first one: "My God and my Savior! I love Thee with my whole heart, and with my whole mind, and with my whole strength, for ever and ever! Amen." "Come nearer to me, O my Savior! Come nearer!" "I am crucified with Christ, *crucified, crucified,* to the world!"'

"While the departing prayer was being recited, he remained silent and collected, with his hands joined before his breast. Almost his last words were passages from the fiftieth Psalm, and the aspirations given above. He often looked at, and reverently kissed the crucifix which had been placed on his breast to remind him, in that last and dreadful hour, of the death of Jesus Christ. During the last half hour of his life he did not speak, but still held his hands clasped before his breast, and expired in that attitude of prayer.

"'Such scenes as this must make even the sternest infidel acknowledge the power of religion! They console the christian, and strengthen his faith. In witnessing them all will exclaim: May my soul die the death of the just, and may my end be like to theirs.'"

Never before was there seen in Bardstown so impressive a funeral demonstration as that which was witnessed when the body of the beloved priest was consigned to the earth. The procession of sorrowing friends was more than a half mile long. The remains were taken to the community burial ground at Nazareth and there solemnly interred.

Naturally, the burning of the college had a disastrous influence on the prosperity of the institution. The building destroyed rose from its ashes, to be sure; but debt was incurred, and this weighed heavily on the diocese and its bishop. Excellent and careful men were given charge of the institution, but it was only with the most rigid economy that the aggregate of debt was diminished a little as year succeeded year.*

Rev. Martin J. Spalding succeeded Father Elder in the presidency of St. Joseph's; and from first to last, until the institution was transferred, in 1848, to the management of the Jesuit fathers of the province of Missouri, its affairs were presided over by the ecclesiastic named, and by Revs. James M. Lancaster and Edward McMahon.

* It will astonish some of the well-paid state school teachers of the present day to learn that the professors in St. Joseph's college, during the years indicated, were in the receipt of salaries for their services of from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Among the *alumni* of St. Joseph's, between the years 1823 and 1848, were many young men afterwards distinguished in the learned professions and in politics and trade. Among these may be named: Hon. Lazarus W. Powell, governor of Kentucky; Hon. James Speed, attorney-general under President Lincoln's administration; Col. Alexander Churchill and Hon. Samuel B. Churchill, of Louisville; Hons. Otho R. Singleton and William R. Miles, members of congress from Mississippi; Governors Roman and Wickliffe, of Louisiana; Rt. Rev. John McGill, bishop of Richmond; Alexander Bullitt, editor of the New Orleans *Picayune;* Rev. Burr H. McCown, of Anchorage, Kentucky Hon. Charles Kelly, of Springfield, Kentucky; Hon. Charles Wintersmith, Judge William Lancaster and William Wilson, Esq., of Elizabethtown, Kentucky; Judge Buckner, of Lexington, Kentucky; Drs. Wm. Donne, Thomas E. Wilson and John J. Speed and Messrs. Joshua F. Speed, Henry Tyler, Daniel Dwyer, William M., Cuthbert and G. Washington Bullitt, of Louisville; Hons. John Rowan and Rowan Hardin and Dr. Harrison McCown, of Bardstown; Hons. William B. Anthony, of Owensboro, and George W. Dixon, of Henderson, Kentucky; Hon. Cassius M. Clay, of Bourbon county, Kentucky; and very many others, all professionally or otherwise distinguished in the localities that knew them as citizens, whose names the writer is not now able to recall.*

* For the history of St. Joseph's under the conduct of the Jesuit fathers, the reader is referred to a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

St. Mary's college is situated near St. Mary's station, on the Knoxville branch of the Louisville and Great Southern railroad, about six miles from the town of Lebanon, county seat of Marion county. The land upon which the college buildings stand was purchased of a Mr. — Ray, by the late Rev. Charles Nerinckx, immediately preceding the last visit made by that notable missionary to Europe in 1820. He named the place Mount Mary, and his intention was to found upon it a charitable institution to be conducted by a religious brotherhood, competent to give instructions to boys in letters, christian doctrine and certain of the useful trades.*

While Father Nerinckx was absent in Europe, in 1821, Bishop Flaget had himself supplied his place at the church of St. Charles and the adjacent stations. Now it was in his power to give to the Catholics of the district the services of a priest who was in many respects singularly qualified for the position temporarily vacated by their old pastor. Father William Byrne was as zealous in good works as he was energetic in action. He never took account of labor so long as its animus was the accomplishment of results that might, even by possibility, affect favorably the prime and abiding interests of those among whom, for the time at least, his lot was cast. Early in 1821, he conceived the idea of establishing a school for boys on the Mount Mary farm. Near the church of St. Charles, the principal seat of his mission, the sisters of Loretto had even then a flourishing school for girls; and he was anxious to provide for the boys of the congregation and the surrounding districts similar advantages. He took but time to seek and obtain Bishop Flaget's assent to his plans before he was busily engaged in

*On his return from Europe in 1822, Father Nerinckx was accompanied by the late Brother Charles Gilbert, a man of rare capabilities as an artisan, who had agreed to accept the superintendence of the mechanical department in the proposed institution. The arrangement favored by Father Nerinckx was not carried out; and Brother Charles became a most useful attaché of the neighboring convent and school of Loretto, where he remained until the year 1844. He took a somewhat similar position in the year named, with the Jesuit fathers, then having charge of St. Mary's college; and he accompanied them to New York two years later. About the year 1851, he returned to Kentucky, where, for the remaining years of his life, he gave his services, still of great value, to the sisters of Loretto, managing for them, especially at their boarding-school in the suburbs of Louisville, most of their out-door business.

carrying them into effect. He was neither discouraged by his own nor his people's poverty. He had faith in Providence to make up for the deficiencies of both. Happily his primary want was already supplied; the Mount Mary farm, bought by Father Nerinckx, was awaiting an occupant.*

Without awaiting the slow process of subscription-raising, and after-building, Father Byrne took advantage of a favorable circumstance to begin his school at once.

There happened to be on the premises an old stone distillery house of fair dimensions; and having put this in decent repair, and filled it up with the roughest of school furniture, he announced from the pulpit of St. Charles' church, that St. Mary's academy would be opened next day for the reception of pupils. The school was quickly filled to overflowing; and after a few years it became necessary to put up other buildings for the accommodation of the ever increasing number of applicants for school privileges.†

Without money to build, the good father's only resource was his parishioners. Happily, they had learned to measure their pastor's capabilities and worth by what he had already done for their children. His contracts with them were based on the plan of interchange—commodities for schooling. Many of them made advances to him of the products of their farms, and these were in part shipped off and sold for ready money, and in part retained, to be again exchanged for the skilled and unskilled labor needed in the construction of the buildings. When these were about ready for occupancy, Father Byrne posted himself off to Louisville to lay in a supply of groceries and certain house furnishings that were not to be had in the neighborhood. He came back to find but ashes and fire-defaced walls where he had left a stately edifice. Another in his place might have given way to such depression, as to render himself incapable of even attempting to repair the disaster which had befallen him. Not so this patient, christian priest. He appeared to accept the misfortune as a test of his fidelity. Without permitting a single day to intervene between his resolve and its execution, he went again to work, and a few month's later the building was to be seen resurrected from its ashes. A prosperous career attended the school for a number of years. The debts

*Upon his return from Europe in 1822, Father Nerinckx was much disappointed at learning that his plan of forming an industrial school on the Mount Mary farm had been changed by the action of Father Byrne. But as the latter had therein acted under the authority of his bishop, he submitted with becoming humility. Dr. Spalding is mistaken in saying, as he does on page 272 of his "Sketches of Kentucky," that Father Byrne purchased a farm and paid for it by subscriptions raised among those favorable to his undertaking.

† Dr. Spalding tells us (page 273 of his Sketches), "that Father Byrne was at first unassisted by anyone in the management of his school. He was quick, however, in discerning the talents of his pupils, and it was not long before he was able to form a corps of teaching assistants from their ranks." The author of the "Sketches," who was at the time only fourteen years of age, was himself, possibly, the most noted of Father Byrne's boy professors.

of the establishment were paid off, and a new wing to the main school building had just been completed when another disaster, similar to the first, involved the good father in unlooked-for trouble. In the darkness of the night, the building took fire and was burned to the ground. Burdened now with a debt of $4,000, his position was in no wise enviable; but no murmuring word escaped his lips, and when morning dawned he repaired to the altar, and there offered up the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving to God, for having spared the main building. He succeeded very soon afterwards in replacing the burnt wing by one that was much larger; and after a few years of prosperous activity, not only was the institution free from debt, but it was regarded everywhere, and by all, as an honorable fixture among the educational institutions of the State.

Twelve hundred youths—so Dr. Spalding tells us—were either wholly, or in part, educated at St. Mary's during the twelve years that Father Byrne remained at its head. From the beginning to the end of this term, the school was regarded with favor by Catholic parents all over the State. The popular feeling in regard to it was due, in the first place, to the fact that discipline was preserved in the school. Moral and religious obligations were as faithfully impressed on the minds of the pupils, as was that knowledge which is merely intellectual. The boys were returned to their parents not only with capacities improved, but with souls uncontaminated. Then the tuition cnarges were placed at figures barely sufficient in the aggregate to cover the necessary and very moderate expenses of the establishment. Father Byrne valued money only for the good he could do with it, and that good was always associated in his mind with the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It was for the reasons enumerated that St. Mary's academy was deservedly popular throughout the State.

In the beginning of his career as an educator, and for several years afterwards, as Dr. Spalding observes, Father Byrne had little assistance from any one. "He was president of the institution, sole disciplinarian, sole prefect and almost sole professor." His rest was often interrupted by sick calls, and his waking hours by other ministerial duties. "Yet," says the same authority, "he found time for everything." In the latter part of the year 1831, he gave a most convincing proof of the utter unselfishness of his character by contracting with the fathers of the society of Jesus, two associates of which order had reached Kentucky in answer to an invitation sent to their provincial in France, by Bishop Flaget, to surrender to them the entire ownership and control of the St. Mary's academy property. He felt that more was being expected of the institution than it was capable of giving under his direction. He was not himself a learned man; nor were his finances in a condition to enable him to employ a competent corps of professors. He had labored in the past, not for the lucre that perishes, nor yet for human glory, but with a view singly, so far as he was capable of conserving them, to the interests for time and eternity of those who had been entrusted to his guardian-

ship and tuition. But another and a better standard of education was now needed and expected by parents; and he thought rightly that he should take advantage of the presence of the Jesuit fathers to promote scholarship among the youth of the State.

It was arranged that he should retain the presidency of the institution for a year, after which, as his biographer of the "Sketches" avers, it was his expectation to establish at Nashville, Tennessee, or in the extreme western part of Kentucky, an institution similar to that of St. Mary's academy.

Speaking one day to Bishop Flaget of this project of his, that prelate raised the objection that he had no money with which to carry out his design. "Little will be needed, bishop," he answered, "I think I can manage the business with a horse that I can call my own, and ten dollars in money." It is doubtful if Father Byrne was provided with a more extravagant capital when he laid the foundation of the present St. Mary's college. Nothing ever came of these projects; they ended with his life in 1833.

William Byrne was born in Wicklow county, Ireland, about the year 1780. His parents were simple laboring people, pious and of good repute. Upon the death of his father, his widowed mother and a large family of younger children were principally dependent upon the young man for maintenance. At a very early age he had conceived the idea of becoming a priest; but it was not until after his arrival in America, at the age of twenty-five years, that opportunity was afforded him to prosecute his studies to that end. Soon after reaching Baltimore, he applied for admission into Georgetown college, then and still conducted by the Jesuit fathers, as a candidate for holy orders. He was received on probation; but it was soon found that the inadequacy of his scholastic attainments would prove a bar to his priestly preferment in the society of Jesus. He next presented himself before Archbishop Carroll, by whose advice he applied for admission at St. Mary's college, Emmittsburg. Dr. Dubois, afterwards bishop of New York, received him kindly, and encouraged him to persevere in the design he had formed to study for the sacred ministry. Very soon he was appointed to an important office in the college, every duty of which he performed with exactitude and fidelity, and to the great satisfaction of his superiors. Mr. Byrne began his Latin studies when he was thirty years old. At an age so advanced comparatively, he must have found the road to learning filled with difficulties. He persevered, however, and so successful were his efforts regarded by his friends that he was in time accorded a place among the students of theology in St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore.*

*To no other similar institution is Catholicity in the United States so much indebted for priestly recruits as to the Sulpician seminary of St. Mary's, Baltimore. Bishop Flaget was himself a member of the order of St. Sulpice, and he was at one time a professor in the Baltimore institution. A number of our Kentucky priests, and notably Dr. Reynolds, late bishop of Charleston, pursued their studies at St. Mary's. Among the officers of the seminary during the brief

Owing to some difficulty, the nature of which his biographer has not chosen to communicate to the readers of his "Sketches," Mr. Byrne left the seminary a short while after having entered it. He was then in subdeacon's orders, and he was therefore bound to the service of the Church by irrevocable vows. It is quite certain that in leaving St. Mary's he had no idea of abandoning his chosen vocation. It was most likely in the spring of 1813 that he journeyed to Pittsburgh, where he had an interview with Bishop Flaget, who was then returning from a visit he had paid to his metropolitan, the archbishop of Baltimore. Soon afterwards we find him a student in the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, where, if the writer's chronology be not defective, he must have remained until the date of his ordination, September 18th, 1819. That ceremonial took place in the then recently consecrated cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown. The ordaining prelate was Rt. Rev. John B. David, who, only a month before, had been himself raised to the episcopal dignity by the first bishop of the See. The late Rev. George A. M. Elder was also ordained at the same time, and by the same prelate.

Father Byrne died suddenly of cholera at St. Mary's college, on the 5th day of June, 1833. This deadly plague had appeared in Kentucky the year before, but it was in the spring and summer of 1833 that it ravaged that part of the State in which dwelt most of its Catholic population. The Jesuit fathers had possession of St. Mary's at the time; but Father Byrne was still acting as president of the institution. On Monday, the 3d of June of the year named, he was called to a negro woman who had been attacked with the disease, at the house of Mrs. Clement Hill, about five miles from the college. There was no faltering on the part of the good priest on account of the danger, or supposed danger to which he would be exposed in bearing to the poor afflicted woman the consolations of his ministry. He administered to her the last sacraments and returned to the college. He again visited the house on the 4th, and found his patient a corpse. Returning late at night, with the seeds of the disease in his own system, he retired at once to bed; but he rose betimes in the morning of the 5th, and, though weak and suffering, he repaired to the altar and offered up for the last time the great sacrifice of the new law for the living and the dead. From that altar he was borne to his bed; and eight hours later, he had entered into the rest after which he had been striving from the hour he had been capable of discerning the end of his creation. A day or two later, Father McGuire, S. J., and Mr. Hilary Clark, a brother of the late Rev. Edward Clark, who was studying at the time for the priesthood, died of the epidemic at St. Mary's college.

A unique character was Father Byrne. He was an ascetic by nature. He rarely smiled, and he never laughed. Than he, no man ever more completely bridled his tongue against useless speeches.

stay of Mr. Byrne in the institution, were Drs. John Tessier, Lewis Deluol and Edward Damphoux, all men of great learning and piety.

But once, that was ever heard of him, during his entire career at St. Mary's, was he known to use language upon which it was possible to place a jocular construction. When the destruction by fire of one wing of his college building involved him in heavy pecuniary losses, he gave way to no repinings; but he complained loudly when he found that the same conflagration had deprived him of his hat. He was a rigid disciplinarian, austere in manner and speech, and it must be acknowledged, harsh at times, in reproving the faults of his pupils.*

But he was as faithful to understood duty as any man that ever lived. There was not a blot of selfishness in his nature. He was strong in faith, earnest in piety, and in giving himself to the service of God in the sacred ministry, the dedication included all the faculties of his mind and all the endurance of his body. The archives of St. Mary's college, while that institution was under the control of the Jesuit fathers, which are still preserved in one of the establishments of the society in New York, contain in substance the annexed reference to Father Byrne: "During the two years that Father Byrne remained at St. Mary's after his proffer of the house and farm to the society, his whole course of action was but an exhibition of christian disinterestedness towards those who, after a brief while, were to succeed him in the ownership and control of the institution. While arranging to pass over the farm and college to us, he continued to spend all the surplus money he received in improving the college buildings, apparatus and accessories. He did everything as though he were himself to enjoy the fruits of his labor. He did this, too, in the face of the fact, that dispossessing himself of his property and means, he was literally casting himself upon the care of Providence in his old age, which was fast approaching, without any human provision for his maintenance. No better proof than is here recorded, could be given of the truly apostolic character of this good priest. He led a most austere life, and he was as remarkable for his devotedness to duty, as for his perseverance and energy."†

* A circumstance that came within my own observation will indicate what is here meant by the term *harsh*, as applied to Father Byrne. His biographer does not mention the fact, but from having been a pupil in the institution I happen to know that in 1825 or 1826, the president of St. Mary's was for several weeks, if not for several months, attached to St. Joseph's college, Bardstown. On the occasion to which I refer he was acting in the capacity of prefect of studies. Near the close of the study hour, one of the lads sitting near me, ordinarily a good and studious boy, was guilty of some slight breach of the rules. The watchful eyes of the new prefect detected the act—I forget whether it was a whispered remark addressed to the boy to his right, or a grimace directed to the one on his left—and in answer to the official's beckoning finger, the detected culprit, little fearing anything beyond a whispered reprimand, marched slowly up to the over-looking rostrum. To the surprise of the lad's companions, and to his own astonishment, Father Byrne seized him by the arm and boxed his ears soundly. I have never since doubted that on that occasion Father Byrne acted harshly as well as rashly.

† The notice of Father Byrne in Dr. Spalding's "Sketches of Kentucky," is the substance of an eulogy pronounced by the author in the chapel of St.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MISSION OF LOUISVILLE.

Though the greater number of the early Catholic colonists of Kentucky first touched the soil of the State at the Falls of the Ohio, after leaving the rude river conveyances upon which they found passage from Pittsburgh, few, if any of them, remained in the town for a length of time exceeding a week. It is doubtful if there was a single resident of the town who pretended to be a Catholic earlier than the year 1790. The first Catholic, or rather nominal Catholic, known to have lived in Louisville as early as the beginning of the present century, was Patrick Joyes, the father of Thomas and Judge John Joyes, afterwards leading citizens of the place.*

Among the earlier Irish and American born Catholic residents of Louisville are to be named, Aaron Brown, William Kearney, Zachariah Edelin, John Carroll, Kieron Campion, Peter Kearney Thomas Clancy, John Enos, Patrick Rogers, Edward O'Brien, Patrick Maxcy, Lawrence Byrne, Thomas K. Byrne, Andrew Byrne, —— Wybrant, James Kennedy, Pearce, Patrick and John Shannon, Daniel Dwyer, J. McGilly Cuddy, John Lyons, Thomas Haynes, Peter Rooney, John P. Declary, Martin Crowe, James Rudd, Frank McKay, James Carroll, Bernard McGhee, John O'Beirne, Daniel Smith and

Mary's college on the 5th of June, 1843, the anniversary of Father Byrne's death. The occasion was the erection of a monument by the fathers over the grave of their benefactor. This monument is a marble prism with base about three feet square, rising about six feet above the pedestal. It was put up with becoming solemnity; the entire college, professors and students, marching in procession to the little grave-yard on the crown of the hill, the third of a mile west of the college, where rest the remains of the founder of St. Mary's, and of others who died about the same time. A clerical friend who was present writes me: "Some charming things were said on that occasion by Fathers Larkin, DeLuynes and Murphy." I was honored in the acquaintance and friendship of these fathers and I have reason to doubt if the society was ever represented in this country by three more learned or eloquent men.

* He is not supposed to have practiced his religion at all, since his children named, both of whom I remember fifty years ago, were never regarded as members of the Church. Judge John Joyes, who died about twelve years ago, became a Catholic on his death-bed. Patrick Joyes, Esq., a leading lawyer and capitalist, of Louisville, is a grandson of the Irish emigrant first named in the text.

Edward Hughes. All of these are supposed to have been residents of Louisville, some as early as the year 1805, and all as early as 1825.

In December, 1792, three French priests met in Louisville, each on his way to a different mission. These were, Fathers Lavadoux, Richard and Flaget. Father Lavadoux's destination was Kaskaskias, that of Father Richard, Prairie du Rocher, and that of Father Flaget, Vincennes. It is more than likely that mass was celebrated by one or the other of them at some point in the town, and if so, it is reasonably certain that this was the first time that knees were bent in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament at the Falls of the Ohio. Old people assert that the first mass offered up in Louisville by a missionary priest accredited to the Catholic people of the State was celebrated by Father Badin, in the house of Aaron Brown, some time during the year 1805.*

From the year 1806 to the year 1811, Father Badin's visits to Louisville, or rather to those parts of the city as now organized, which were then independent suburbs, and bore the names of Shippingport and Portland, were as frequent, most likely, as once a month. During the first year named a large colony of Frenchmen, with their families, reached Louisville, and bought lands lying from one and a half to two miles south of the city on the southern bank of the river. The idea of their leaders, John A. and Louis Tarascon, was to use the power of the falls for milling purposes. All of these should have been Catholics, and a few of them, possibly, were such. They were compatriots of Father Badin, at any rate; and it was but natural that he should have taken interest in their religious welfare. Over some of them he did acquire influence enough to induce them to go to confession at long intervals, and though the great body of them, especially the heads of families, were even worse than neglectful of the obligations of Catholic faith, he had but to suggest to them an expenditure for any worthy object in order to secure their liberal asssistance.†

From 1806 to 1811, when the first church of St. Louis, corner of Main and Tenth streets, was erected, the nominal members of the con-

*This Mr. Brown was an earnest and edifying Catholic, and a special favorite of both Father Badin and Bishop Flaget. Mr. Thomas Carroll, of Louisville, whose acquaintance I have valued for more than a half century, who married a daughter of Mr. Brown, tells me of a conversation once held between his father-in-law and the proto-priest of the United States:

"You have been a good friend to the Church, Mr. Brown," said Father Badin.

"I have done little enough for God, Father Badin," replied his friend.

"Little enough, to be sure," returned the priest, "but something to be thankful for, and to be rewarded, too, in God's good time. He never forgets his friends. It is not so with men. Eaten bread is soon forgotten."

†These are the people of whom Father Nerinckx wrote in 1807: "The French are the worst portion of the people, and few catechisms in that language are bought, few confessions heard, but plenty of curses uttered. There is, however, an old French dragoon of ninety years who goes monthly to his duty." [Life of C. Nerinckx, p 126.]

gregation numbered three French families to one of any other nationality. With very few exceptions, however, the homes of the former were outside of the town limits. John A. and Louis Tarascon, the leaders and capitalists of the French colony, built for themselves a residence on the bank of the river, just below the falls; and on the rocky bed of the stream itself, where there was little water, and, in dry seasons, none at all, they put up a large and substantial flouring mill.* In the vicinity of their residence, and lower down on the bank of the river at the point, now occupied by the suburb of Portland, settled the greater number of their fellow-colonists; and in time, with accessions to their numbers of emigrants from France, grew up two villages, a half mile distant from each other, to which were respectively given the names of Shippingport and Portland.*

In the year 1810, Father Badin, who had long contemplated a movement in this direction, appealed to his people of all nationalities, for such assistance as would enable him to put up a church in Louisville. His dependence was chiefly upon his French compatriots, bu' he saw very plainly that he could not depend upon these to fill the church after it should be built. Hence it was that he insisted upon a site for the church inside of the town limits of Louisville. The site finally fixed on was the lot on the corner of Main and Tenth streets, which Father Badin would seem to have previously secured as a place of burial for Catholics, and which, as the tradition runs, was a gift from John A. Tarascon. When the contract was made for the building of the church, May 1st, 1811, the sum of two thousand and one hundred dollars had been subscribed toward its erection.†

* In the spring of 1832, in the company of two lady friends of the family, I visited the surviving brother, Louis Tarascon, who was living at the time with an unmarried daughter or niece in the then somewhat dilapidated one-story brick cottage put up by the brothers in 1806. The mill erected by them at the same time was then idle. So strongly were its foundations laid, however, that to the present day it is regarded as substantial enough to answer all the requirements of its present owners, the Louisville Cement Company, who are prosecuting in it their heavy operations in the grinding of cement. Only partially have I been successful in my endeavor to secure the names borne by the French colonists of 1806. Prominent among them, however, were the brothers John A. and Louis Tarascon, James and Nicholas Berthoud, Dr. James Offand, —— Huguenn, Daniel and Samuel Raymond, John and Fortunatus Gilly, Marius Offand, John A. Honore, M. DeGallon, M. Cerode, M. DuPont and Eugene Perot.

† I have in my possession the "plans and specifications," submitted by the trustees of the church, the first for any form of worship built in Louisville, and the contract signed by the builders. Both of these documents are in the handwriting of Warden Pope, then and for long years afterward, the county clerk of Jefferson. The names of the trustees as given are "Warden Pope, Stephen T. Badin, J. Gwathney and J. A. Tarascon." Those of the builders are William Kearney and Zachariah Edelin. It will surprise the reader to learn that Mr. Pope and Mr. Gwathney, both of whom I remember well, were non-Catholics. Mr. Pope, certainly, however, and possibly Mr. Gwathney, also, was Father Badin's personal friend, and it was from him, as often as from others, he accepted hospitality when in Louisville. Of the first named of the builders,

M. HENRY DeGALLON,

From a crayon drawing, executed in 1810, by John James Audubon.

The church of St. Louis was opened for service on Christmas day, or thereabouts, 1811. It was not finished, however, for years afterwards. In February, 1817, Bishop Flaget issued a printed circular addressed "To the Inhabitants of Louisville," in which he informs them that he had appointed in place of Father Badin, who had resigned the pastorship, "Rev. G. I. Chabrat to take charge of the congregation." He goes on to say. "Knowing his good will and zeal, I hope he will use his utmost endeavors to comply with his duty in such a manner as to deserve the approbation of the Catholics of Louisville and my own." "Considering," says he, "the pitiable and ruinous state your church is in, I have particularly enjoined him to set forth a new subscription for the finishing it; and I flatter myself that you will redouble your exertions (to that end), and by showing your generosity encourage me to provide you with the regular attendance of a good pastor. The Lord loves cheerful givers, and as He is the sovereign dispenser of all blessings, He never suffers himself to be overcome in acts of generosity." Since the church was soon afterwards finished, it is to be supposed that the bishop's appeal was heeded by Catholic public sentiment, and the costs promptly met by liberal donations.

It is not believed that a regular pastor for the congregation of St. Louis was provided before the year 1822, when occurred a fever epidemic that carried off hundreds of the population. As has always been the case, in this country and elsewhere, when visitations of this kind have decimated populations and caused people to flee their homes in order to escape sickness and death, there was no faltering on the part of the clergy. Father Philip Horstman, a young priest of the diocese, then but a few years ordained, had been charged by his bishop with the care of the churches of St. Michael, Fairfield, St. John, Bullitt county, and St. Louis, Louisville. On the appearance of the disease among his parishioners of Louisville, he was called immediately to the city, and there, night and day, he literally gave himself up to the needs of the occasion; and, with no thought of self, labored to make his ministry effective for the good of souls. This he did until, himself prostrated by the disease, he rose upon its sombre wings as high as heaven. *

William Kearney, I have no recollection. If I mistake not, he was the father the late John Kearney, Esq., at one time a leading lawyer of Louisville, and a pious Catholic, and the father-in-law, also, of the late Hon. James Speed, formerly mayor of the city. Zachariah Edelin, whom I knew well in his later years, was a most exemplary Catholic. I am inclined to the belief that he was the only emigrant from Maryland among the early Catholic residents of Louisville. He lived for a half century on the corner of Jefferson and Brook streets, where he died about the year 1852.

* Father Horstman was known in all the congregations served by him as *Father Austin*. Mr. Michael Rogers, an old and much respected citizen of Louisville, a son of Patrick Rogers, who came to the city early in the present century, tells me of an occasion when he was sent to Fairfield by his father to summon Father Austin to the bedside of one of his dying parishioners. The epidemic fever of 1822 was supposed at the time to be the yellow fever of the

In 1823 Rev. Robert A. Abell was removed from his former mission in Breckinridge county and other districts in Southwestern Kentucky, and given charge of the church and congregation of St. Louis, Louisville. Here there was presented to this talented young priest a field of labor that was altogether different from those that had hitherto wakened his zeal and given occupation to his hands. In the country, he had met with poverty, indeed, but it was not of that grinding character which is so frequently a phase of its presence where men congregate together in large numbers. On the other hand, his association had been with plain country people, wholly unsophisticated, good livers, it may be, but possessing nothing for ostentation; and now he found himself at times an honored guest in the houses of the rich and the fashionable, and sometimes in those of the intellectual and ambitious. He naturally found many new phases of life to study, did this student of nature, and the lessons he learned were not unfavorable to his ministerial efficiency. The little church was better filled now than formerly, and it was noticed that there were now many more Protestants and non-Catholics among the auditors when time for preaching arrived.

Father Abell's parishioners at this time, were not alone the Catholic residents of Louisville proper, and its neighboring suburbs of Shippingport and Portland. He was amenable to calls at any time to any part of the surrounding country, as far south as St. John's church in Bullitt county, and to visitations of the sick in both Jeffersonville and New Albany, on the northern bank of the Ohio. Then his bishop was constantly finding for him extraneous work hundreds of miles away from the seat of his mission, and at times beyond the borders of Kentucky. On one such occasion, when he was called to a point in Southern Kentucky that lay close to the border line of Tennessee, an incident took place that will bear relating. It is to be borne in mind that at the time referred to, popular ignorance in respect to Catholicity and Catholics was much more common than now. There were then numbers of people to be found, honest and well-meaning men and women, too, who would no more willingly have admitted a Catholic to social companionship with them, than they would have granted a like boon to an untamed savage. With the presence of Catholics in considerable numbers in different parts of the State, this popular sentiment of mixed hostility and fear gradually disappeared from the minds of non-Catholics residing in these particular neighborhoods, but it still retained its hold upon those of others who were living in wholly Protestant districts. Into such a neighborhood Father Abell happened to be thrown on the occasion to which reference has been made. The journey was a long one, and in order to prosecute it as directly as possible, he was obliged, for a part of the way, to pass through a district of country with which he was wholly unfamiliar. About the middle

tropics. Its fatality was so great that fully one-fifth of the population was carried off by its ravages.

of the afternoon, on his second day out from home, being at the time much fatigued, he stopped at a comfortable looking farm house on the roadside, and applied for accommodations for the night. He was told by a negro woman who appeared at his summons, that her master and mistress had "gone to camp-meeting," but that she was expecting them soon, and she had no doubt they would "keep him overnight." She had scarcely ceased speaking, when the parties she had referred to were seen approaching the house. They soon reached the stile, and Father Abell repeated his request, this time to the proper party, by whom he was welcomed with the ordinary show of hospitality, and bidden to dismount and have his horse cared for.

"You are just in time for a square meal, stranger," he added; "we have ourselves eaten nothing since breakfast, and we are going to have our dinner and supper all in one." Upon reaching the house, water and a towel were placed before the priest for his ablutions, and for a little while he was left to himself. Dinner was soon served, however, and it proved to be both excellent and plentiful. The meal over, Father Abell was asked to take a seat on the porch while his host was attending to some business on the farm. The opportunity was a favorable one for finishing his office, begun in the saddle, and the priest did not permit it to pass unimproved. It had been threatening rain all the afternoon, and Father Abell had but finished his office and returned his book to his pocket when a storm set in that gave promise of long continuance. While still engaged upon his office, he had noticed that the children of the household, of whom there appeared to be fully a dozen, partly white and partly black, were peeping furtively at him from the doorway, and by the time the rain had set in they had invaded the porch and were noisily engaged in play at its further end. Presently the farmer himself entered upon the scene, drew up a chair to the priest's side, and began to ply him with questions:

"A minister of the Gospel, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir," replied Father Abell.

"Presbyterian?"

"No."

"Baptist, maybe?"

"No."

"You aint a Methodist circuit rider?"

"No."

"Nor a 'Piscopal minister?"

"No."

"Nor a Congregational, nor New Light?"

"No."

"Then what sort of minister are you?" demanded the astonished man, who had evidently reached the extremity of his knowledge of Protestant denominational nomenclature.

"I am a Roman Catholic priest," answered Father Abell.

Had a bombshell exploded beneath his feet the man could not have betrayed more unqualified terror. He jumped from his chair and

sprang toward the parti-colored group at the end of the porch as if his first thought was for the protection of these from the fangs of some ravenous animal that had suddenly found lodgement in their midst.

"Children," cried he, "go in to your mother! And you," he continued, addressing their black companions, "cut away to your cabins!" He then began to shout for "Joe," who turned out to be a colored youth of twenty, having charge of the stables. In a moment more this personage was to be seen leaping toward the porch through the driving rain; and upon his approach, his master said to him in a decisive tone of voice: "Joe, go to the stable and get this man's horse. He can't stay here to-night."

"Yes, massa," replied the boy, turning to depart.

"Stop, Joe!" thundered Father Abell, as he raised himself to his full height and contemptuously regarded the fear-stricken farmer; "your master does not mean to turn me out into the rain! He would treat a dog with more consideration than that. Besides, I know when I am well off, and my determination is fixed not to stir a foot beyond my present quarters to-night." Turning then to the farmer, he continued, "Look you, sir! You pretend to be a christian, and yet, in defiance of christian precept and of christian usage from the day the Redeemer walked the earth to the present moment, you would drive a fellow human creature from your door and out into a storm like this! The priest and the levite spoken of in the gospel only 'passed on the other side;' they did no personal injury to the victim of man's malevolence and cupidity. Had they done as you propose to do, they would have finished the work begun by the robbers and saved the good Samaritan the costs expended by him for the unfortunate traveler's treatment and maintenance at the inn. You know nothing about Catholics or their religion. You imagine both to be just what they are not. Catholics could do you no injury if they would; neither would they if they could. Now, sir," he continued, "I am going to be perfectly frank with you. I shall hold you strictly to your pledged word to furnish me with lodgings for the night; and my advice to you is this: Bid this colored fellow go about his business, and show me to my room." The priest's suggestion was followed out by the farmer, but ungraciously enough, and Father Abell retired to a comfortable chamber and bed. He was up betimes in the morning; but early as he had arisen, the farmer was up before him, and the first objects that met his eyes upon reaching the spot where the colloquy of the evening before had taken place, were his own beast, tethered to the hitching-post beside the stile, and the form of his disobliging host standing beside him. Advancing toward the spot, Father Abell bade the man good morning, and pulling out his purse, demanded the amount of his bill.

"I want none of your money," answered the man, gruffly.

"But I insist on paying you," returned the priest. "You need not fear contamination from handling the coins," he continued; "they have not been long enough in my possession for that."

The man still declining, the priest laid upon the stile what he supposed was an ample sum to cover the costs of his entertainment, and then, unhitching his horse, he leaped into the saddle. Before facing the road, however, he ventured a parting shot at his entertainer:

"I say, sir!" he cried: "I think you will find your children all right this morning; but in case you should find on anyone of them the *mark of the beast*, I want you to understand distinctly that its impress is due to another than myself. Farewell, sir!"

Singularly enough, so runs the story, this very man and Father Abell became afterwards fast friends. It is even said that on one occasion the farmer threatened to shoot the priest should he ever presume to accept of hospitality in his neighborhood from another than himself.

The jubilee proclaimed by Pope Leo the Twelfth for the second quarter of the nineteenth century took place in Louisville in the fall of the year 1826, and the result, *fifty communions*, was considered at the time as extraordinary.* The preachers of the jubilee were Rev. Francis P. Kenrick and Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds. They were accompanied by Bishop Flaget, who, at the close of the exercises, administered the sacrament of confirmation to twenty persons.

Some time in the winter that followed the preaching of the jubilee in Kentucky,† Bishop Flaget had arranged with Dr. Joseph Rosati, then but recently consecrated bishop of St. Louis, to make with him a joint visitation of the churches of the State of Illinois. This was done, most likely, with a view to the transfer of these churches to the ecclesiastical supervision of their newly consecrated prelate. A close carriage was provided for the pair, and they were accompanied in their visitation by Father Robert A. Abell, in the capacity, as he used to relate, of "postillion and man of all work." While the bishops were comfortably ensconced inside the vehicle, his place was on the box, where he was a conspicuous mark for the fury of the elements. Not only was he required to do his full share of missionary work from the beginning of the visitation to its end, but he was expected to preach at every stopping point. On one particular occasion he came very near rebelling against this latter arrangement. The party had been on the road from early morning, hoping to reach

* Let any Catholic of Louisville of to-day compare this result with the ordinary Sunday morning communions in his own parish church, and he can make his own estimate of the proportionate increase of the Catholic population of the city in the intervening fifty-eight years. Reckoning the present population of the city at 150,000 souls, it is the belief of many well-informed persons that all of one-half of them have been the recipients of Catholic baptism. Here, as elsewhere, the regular attendance at the Sunday services in the churches, Protestant and Catholic, exhibits a most striking comparison. Two-thirds of the Sunday church-goers in Louisville are undoubtedly Catholics.

† I am in some doubt as to the accuracy of this date. A memorandum made by me several years ago fixes the date of the incident to be related in the text a year earlier. The discrepancy will not affect the narrative, however, which came to me from the lips of Father Abell himself.

Kaskaskias, where an appointment had been made for service in the evening, in time for previous rest and refection. They had not proceeded far, however, before a driving snow storm set in, rendering their after-progress slow and difficult. The rest of the story is presented in Father Abell's own words:

"It was a biting, blistering, driving storm, the like of which is seldom witnessed in Kentucky. The wind was direct from the north, and, charging over the level prairie, it cut like a knife. Under its fierce action the snow was powdered into minute crystals whose sharp contact with the exposed parts of my person was peculiarly discomforting. In a broken and wooded country, such as I had been accustomed to in my own State, progression would have been impossible. Here there were no hollows to be filled by the drifting snow, and no heights to be laid bare. As it was, we got along slowly and painfully enough, and I could not help contrasting in my own mind the comparative comfort of the dignitaries inside the carriage and my own misery. I might have complained aloud but for my conviction that either of the bishops would have gladly exchanged places with me had they not both felt themselves incapable of guiding the horses.

"It was dusk when we reached the residence of the parish priest at Kaskaskias, and we had but time to snatch a hasty meal before we were hurried off to the church. While on our way thither, I ventured to appeal to the bishops, for this once, to release me from the obligation of preaching. 'Your Lordships,' said I, 'I am altogether out of sorts. The cold has invaded my mind, as well as my bones, and I do not believe I could to-night muster an idea fit to be thrown to a dog.' They would not heed me, and though I made no complaint in words, my vexation was made sufficiently apparent. 'We can not excuse you from preaching, Father Abell,' said Dr. Rosati, 'but we will willingly excuse you from other than a brief discourse. I doubt if another Fénélon could keep me awake beyond a half-hour to-night.'

"Reaching the church, the bishops and the resident pastor robed themselves and proceeded at once to the sanctuary, leaving me shivering over a newly lighted fire in the sacristy. I felt at the time, if it were only to be had, that a glass of wine would do much to relieve the dead feeling that pervaded me, body and mind; and seeking diligently, I was fortunate enough to discover a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, two-thirds full, snugly resting on a shelf in the sacristy cupboard. It was well for me that there were no temperance societies, so-called, in those days. Had there been, and had my name appeared on any one of their rolls of membership, it is beyond question, in the face of circumstances so overpowering, that I would have incontinently backslided and proven myself an unfitting subject for reform. A couple of glasses infused warmth, and a third, exhilaration. I was a new man; and as I mounted the pulpit-stairs a few minutes later, I felt that I was equal to the effort I had suddenly determined to make. My sermon should be of the longest, and Dr. Rosati should be made to acknowledge

that he had not slept, nor been inclined to sleep, during its delivery.

"I am not always certain of my capabilities while endeavoring to elucidate a particular topic, but on this occasion my self-confidence was assured. I had preached on the same subject many times before, but I had not felt on any one of those occasions a tithe of the impulse that seemed now to pervade and expand my whole intellectual being. A new and strange train of thought had taken possession of me, and it appeared as if my tongue had suddenly learned the trick of culling from the vocabulary of expression the precise terms that were best suited to convey to others the evolutions that were going on in my own mind. I went on and on, alike forgetful of my surroundings and the passage of time, until my voice began to fail; and it was then only that I ceased to speak.

"The service having been hastily concluded by the bishops, we all repaired to the sacristy. I was beginning to feel a little nervous, and the looks of Dr. Rosati were not particularly reassuring. He said not a word, however, until he had disrobed himself and reassumed his ordinary apparel. Then, diving into his pocket after his watch, he approached me and held its face immediately under my eyes. I began to stammer out an apology, when, throwing his arms about me, he exclaimed: 'No apologies, Father Abell! You have to-night well nigh wrought a miracle! You have held me from the alpha to the omega of your two hours' discourse chain-bound to interest, which, as you should know, is death to somnolency. Ah, Father Abell, yours is a wonderful gift! You spoke as if you were inspired!' When I told him of the source of my inspiration, his fat sides fairly shook with unrestrained laughter."

From and after the year 1826 the flow of Catholic emigration to Kentucky was perceptibly on the increase, and almost its entire tide turned to Louisville. Not as formerly were the emigrants American born, and few of them were from France. Little by little, and increasing each year with greater force until 1855, the stream of emigration that set toward the State was from Ireland and Germany, much the greater part of its volume being from the former country. The little church of St. Louis was becoming uncomfortably crowded at both first and second mass; and Father Abell began to perceive that he would soon be compelled to provide in some way a more commodious church for his congregation. This idea of his, however, was temporarily displaced by a journey he made to Europe in the summer of 1826. Whether this journey was prompted by his desire to see something of the world beyond his own country, or was suggested and planned by Bishop Flaget, as was supposed at the time and since by a number of the best informed of the clergy of the diocese, in order to give his young cleric opportunities to learn through personal intercourse with certain French rhetoricians to whom it was his purpose to commend him, wherein there was room for improvement in his style of oratory, has been with the writer a question of serious doubt.

It is a well known fact that the first bishop of Kentucky was not wholly satisfied with his subordinate's off-hand manner, whether in the pulpit or out of it, and it may well be that, having such deep convictions respecting his mental superiority, he should have considered it an advantage gained if he could induce him to submit to a toning-down process with French polish.*

He is supposed to have reached Paris as early as June, 1826, and to have remained, for the better part of a year, a guest of one or another of his bishop's ecclesiastical and personal friends. In manner, Father Abell was superior to art, and though it is not unlikely that he learned much during his sojourn in Paris that he found afterwards of value to him as a priest, it is questionable if he was a whit improved in those particulars wherein he had been accounted most faulty. He could neither learn or comprehend the nicer conventionalities of society. Long afterwards he was wont to say of himself, "I am but a child of nature, and I owe little to education for the development of my mental powers. If any spark of eloquence has hitherto fired my tongue, it was caught up from the flints of my own native hills." It is more than questionable if the precise and pedantic modes of pulpit oratory so much affected by men of learning and piety fifty and odd years ago were not absolutely distasteful to him.

The writer has often heard him relate incidents of his residence of nine months in Paris, but his memory retains to the present day but the two to which he here gives place.

It was a bright and beautiful day in early autumn when Father Abell, in company with an ecclesiastical friend, set out for a walk of three miles beyond the city gates to keep an engagement he had made to visit the residence of a then well known and wealthy member of the city government. In due time the pair entered the wide portals of their host's palatial mansion, where they were met and welcomed, not by the head of the family, who had been unexpectedly called away, but by his wife and a grown-up daughter. The story of this visit will be better appreciated as afterwards related by the priest himself:

"I never before fully understood what was meant in ultra fashionable society, by the terms 'style' and 'etiquette.' There was no intimation of frigidness, much less of contempt, toward their visitors, evidenced in the manners of the ladies, and I am quite sure it was their earnest desire to treat us with marked consideration. I felt, as by intuition, that it would be necessary for me to conform myself, as much as was possible to my stubborn nature, to that which, I had wit enough to recognize, was purely conventional. In the course of the morning, with the ladies for our guides, we were shown over the house and its attached gardens. My companion had doubtless seen magnificence in art even surpassing that to which our eyes were directed. Not so

* It has been suggested to me that Father Abell's visit to France in 1826–7 was wholly in the interests of the missions of Kentucky, which were then much in need of assistance.

myself I was utterly astonished, and I began to revolve in my mind the question of questions, 'what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Let it not be supposed that these were not good and pious women. No less than others, were their hearts open to the pleadings of the poor and to the needs of the Church. They had been simply educated up to the idea that they were subjected to rules of conduct and procedure that had been evoked out of social prominence since the world was young. In our rounds we came to a garden which was wholly devoted to the cultivation of grapes. These appeared to me to be of endless variety, and I could but look and admire as group after group of peculiar fruitage, all ripe and luscious, and apparently asking to be pulled and eaten, were passed and commented on by our voluble hostess. We came at length to a vine the like of which never to this day have I seen. The clusters were enormous, of a brownish purple, and shaded, as it were, with a rhythm of gossamer that was made up of dew and sunshine. I was entranced at the sight and stood in wonder over a phenomenon of excellence that I had not dreamed of outside of the garden of paradise. 'Try them, Father Abell,' said the elder lady; 'there are no better in all France.' Knowing little of etiquette, and not caring to pluck more than my appetite craved, I contented myself with denuding a particularly fine cluster of about a third of its fruitage, picking and eating a berry at a time.

"Unless for thé reason that a half stripped cluster of grapes, still hanging on the vine, is an unsightly object to fastidious eyes, I can give no reason for the fact that it is considered a breach of good manners in France to rob a vine by piece-meal. The younger of our guides, as I afterwards learned, was inexpressibly shocked at what she conceived to be a breach of good manners on the part of a guest. She said nothing at the time, however; but she then and there determined, before the day should be over, to administer to me a lesson in etiquette. A little later, followed by a servant bearing a tray, she entered the room in which my companion and myself were conversing with her mother. Approaching me, she said: 'Father Abell, I have brought you a choice selection of grapes, and when I tell you that I cut them from the vines myself for your special delectation, I make no doubt that you will gratify me by partaking of them.' I expressed my thanks in the choicest French I could muster, and then turned my eyes toward the tray. The underlying clusters were so posed as to form a marked contrast with a half-denuded one that topped the pile. Looking at the latter intently, I had no difficulty in recognizing it as a former acquaintance. At the same time the thought flashed upon me that its reappearance was designed for a purpose, and not impossibly for a rebuke. Taking it up tenderly, I thus addressed myself to my young lady hostess: 'If I mistake not Mademoiselle, this is the identical cluster to which I erstwhile paid my *devoirs* in the garden. To the sight, it is no longer a thing of freshness and beauty, but I can vouch for its sweetness and delicacy of flavor. In these respects it is typical of certain phases of human exist-

ence and character. The examples are not to be judged by the outward senses, but rather by the inward understanding. They are often lacking in the comeliness that is of earth, but they are never wanting of the fragrance that is of heaven. They are envious of none; they suffer, and yet they give thanks; their strength is in their patience. Should you ever meet with any such, Mademoiselle, I trust that you will give to them as honorable a place in your thoughts as you have given prominence to this fragmentary bunch of grapes among its more showy sister clusters; with your leave, I will now proceed to consummate the union that was begun in the garden between this ragged cluster and my own personality.' Seeing that her design had miscarried, the young lady wisely accepted the situation, and acknowledging her fault, she was at once forgiven."

On another occasion the Kentucky priest was invited to dine with an army officer of high rank to whom he had brought a letter of introduction from his bishop, the late Dr. Flaget. The guests on the occasion were many, and, for the most part, were military men of different nationalities. The conversation that ensued at dinner and after dinner, relating as it did to matters connected with the science of war, had in it little interest for a professed advocate of the arts of peace. At length a subject was broached, in the discussion of which he would have willingly taken part had he not been restrained by a feeling of diffidence, caused by the strangeness of his surroundings. It referred to the average stature of men of different nationalities. The discussion was long continued and spirited, and for once in their lives the military men present were content to wage battle against each other, unsupported by other arms than such as were strictly polemical. The contestants, whether they were English, French, German or Spanish, appeared to be equally convinced that their countrymen were severally entitled to rank highest in the scale of physical conformation. In a lull of the dispute the host of the occasion caught sight of Father Abell, and addressing him aloud, he asked to be favored with his impressions regarding the average stature of his countrymen as compared with other people. The single representative at the table of American institutions, manners, and altitude, who had been sitting during dinner in a low chair, purposely sought and found by him in order that he might not appear to be overlooking the company, lifted up his eyes in the direction of his questioner, and thus answered him: "I am inclined to the belief that America can beat the world for men of large growth."

"Is that so?" exclaimed a dapper little French officer from the opposite side of the table. "And pray, Monsieur," he continued, "what may be the average stature of men on your side of the Atlantic?"

Straightening himself up, and slowly unfolding his extremities, "emblems of infinitude," as Kit North would have called them, the Kentuckian arose to his feet and quietly answered: "*Ex pede Herculem!* In the United States I pass for a man of fair average stature!"

The announcement was received with shouts of good humored laughter, and from that moment Father Abell's reputation as a wit was established in certain circles of Parisian society.

Whatever there was to be seen in travel that was grand and sublime, so much was legitimately appropriated by Father Abell to the great advantage of his descriptive powers, as well in the pulpit as in conversation. He was no longer confined to figures of speech wholly drawn from the vocabulary of a people whose surroundings were little amplified by anything that had not its birth and being within the wooded waste that bounded their sight, and in the patriarchal employments whereby their livelihood was secured. He could talk now of sculpture and painting; of grand edifices reared to perpetuate human pride, and of grander still in which were voiced words of prayer and songs of praise in the hearing of God and His angels. He had seen, and could well describe the mighty ocean in calm and storm, sunsets at sea, and stars glistening and streaming in the bosom of "the waters that are under the heavens," which God in the beginning had "gathered together in one place." Never was there a man with clearer perceptions of the felicitous in description than Father Abell. This was the faculty, above all others, that gave to his conversation its chiefest charm.

When Father Abell reached the port of New York on his homeward journey, he found Bishop Flaget awaiting his arrival. The two remained in the city named for several weeks, and they afterwards visited Philadelphia and Baltimore. In each of these cities Father Abell preached on more than one occasion, and always to vast throngs of hearers. His sermons, it was noticed, were much better appreciated by the people than they were by the learned divines, who were regarded, or who regarded themselves, as accomplished pulpit orators. Dr. Power, in New York, Dr. Gartland, in Philadelphia, and Dr. Pise, in Baltimore, looked upon him as a wonder indeed, but they all shrank from the idea of imitating him. They came, and listened, and found fault; but their fault-finding did not prevent them from repeating their experiences as often as opportunities were afforded them for doing so. His rough-shod eloquence, while it shocked their nice perceptions of the appropriate in manner, diction and illustration, appeared to fascinate them. This was particularly the case with the well known Dr. C. C. Pise, of Baltimore, whose fastidiousness in the matters of dress, manner and declamation did not prevent him from afterwards becoming one of the most useful and highly honored members of the American hierarchy.

Having heard Father Abell preach several times, Dr. Pise one day ventured to ask him what books he was in the habit of consulting in the preparation of his sermons. The Kentucky priest managed to evade an answer at the time, but the question was repeated when the two were dining at the table of the archbishop, with a number of other clerical guests. Turning to his interlocutor, Father Abell exclaimed: "Books, Dr. Pise! Why, my dear sir, we have no books in Ken-

tucky! And having no books, we go to nature for inspiration! The elements are our books, and in them we are able to trace the designs of a beneficent God. Forest and field, hill and dale, sweeping river and purling brook; the bearded grain bending to the zephyr's breath; the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar; humanity itself, aspiring, hoping, struggling and succumbing to its inevitable bourne beneath the earth's carpet; these, and a thousand other things upon which our eyes are accustomed to rest, and which our other senses take in, teem with instruction for us and with inspiration. What need have we of books? And even though we had them, we would have no time to consult them! Our normal condition, I would have you know, is one of toil; but then we know how to draw profit to our minds and hearts from the very touch of the implements of labor with which our horny hands are made familiar. That touch serves to make us humble, and reverent, and faithful to duty. It serves to crush out of our hearts all pride and all uncharitableness. And when, as some amongst us are called to do, we ascend the pulpit to instruct others in the ways of God, the Holy Ghost just tells us what to say, and we say it!"

In his absence, Father Abell's pastorship of the church of St. Louis had been supplied from Bardstown. Upon his return he resumed his estopped efforts to secure for the congregation a larger and better appointed church edifice. This was the more necessary now than ever, for the reason that the single year of his absence had brought to the congregation numerous accessions, almost wholly of emigrants direct from Ireland. He opened subscription lists, and these he not only placed in the hands of the influential of his parishioners, but in those, also, of liberal-minded non-Catholics, many of whom had previously given him voluntary assurance of their willingness to assist him in an undertaking which, they were wise enough to see, would contribute not a little to the growth of the city and its after prosperity. So liberal were his own people, and so generous were the subscriptions of the general public outside of the pale of the Church, that the pastor was soon placed in a position to begin operations. Four lots, of thirty feet each, situated on the east side of Fifth street, between Green and Walnut, and having a depth of two hundred feet, were fixed upon as a proper site for the church, and ultimately purchased. To this purchase was afterwards added that of two other lots, upon which it was the pastor's design to build an asylum for orphan girls.* The second church of St. Louis, in Louisville, was

* Of the lots referred to in the text, that farthest north was occupied by a modest parsonage; the adjoining three by the church of St. Louis, and the two last purchased, by the first asylum built in the State for the protection of orphan children. This latter establishment was at first governed by a board of lady trustees, of which the late Mrs. Ann Rudd was president. Its direction was given to a colony of Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, with the late Mother Catherine Spalding as superior. A few years later the asylum building was purchased by the bishop of the See, and from that day to this it has served as a residence for the ordinary of the diocese and the clergy of the cathedral

opened for divine service in 1830. From the laying of the corner-stone to its final completion, Father Abell allowed himself no rest. Early and late he was on the ground, directing and encouraging the workmen, and at times participating in their labors.*

The original trustees of the second church of St. Louis were: Captain James Rudd, Daniel Smith, Patrick Maxcy, Thomas K. Byrne, John O'Berne, J. McGilly Cuddy, Edward Hughes, Martin Crowe, John Carrell, Zachariah Edelin, Dr. J. P. Declery and John D. Colmesnil; six Irishmen, five Americans and one Frenchman.†

parish. It has been much enlarged and altered, however, since it was built. When this diversion from the original purpose was made, I have no doubt that it was by an understanding between Mother Catharine and the pastor of the church of St. Louis, Rev. I. A. Reynolds, that had for its object the more assured usefulness of the charitable foundation with which the mission of the former was associated from its inception. It was in 1836, if I mistake not, that Mother Catharine, acting in behalf of the Sisterhood of Charity of Nazareth, purchased the then recently constructed residence, with a square of land attached, of a Mr. Thomas Kelly, who, like a great many others engaged in business, then and since, had built for himself a house without either reckoning its cost, or his own ability to pay the construction bills when they should be presented. The St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, of Louisville, still a dependancy of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, has now been occupying these grounds for fifty years.

* An old citizen of Louisville tells me of a sight he witnessed in this connection, and of the impression it made upon him at the time. "For some reason," said he, "the hod-carriers who waited on the masons were unable to supply the needed material as fast as it was wanted. Seeing this, Father Abell stripped off his coat, and, as nimble as any of his co-laborers, mounted the ladder with a hod filled with bricks on his shoulder, and he thus kept up the race for hours. I could not but feel that the purposes of such a man were as certain of accomplishment as the decrees of fate."

† Other well known Catholic citizens of the day were: Daniel Dwyer, Elzie Beaven, Thomas Haynes, Frank McKay, Ben. I. Harrison, Thomas Blancagnil, Kerian Campion, John Kearney, John Lyons, Ben. Gittings, Bernard McGee, Lawrence Byrne,—— Carroll, M. J. O'Callaghan, John Lilly, Ben. Griffin, John Keagan, George Schnetz and Thomas Carroll. The last named of these is the only one in the list now known to me to be living. Of Daniel Dwyer, I have already spoken. One of his daughters, Mrs. Mary Hayes, widow of the late John Hayes, is still a member of the cathedral congregation. Amelia, a daughter of Ben. I. Harrison, was afterwards known as Sister Laurentia, of the Nazareth community. She was one of the most valuable teachers in the community and greatly admired and beloved by both her associates and her pupils. She died while in attendance on the sick of yellow fever at Holly Springs, Mississippi, but a few years ago. Kerian Campion was the father of Hon. Patrick Campion, who has served for repeated terms his constituency of Louisville in the Kentucky State legislature. He was wont to say that the first time he went to confession in Louisville the sacrament was administered by Father Badin under the shadow of a tree on the west bank of Beargrass creek. Ben. Gittings and Elzie Beaven were from Washington county. They were good practical Catholics and highly respected citizens. John Kearney was a lawyer of high standing and an earnest Catholic. John Lyons and his amiable family were special friends of the clergy and generous supporters of the church. One of his children, Mrs. Honora Lyon, widow of the late Capt. Sidney S. Lyon, has long resided in Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Some of these were as well known in civil affairs as they were in the church. Capt. James Rudd was repeatedly a member of the city council, and in 1849 he was one of the city's representatives in the constitutional convention of that year, held in Frankfort for the consideration of changes then sought to be made in the organic law of the State. He began his business career in Louisville as a mechanic, and in time he became a merchant, and a successful one. The writer's remembrance of him dates from the year 1832, when he was regarded as the leading spirit, with the single exception of Patrick Maxcy, in all enterprises broached in Louisville, looking to purely Catholic interests. In everything of this nature he was more than seconded by his earnest convert wife, Nannie Phillips Rudd, than whom there was not a more intelligent or indefatigable worker in whatever affected the Church and its charities. She headed the movement inaugurated among the Catholic ladies of Louisville in 1832, by which was secured the establishment of the orphanage of St. Vincent. As was meet, she died of old age but a few years ago in one of the houses of the order of Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, whose introduction to the city she had labored for and secured nearly fifty years previous to the date of her own death. Capt. Rudd was more noted in his day for his practical, common sense views of things, than he was for his lingual accuracy in their presentation.* His death took place on the evening of May 8, 1867.

Bernard, or Barney McGee, as he was usually called, was a representative Catholic among the toilers of his race in Louisville. He lived to be a very old man, and though reduced to great poverty, his cheefulness never deserted him. So long as he could hobble to church, he seemed to be content, and when he died, there were those about his bed who would have been glad of the assurance that their own passage out of life would be marked by such evidences of peace in the present and of hopefulness of the future. M. J. O'Callaghan, who died but a few years ago, was a man of intelligence and high respectability, and exceedingly pious. One of his granddaughters is a sister of the Loretto community.

* In the State constitutional convention of 1849, the late Hon. Garret Davis, much to the discredit of his statesmanship, as I think he saw himself at a later day, introduced an amendment to the organic law that affected adversely the civil rights of Catholics. This amendment was opposed vehemently by representatives Charles C. Kelly, of Washington, Ignatius A. Spalding, of Union, and James Rudd, of Jefferson, the only Catholics, as far as known by me, in the convention. The amendment was set for a hearing at a future day by the convention, and Capt. Rudd prepared a speech to be delivered on the occasion. It was a good speech he transferred to paper, but he bethought him that it would be best, before its delivery, to submit the manuscript to more critical eyes than his own. The late Rev. James M. Lancaster was then pastor of the church in Frankfort, and it was to him he submitted the manuscript of his proposed speech. The changes recommended by Father Lancaster were readily acquiesced in by the captain; but seeing the priest busy with his pen over a word about which he had not signified any objection, he was stopped by the delegate's sudden demand, "what are you doing there, Father Lancaster?" "I am only putting a *g* in the word *foreigner* in your manuscript," replied the priest. "Well," said the practical leader in Kentucky of the phonetic movement that is now trying to overturn the English orthography of

Patrick Maxcy, whether considered as a Catholic or as an Irish American citizen, was unquestionably, for more than forty years, and up to the day of his death, the leading man of his religion and race in Louisville. He is believed, too, to have been the first of either to prosecute in the city heavy operations as a manufacturer. Within the memory of the writer, and for many years before, his establishment was known as the *Hope Distillery*, and it is said that the skilled workmen in his employ came over with him from Ireland.* In the course of time he became one of the leading dealers of the city in provisions and butchers' stuffs, and finally a banker. In person, Mr. Maxcy was a compactly built man, of about five feet eight inches, with a moderately florid complexion and features that were most remarkable for their kindly and genial expression. Looking at him, one could but feel he was in the presence of a man whom he would like to make his friend, and this was not alone the case with his fellow countrymen and his co-religionists, but with non-Catholics as well. There were absolutely none to question his integrity, and none to cast slurs upon his good name in any particular. The death of Mr. Maxcy took place in 1850, after an illness of only a few days, and his funeral was attended by hundreds of friends of all ranks of Louisville society. The sermon on the occasion was preached by his intimate friend of the clergy, the late Rt. Rev. John McGill.

Thomas K. Byrne, J. McGilly Cuddy and John O'Beirne were Irishmen and well to do citizens, and they were all held in high esteem by their fellow townsmen. Edward Hughes and Martin Crowe were of the same nationality, and their best eulogy should now run—they were earnest, practical and pious Catholics. † John Carrell was a

past ages, "I move that that *g* be expunged!" Among a score of others of former friends that recall my thoughts to the past, the photographed representations of the faces of Captain James Rudd and his wife, hung where I see them daily, seem to appeal to me for prayer for their eternal rest. May God in His mercy so part me from all inquity of earth as to enable me to raise my voice acceptably in His hearing and in their behalf.

*Conspicuous among these were Barney McGee and John Lyons, hitherto referred to in a note. Both the proprietor and his employes used the Celtic tongue in their communications with each other. No simple occurences that took place in my own youth are more fixed in my memory to this day than the conversations held between Mr. Maxcy and one or the other of his employes named, while waiting for the hour of service on Sunday mornings in front of the former church of St. Louis. The Sunday collections in the church were always taken up by Mr. Maxcy.

†The late Professor John E. Crowe, of the medical department of the university of Louisville, was a son of Martin Crowe. My associations with Dr. Crowe for twenty-five years preceding the date of his death were of the most intimate character, and I can simply say he was an honor to his profession in the city of his residence, and to manhood itself. Much of his practice was with the clergy and members of religious communities, outside of the city as well as within its limits, whose respect and confidence followed him throughout his career. He died very suddenly on the 26th of September, 1881, and his obsequies were attended by as large a concourse of sorrowing friends as was ever

brother of the late Rt. Rev. George A. Carrell, first bishop of the See of Covington. His death, at the advanced age of 87 years, took place in Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 14th of February, 1879. Daniel Smith has been referred to elsewhere. He was much respected as a citizen, was singularly quiet in his manners, and the early clergy of the city always found in him a liberal benefactor of the poor as well as of the Church. John D. Colmesnil, of a noble family of France, was born in Hayti, San Domingo, in 1787. He was a relative by marriage of John A. and Louis Tarascon, to whom he paid a visit in 1811, and with whom he was afterwards engaged in business. In time he became a wealthy river trader, steamboat owner and landed proprietor. He was a man of stern integrity and great force of character. When past middle life misfortunes overtook him, and when he retired from active business, little was left to him in the way of estate. In 1833, he purchased with what still remained to him of a princely fortune, the watering place afterwards known as Paroquette Springs, where he lived until a short time before his death. He died in Louisville, July 30, 1871, and was buried from the cathedral. Dr. J. P. Declery was a physician of much note, and a member of the city council of Louisville. His death took place in the year 1833.

With the opening of the church of St. Louis, on Fifth street, the former chapel on Tenth and Main, from which it had its title, was left to disuse and decay. There is nothing in the present surroundings of the spot upon which it stood to indicate that there had been a time when the Christ of our adoration had made of it an abiding place, and had therein given Himself to the pure and repentant in the sacrament of His love.*

From the day of its dedication to that upon which, twenty-one years later, it gave place to the cathedral of the Assumption that now occupies its site and many feet of the adjacent grounds, the church of St. Louis was attended Sunday after Sunday, and upon each recurring holiday of obligation, by constantly increasing numbers of the faithful. It was the theatre, too, of much that was of interest to the general public. In the first place, Father Abell began in it a series of Sunday evening lectures, to which all were invited, in which he sought to explain and defend the dogmas of religion and the policy of the Church affecting the relations of its members with unbelievers.

gathered together on a similar occasion in the cathedral of the Assumption, where, when its site was occupied by the church of St. Louis, he had served as an altar-boy the first pastors of the parish.

* It was in April, 1832—more than fifty years ago—that this little church was first pointed out to me. It was unused then, and had been tenantless of worshippers for nearly two years. I looked upon it, with its boarded-up windows and its quaint little belfry, with absorbed interest. The unevenness of the grounds around it, with here and there a broken or levelled wooden cross, or a rudely chiselled headstone, at one place sunk half its depth into the yielding earth, and at another bending toward the ground like a mourner in despair, was sufficiently indicative of the uses to which it had been put. There rested, in the hope of a blessed resurrection, the dead of our faith of primitive Louis-

Occasionally, too, clergymen from abroad, or from other parts of the diocese, were invited by Father Abell to lecture in his place, and these were listened to with at least respectful attention, however incapable, as most of them were, of arousing, equally with the pastor, the enthusiasm of their auditors by the mere force of eloquence. The beneficial results of these lectures may not have been especially apparent in the inducement of conversions at the time, but they were noticeable in the increased good-will accorded to Catholics by their Protestant and non-Catholic fellow citizens.*

In 1834, it pleased the ordinary of the diocese to transfer Father Abell to the town of Lebanon, Marion county, not far from the place of his birth, where a new church was needed, and where, as was evidently the thought of his bishop, he would be able, better than another, to secure whatever was requisite for its construction.

The new pastor of the church of St. Louis was Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, who, like his predecessor in the office, was a Kentuckian by birth. Just as had been the case with Father Abell throughout his pastorate, Dr. Reynolds began his ministry in Louisville without a clerical associate in the city. Though his labors in the legitimate sphere of his duties were arduous in the extreme, he found time to put in successful operation the orphanage of St. Vincent at its present location—Jefferson, above Wenzel street—to establish parochial schools for both boys and girls, and to attend to almost daily commissions for service of one kind or another needed in the city by his bishop and by the religious and educational establishments of the diocese, all of which were located in the interior of the State.

In the year 1835, Rev. George Hayden was sent to the assistance of Dr. Reynolds, and two years later, he had for additional assistants Rev. John McGill and Rev. Edward Clark. In 1839 his assistants were Rev. John McGill, Rev. George Hayden, and Rev. M. Stahlschmidt. This latter was a German priest, whose services had been secured by Bishop Flaget in the interest of the German element of his people, now becoming an important factor in whatever was to be considered affecting the well-being of the church in Louisville. Father Stahlschmidt brought the German Catholics of the city together every Sunday morning, in the basement chapel of the church, where he officiated for them and sought to induce them to buy a lot and build a church for themselves. Here was the beginning of what has since

ville. Their first resurrection was inglorious. In the course of time the little church was levelled to the ground, and the crumbling bones and blackened mould that represented all the mortal that was left of our brethren of the long ago, found a new place of sepulture in the St. Louis cemetery.

*These lectures were exceedingly popular with the most intelligent and more liberal non-Catholics of the city. I have a distinct memory of having seen among the auditors, on one or another of these occasions, such men as Judges John Rowan, George M. Bibb and Henry Pirtle, and such lawyers, politicians and editors as James D. Breckinridge, Patrick H. Pope, Charles M. Thruston, Frank Johnson, Garnet Duncan, Alexander Bullitt and George D. Prentice.

become the largest congregation of Catholics in the city, that of the church of St. Bonifacius, on Green, between Jackson and Hancock streets. Father Stahlschmidt set out in 1838 on a collecting tour for his proposed church, and went as for as the city of Mexico, South America, where he died a year later. His collections for the church, amounting to the sum of four hundred dollars, were afterwards remitted to Bishop Flaget, through the bishop of New Orleans.

In 1839, in the temporary absence of Dr. Reynolds, his chief associate, Rev. John McGill, was named pastor of the church of St. Louis, with Rev. Walter S. Coomes and Rev. John Quinn as his assistants. A year later, on the return of Dr. Reynolds from his visit abroad, he resumed the pastorship, with his assistants unchanged. Of two of these, Fathers Walter S. Coomes and John Quinn, the writer prefers to notice here what he considers of interest in their lives.

Walter S. Coomes, then a young man of twenty or twenty-one years of age, was living with his father, Ignatius Coomes, in Breckinridge county, in the year 1819, when Rev. Robert A. Abell had charge of that mission. About the first of August of the year named, he was seized with an illness of such severity as to demand on the part of his parents, as a precautionary measure, the calling in of their pastor. The messenger sent to his residence at Long Lick, found that Father Abell had but that morning been called to Bardstown. Following on in his track, he only got speech with the priest at Elizabethtown, after the latter had retired for the night. Without longer delay than the time necessary to get his horse saddled and brought from the stable, priest and messenger hastened back by the road they had come. The young man was prepared for death, but he was an old man and a priest himself, when he was finally called away. When completely recovered, he entered the theological seminary at Bardstown, where he remained, engaged partly in study and partly in teaching in St. Joseph's college, until his ordination, which is supposed to have taken place in 1829 or 1830. He remained an officer of the college until 1832, when he was given charge over the congregations of St. Thomas and St. Benedict in Nelson county, and that of St. Clare, in Hardin. In addition to these charges, he was superior of the seminary of St. Thomas up to the year 1839. In 1840 he was transferred to Louisville. Two years later, and after the location of the See had been changed from Bardstown to Louisville, Father Coomes was transferred to St. Joseph's college, and thence, in 1843, to the missions of Daviess county, Kentucky, where, with an interval of a single year, he remained up to the year 1855. With physical energies impaired by constant and exhaustive labors, his bishop was obliged at length to grant him as a measure of relief the chaplaincy of the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Louisville, in which position he was found at the date of his death, November 28, 1871.*

*With barely a sufficiency of learning to enable him to discharge intelligently the functions of his sacred office, and unendowed with gifts of mind

REV. JOHN QUINN.

John Quinn, together with a younger brother, Francis Quinn, emigrated from Ireland to the United States about the year 1830. They were both young men of excellent principles and faithful to religious duty. Though neither of them had received other than a rudimentary education, it was the hope of both that the elder might one day become a priest. Coming to Louisville a few years later, Francis, or *Frank* Quinn, as he was afterwards known, became a peddler of small commodities, in which business he prospered to such a degree as to enable him to keep his brother at school for a year or two. In 1834, as is believed, John Quinn made application to its director for a place in the diocesan seminary, and his request was granted. His ordination to the priesthood took place, as is supposed, toward the close of the year 1839. A happy man was Frank Quinn when he was permitted to touch with his lips the hand of a priest who was his own brother. Father John Quinn spent the entire term of his life as a priest in the service of the congregation attached to the church of St. Louis and the cathedral of the Assumption which afterwards occupied its site. No one filling a similar position ever labored with greater earnestness to make his ministry acceptable in the sight of God and of those whom he had been commissioned to serve. Especially was his zeal directed to the amelioration of the bodily wretchedness of the poor, very many of whom were countrymen of his own, and to the reclamation of the vicious among them. In point of fact, he was a model priest, and he became deservedly popular with the well-to-do of the parish who were the witnesses of his indefatigable endeavors to promote the welfare of all.

In the course of time, many meritorious working men and working women were led, not by his own solicitations assuredly, but by the confidence they reposed in his integrity, to make Father Quinn the repository of their earnings and accumulations. Being a careful, as well as a just man, he not only invested these trust funds safely, but in such a manner as to insure to himself a small source of revenue over and above the sums he had bargained to return to the depositors whenever demanded. This step of his was but the introduction to after misfortune. In the course of time his accumulations increased, and though he saw not that it was so himself, his friends were pained

that could be called extraordinary, it is to be regarded as doubtful if his ministry would have been found effective of better results had all this been reversed. It is a singular fact, known to me by personal observation, that the most devoted of his friends among the clergy of the diocese were precisely those whose natural gifts and acquired knowledge were the least disputable. Between these and their humble co-worker in the vineyard of their common Master there were bonds of sympathy that would be inexplicable but for my knowledge of the attractiveness of a character whose single ambition was to serve God with fidelity and to have consideration for his neighbor, as being equally entitled with himself to every blessing scattered out of heaven among the children of men.

to find that he was always interested when talking of securities and money-values. Imperceptibly to himself, he was losing in much more important matters his influence for good with the unsordid of his parishioners. But this was not all, and happily for him, he did not live to see the last terrible consequence of his blunder. Toward the latter end of June, 1852, cholera appeared in Louisville, and for two weeks the clergy of the cathedral were kept busily employed in ministering to those who had been stricken by the malady. Returning from a visit of this nature on the morning of the 6th of July, Father Quinn found that he had himself contracted the disease. Every effort was made to save his life, but all without avail, and the morning of the 7th found him a corpse.

Father Quinn's estate was found to be even greater than had been expected, and the whole of it reverted to his brother, by whom the most of it was invested in real property on Main street, upon which he built a block of houses afterwards known as "Quinn's Row." The tragic story of this property and its proprietor forms one of the most disgraceful episodes that disfigure the past history of Louisville. On the 5th of August, 1855, a day of dishonor to the whole country, and since recognized by the title then won for it of "Bloody Monday," Quinn's row was fired by a fanatical mob and burnt to the ground; and, what was far more lamentable, its wretched owner, innocent as a child of all offense, no matter against whom, was shot to death on his own threshold.

It is a well known fact, that very many intelligent and pious Catholics, who are in no wise inclined to superstition, are strongly impressed with the conviction that the estates of clergymen have but one rightful line of inheritance, Christ in His Church, and Christ in his poor. These will tell you of instances, not a few, where such estates, left to or inherited by individuals, have carried with them much more of misfortune than of blessing. The writer has to acknowledge that his own notions have run in this direction for years.

But there is another point, and one of great delicacy, suggested by what has been related above, upon which comment would seem to be imperative. It refers to a system that once prevailed in Louisville whereby priests were made the repositories of money belonging to individuals among their parishioners. The writer holds this to be an axiom: A priest abuses his credit whenever he becomes the banker of his people. Sad instances, in our own city of Louisville, are not wanting to show how full of danger is the custom to both priests and people. It is all well so long as the pastor of a church, for instance, accepts with the approval of his ordinary deposits of money to be used for the liquidation of previous debt, or for any purpose of pressing need directly connected with the interests of his parish; but the moment he accepts of such deposits, though they carry with them no cumulative interest, with the idea of investing them to his own individual profit, that moment he sinks his personality to the level of the trader in commodities. Then, venture and risk come in as set-offs

to anticipated profit; and how shall he, wholly uninstructed in the laws of finance and trade, and governed, as it is natural and meet he should be, more by sensibility than worldly prudence, know how to place securities so as to remain himself uninvolved in trouble of some kind, either with those for whom he acts, or with those with whom he is acting? True, we have all known priests who were possessed of extraordinary ability as financiers; but who will say that the exercise of this talent of theirs ever added a feather's weight to the Catholic public's estimate of their characters as ministers of Christ?

It is a singular fact, however, that where misfortune has followed the custom referred to, its priestly victims have ordinarily been large-hearted men, who were devoted to pastoral duty. Impatient of progress in the direction of church extention and other meritorious works, they went out of their sphere, a step at a time, and finally found themselves entangled in meshes of care and solicitude, out of which extrication appeared to them impossible. The least to be envied, as it appears to the writer, of such as have subjected themselves to the dangers of this custom, have been precisely those who have, in a worldly point of view, profited most by their supposed foresight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REV. AND RT. REV. IGNATIUS A. REYNOLDS.

The church of St. Louis—second of that title in Louisville—presents an array of names in its pastorate that is still referred to as extraordinary by those who are at all familiar with the history of the parish. Three of these pastors were born in Kentucky, and the fourth was brought to the State when he was under ten years of age. To the first—Rev. Robert A. Abell—reference has already been made; and what is further to be said concerning him will more appropriately find consideration under other headings. His successors in the pastorate in the order named, were, Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, Rev. John McGill, and Rev. Martin John Spalding. Only of the first named of these three, the writer proposes to speak in this chapter.

Of all the native priests of Kentucky, the late Dr. Reynolds was possibly the least understood and the least appreciated by others than men of discriminating judgment. Nature had not given to him the pleasing ways by which persons so endowed are able to attract and lead captive the hearts of men. Still, it was not because his own heart was not open as the day to all gentle influences that such was the case. It was for the reason, rather, that his was a peculiarly sensitive nature. No man ever had a juster appreciation of the transcendent dignity of the priesthood. He appeared, indeed, at all times, as if he were fearful lest, by some inadvertent act, or some frivolous speech, he might cause men to lose sight of the unworldly character of his ministry. He was a man of superior natural abilities, learned, thoughtful and prudent; and neither was the confidence of his superiors nor the respect of his fellow-priests lacking to him for a single moment during his entire ministerial career in Kentucky. The reserve that was habitual to him in society was so modified in his intercourse with these latter, as it was also in respect to his intimate friends of the laity, that not one of either class of persons so favored ever made the mistake of supposing there was mixed in his character an element of unworthy personal pride.

Ignatius Aloysius Reynolds was born in Nelson county, Kentucky on the 22d day of August, 1798. His parents were John Reynolds and Ann French, emigrants from Maryland. The farm upon which the family lived at the time was situated about three miles north of Bards-

town, and almost adjoining the one now occupied by the Nazareth community of Sisters of Charity.*

Happily for the child and his future, his mother was a woman of rare good sense, faithful, prudent and pious. It was her aim to fashion the minds of her children after that of the Divine Model, who, as the scriptures tell us, was subject to His own Mother, and "grew in wisdom and age and grace with God and men." Under her careful discipline, which was neither exacting beyond reason, nor loose beyond prudence, her children, one and all, grew up to be faithful exponents of christian life and deportment.

It would seem to be the impression of those who have been consulted on the subject, that young Reynolds entered the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas when he was little more than fifteen years of age. It is quite certain that the venerable director of the seminary, Father John B. David, afterwards coadjutor-bishop of the See of Bardstown, was early convinced of the capabilities of his pupil, and that it was at his suggestion he was afterwards transferred to the seminary of the Sulpician Fathers, Baltimore, for the completion of his theological studies. It was, most likely, in the fall of the year 1819 that this transfer was made.

At the time referred to, the seminary named was under the presidency of the late Rev. John Tessier, an ecclesiastic of great learning and piety, and one whose every faculty was given to the service to which he had vowed himself at his ordination. His life was one of constant labor, mortification and self-denial, and his death was as that of a saint, "precious in the sight of the Lord." †

Dr. Reynolds was ordained priest in Baltimore, October 24th, 1823, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Maréchal. Almost immediately afterwards he returned to Kentucky, where he was employed, up to September, 1827, in teaching and in missionary work. He accompanied Bishop Flaget in his visitation of his diocese in 1826, and, together with the late Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, who was a missionary priest in Kentucky at the time, preached the jubilee of the previous year, extended by papal authority for purely missionary

* The little tumble-down building of logs in which the Reynolds family lived, and in which the subject of my sketch was born, was a familiar object to me fifty years ago. It has passed away, but not with it the memory of the devoted priest and zealous bishop whose infant eyes were first opened to its rude interior.

† Forty years ago Dr. Reynolds related in my presence an anecdote of Father Tessier which, I am inclined to think, will be more appreciated by the older than by the younger clergy of our own day. "On a certain occasion," said my friend, "the seminarians, accompanied by Father Tessier, were permitted to take a long stroll into the country for recreation. It was late when they thought of returning, and their way led them near the residence of a pious Catholic lady, who, seeing the situation, as she thought, came out to the road and begged the priest and his charge to do her the honor of drinking tea with her. His answer, much to the disgust of his hungry companions, was simply: 'Much obliged to you, madam; we've got plenty of tea at home.'"

countries, in all the principal congregations of the vast territory then under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Bardstown. In 1827 he succeeded the late Rev. George A. M. Elder in the presidency of St. Joseph's college. This position he retained for three years, greatly to the advantage of that institution. At the expiration of the term indicated, owing to his earnest desire to be employed in the offices of the sacred ministry, he was relieved by his ordinary, and appointed pastor of the cathedral congregation, Bardstown. In 1834, he was named pastor of the church of St. Louis, Louisville, which was then the only house of worship for Catholics in the entire city.

Without an assistant for several years, and with but little assistance up to that date, Dr. Reynolds continued to administer to the spiritual wants of his rapidly increasing congregation until the year 1840, when he was dispatched to Europe by Bishop Flaget for the transaction of business relating to diocesan affairs. Upon his return, in the following year, he resumed his charge of the parish, and a year later, when the seat of diocesan jurisdiction was removed from Bardstown to Louisville, he was appointed vicar-general by his bishop. From that time, it is safe to say, his great administrative abilities were wisely exercised for the general good of both priests and people, and for the advancement of the designs of the Holy Church in every part of the State.

Early in January, 1844, Dr. Reynolds received the notification of his appointment to the then vacant See of Charleston, South Carolina. No one better than he knew the difficulties, possibly the mortifications, he would have to encounter and submit to in a position so lately occupied by one who had been universally regarded as the foremost type of intellectual vigor and robust energy that had hitherto presented itself to the popular vision from the ranks of the American episcopate. Men are always placed at a disadvantage when they succeed in office, whatever may be its character, those who have earned for themselves large measures of popular commendation on account of their faithfulness to the trusts that had been confided to their hands. In the annals of church government in the United States, no other bishop ever acquired a more enviable notoriety for efficiency and wide-spread influence than did Dr. John England, first bishop of Charleston. It was not alone that he was a profound scholar, an eloquent preacher and a man of rare genius and pleasant social characteristics; he was an accomplished and forcible writer as well, and his contributions to the press of his day were neither better known nor more heartily appreciated by his own people than they were by those of every other diocese in the country. Well might Dr. Reynolds, modestly distrustful as he was of his own capabilities, shrink from the occupancy of a post which had before been so admirably filled. Well might he fear that popular disappointment would follow his advent; that both priests and people would find little in him to compensate them for the irreparable loss they had sustained in the death of their first bishop; but Dr. Reynolds was not the man to evade in the

least particular the requirements of ascertained duty. It had never been his habit to question either the motives or the wisdom of those to whom he had vowed obedience, and now that Christ's vicar on earth had given expression to his will in his regard, he felt that the proper course for him to pursue was to render cheerful obedience.

The consecration of Dr. Reynolds, together with that of Dr. John Martin Henni for the bishopric of Milwaukee, took place in St. Peter's cathedral, Cincinnati, on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1844. The consecrating prelate was Rt. Rev. John B. Purcell. It had been the hope of the subject of this sketch that his consecration might be at the hands of his own bishop, Dr. Flaget; but the great age and the infirm physical condition of that venerable prelate rendered this desire of his heart of impossible attainment. Bishop Flaget could do no more than be present at the ceremonial and pray, as he no doubt did, that this son of his adoption might be led by the spirit of God to bear with humility and courage the heavy weight of responsibility with which he was to be burdened for the remainder of his days.*

Having already taken leave of his old parishioners and friends in Kentucky, Bishop Reynolds hastened to his appointed post of duty almost immediately after his consecration. On reaching his episcopal city of Charleston, he was received with every demonstration of respect and confidence by both priests and people. That he encountered difficulties in his new position is not to be doubted; for to do so is incident to the exercise of authority, whether in Church or State; but he was prudent as well as firm, compassionate as well as just, and it is as little to be doubted that in his case difficulty was overcome by perseverance. The writer of the notice of his death, published in the Catholic directory of 1855, says of him:

"During the eleven years of his episcopate he labored with untiring zeal to promote the cause of religion. Among the acts of his administration may be mentioned the publication of the writings of Bishop England, and the erection of the beautiful cathedral of the city of Charleston. He watched with solicitude over the Catholic institutions of the diocese, and he strove earnestly and anxiously to encourage their growth, and to extend the sphere of their influence. He endeared himself to his clergy by his courtesy, kindness and generosity, and he won for himself the love and respect of his people, and even of those who were not of the 'household of the faith' by his urbanity and gentleness. In him, the poor, the afflicted and the dis-

*I was present at the consecration, and I remember to have been greatly struck by an incident that took place immediately after the newly-consecrated bishops had imparted the episcopal blessing to the kneeling crowds that filled the cathedral. I observed from where I sat the tottering form of our late saintly prelate being led up the steps of the high altar. In a moment after, in accents so feeble that they could scarce be heard at the extremity of the church, he intoned the initiatory words of the solemn episcopal benediction, *Sit Nomen Domini*. When he turned to give the blessing, every knee was bent to receive it, whether of bishops, priests or people.

tressed, found a father, a consoler and a friend. The virtues that had distinguished him during the thirty years of his laborious ministry, shone more conspicuously as his life drew to its close. The patience and resignation with which he bore his sufferings, especially during the last and more painful stages of his disease, elicited the admiration of all who approached him."

Dr. Reynolds was a man of imposing presence. He was of medium height, compact of form, and moderately full of habit. His face was slightly oval, smooth and somewhat florid. In mixed company, and especially in the presence of strangers, his demeanor was grave without being forbidding. He was habitually courteous to everyone, high and low, but his courtesy was not at all of the kind that invited familiarity. Relaxation in this respect only took place in the company of his intimate friends. Then, indeed, though he never appeared to lose sight of the sacredness of his calling, he would so far reveal his heart as to insure sympathy, and the treasures of his mind to the extent of inciting admiration.

As early as 1824 he had already acquired a reputation for eloquence that was only second, in the entire diocese, to that of Rev. Robert A. Abell, who was ten years his senior. Ten years later, another eloquent Kentuckian took his place in the ranks of the clergy of the State, in the person of Rev. Martin J. Spalding, who became in time still more widely known for his ability as a speaker; and still another in the person of Rev. John McGill, a young cleric of extraordinary mental gifts and acquirements, who soon proved himself the equal of the others in his ability to attract popular attention.

The history of local churches in the United States has scarcely furnished a more extraordinary array of native talent than is presented in the names of these cotemporary Kentucky priests. They attached to men, who, in their day and generation, ranked deservedly with the most noted ecclesiastics of the country. Intellectually, they were all highly endowed; and to all of them had been given grace from on high to use their gifts of intellect to the ends of God's glory and the exaltation of His Holy Church.

In much alike, they were also in much dissimilar. There was an element of magnetism in Father Abell, possessed in a much less degree by the others, that was most attractive of popular interest; and, with the exception, possibly, of the late archbishop of Baltimore, he was more demonstrative of sympathy than the others in the presence of woe and suffering. Then, he was much richer in both fancy and wit than either of his cotemporaries named. These lighter resources of his mind were made available where the ponderous syllogisms of the others would have created scarcely a ripple of interest. While he was much less scholarly then either of them, he surpassed them all as a student of nature. Impulsive and unmethodical, and wholly regardless of posthumous honors, he was more fitted for emergencies than for purposes requiring for their development concentrated thought and laborious and long-continued action. He wrote but little, and

not even from his correspondence with his friends has his volunteer biographer been able to glean much of value concerning him that was not before known to him through the medium of personal intercourse.

Dr. Martin J. Spalding differed from his friend and relative last named, in the circumstance that his acquired knowledge was at once more exact and more diversified. Then, in the matter of application, there was a wide difference between them, as there was, indeed, between the elder of the two and the others whose names have been mentioned. Father Abell, it is true, was not only the most interesting conversationalist of his day in all Kentucky, but he was likewise a profound thinker. It was his misfortune, however, to be unable to utilize his great mental resources for the benefit of those who were to come after him. It was not so with Dr. Spalding. Application and perseverance were habits of his nature; and, unless for necessary mental or bodily rest and recuperation, he was never idle. Then, in every thing he did or attempted to do, there was to be discerned expansion of idea as well as definitiveness of purpose. While they were alike genial in their dispositions, the manners of the younger priest were far more courtly. They were both singularly approachable, especially to the weak and timid. The elder of the two, possibly never in his life went to the pulpit, knowing precisely what he was going to say. The younger rarely addressed an audience without having previously considered all the details of his proposed subject. In preaching, the articulation of both was good, but that of the younger the nearest to perfection; and while the voice of the elder was often husky and apparently strained to a degree that was painful to the listener, that of the younger was as musical as it was expansive. Had it possessed something of the pathos that was natural to that of Father Abell, there could have been nothing in human intonation more desirable or more extraordinary.

Dr. John McGill differed from his cotemporaries named, in the fact that he was a more admirable logician than either of them. His mind was clearly analytical. It was his habit in preaching to submit evidences of the verity of his propositions, and to hedge them about with logical deductions. Educated for the profession of law, which he practiced for a short time before entering upon his theological studies, his pulpit discourses resembled in much the pleadings of the trained advocate. It was because of this peculiarity of his preaching that the converts he made—and few priests of the olden time in Kentucky were more successful in their efforts to lead the estranged into Catholic unity—were very generally persons of education and ripe intelligence. Toward the enemies of the Church, and especially toward the aggressive bigots of his own day and locality, whose philippics from the pulpit and press were addressed directly to himself as the acknowledged champion of Catholic teachings, he was unmercifully satirical, as well in his writings as in his lectures. He was always an interesting speaker; but when spurred to the effort by his indignant feelings, he appeared to lift himself to a plane of eloquence whence his impas-

sioned words fairly blistered themselves into the minds of his hearers. Like Dr. Spalding, and very unlike Father Abell and Dr. Reynolds, he had little power over the pathetic in oratory; and yet, just as was the case with the late archbishop of Baltimore, his heart was tender, and he was deeply sympathetic in the presence of trouble and affliction. There are thousands living to-day who only knew him from having been the witnesses of his christian and benevolent action in behalf of the wounded, the sick and the prisoners brought into his episcopal city of Richmond during the dark days of civil strife in which the country was engaged from 1861 to 1865.

In society Dr. McGill had the reputation of being not a little disputatious. This was due in part to his natural disposition, in part to his training for the profession of the law, but more particularly to the fact that he was governed by principle in giving expression to his convictions. He was not to be brought to give even the doubtful assent of silence to asseverations that were repugnant to his sense of justice, truth or propriety; and whether it was a baseless proposition, a faulty argument or an uncharitable allusion that was given utterance to in his presence, he appeared to be impelled by a sense of duty to combat it then and there. Though it is to be said of him that he was always plain-spoken in his rebukes of those of his parishioners whose lives were irregular or scandalous, it is also to be said of him that no one was ever more persistent in his efforts to suppress adverse and unchristian criticisms of personal character. Less only of the four named, than Dr. Reynolds, was he sensitive to personal slights and insults; but no breath of complaint ever escaped his lips on account of either. It was the direct reverse with him when his religion was traduced and its profession made the subject of public and invidious remarks. Then, indeed, he appeared to consider it as much a privilege as a duty to enter the lists as a contestant, not for defence only, but for aggressive action.

Dr. Reynolds was more than ordinarily proficient in his knowledge of theology, both dogmatic and moral; but of all the prominent Catholic divines of his day in Kentucky he was the least given to controversy. His sermons were models of persuasive oratory, addressed to Catholics and to the end of their sanctification. Possibly he was more conversant with biblical literature than either of his associates hitherto named; but his study of the word of God had evidently been prosecuted for edification rather than for proofs wherewith to support the integrity of Catholic dogma. In preaching, as a rule, holy writ furnished him with both the subject-matter of his discourses and his illustrations. His pastoral letters were almost paraphrases of those addressed to the early churches by the apostles of our divine Lord.

Order, promptness and punctuality in the performance of his religious and pastoral duties were prominent characteristics of his every-day life. He was an early riser, and his daily mass was always said as early as five o'clock. At the altar his very appearance was breath-

ful of edification. Deliberate in action, absorbed in manner, and reverent of aspect, he looked the embodiment of sacerdotal decorousness and dignity.

Dr. Reynolds revisited his native State for the last time in the autumn of the year preceding the date of his death. He was ill at the time, and when he left for his home, it was the common fear of his former parishioners of Louisville that they had taken their last farewell of their old mentor and friend. He suffered much during the winter of 1854–55, and with the approach of spring of the latter year, his condition grew rapidly worse. After a long agony, undergone with sublime patience and resignation, he yielded his soul to God on the 9th day of March, 1855.*

The mortal remains of Dr. Reynolds rest to-day beside those of his great predecessor of the See of Charleston, under the high altar of St. Finbar's cathedral in that city, toward the erection of which his energies were notably directed during the greater part of his episcopal life. He was the first of the associates named to pass through the gates of death to eternal life. The death of Dr. McGill took place in his episcopal city of Richmond on the 14th of January, 1872. Dr. M. J. Spalding died metropolitan of the Church of the United States, in Baltimore, on the 7th of February, 1872. The last to pass away was the elder of the four, Rev. Robert A. Abell, who died suddenly in Louisville, on the 27th day of June, 1873.

Widely apart lie the ashes of these servants of God and friends of each other, who had so long prosecuted together their priestly labors on

* My personal recollections of Dr. Reynolds date from the year 1824. He was then one of the professors at St. Joseph's college, in which institution I was a pupil. Eleven years later I was led to confer with him in reference to the establishment of a Catholic diocesan newspaper, a project that had occupied my thoughts almost from the time, five years before, I had conceived the idea of learning the art of *printing*. At the time referred to, he was pastor of St. Louis' church, Louisville, and my own position was that of foreman over the jobbing department in the office of the *Louisville Journal*. My overtures were at once kindly and heartily entertained, and after a lengthened correspondence between himself and the Rev. president and other officials of St. Joseph's college, they were accepted by the latter with the full concurrence of the ordinary of the diocese. Our relations may be said to have been intimate from this time to the end of his life. His friendly interest in me and my affairs during all these years, exerted in many ways and on many occasions, and the confidence he reposed in me, can neither be effaced from my memory nor from my sense of gratitude. Reticent with others, I was happy enough to enjoy his confidence; and I can truly say that the more he revealed himself to me, the greater was my respect for him as a man, and the more was my reverence for him as a priest. Under a cold exterior, he carried a heart that was all aglow with charity and abounding in sympathy. He was continually planning measures of relief for friends in trouble. To the poor and suffering among his parishioners, he was kindness itself. I happen to know that the greater part of his income, which was at no time more than a pittance, was devoted by him to the relief of the distressed poor. For the supply of his own personal necessities his confidence in the favor of providence was absolute. He once told me that relief, often from unexpected quarters, had never failed him in his most urgent needs.

the soil of Kentucky. Almost in sight and sound of the ever-mourning Atlantic, three have their monumental rest in the darksome crypts of cathedrals at whose altars they were wont when living to lift their consecrating hands to bring down Heaven to earth, the Lord of all to be the food and nourishment of the souls of men. Most meetly, the remains of Father Abell, child and lover of nature as he was, are laid away where the sunbeams of morning and the dews of evening alternately smile and weep as they kiss the sod that covers them. What was of earth of the grand old priest whom everybody loved is commingling with the dust of his native State in the beautiful cemetery of St. Louis, near Louisville.

CHAPTER XXV.

REV. AND RT. REV. JOHN M'GILL, D. D.

Much that was remarkable in the character and career of Dr. McGill has been referred to and commented on in the preceding sketch of the life of his ministerial and episcopal associate, Dr. I. A. Reynolds. His parents, James McGill and Lavenia Dougherty, both of Irish birth, and both reared from childhood in Philadelphia, were married in that city in the year 1808. Ten years later, with their family of five children, the eldest of whom is the subject of this sketch, they removed west and settled in Bardstown, Kentucky. When the college of St Joseph was established, in 1820, the name of John McGill was among the first registered in its preparatory department. The term of his college life extended, without interruption, to the year 1828, when, with the class of that year, he graduated with distinguished honor.* Soon afterwards he entered the office of the late Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe as a student of law, and in due course of time he was admitted to practice in the courts of the district. For some reason, most likely by the persuasion of some of his creole friends of the south, with whom he had been an associate in college, it was not long before he determined to remove to Louisiana and endeavor to secure for himself a position among the rising of his profession in the city of New Orleans. This movement proving unsatisfactory, he returned to Bardstown in less than a year, where he was fortunate enough to secure

* The class of graduates at St. Joseph's for the year 1828 were: Joseph P. Jones, William E. M. Wells, Arnold L. Vienne, Reuben B. Garnett, John McGill, William F. Pope, William P. Bain, and Leonard Spalding.

an association with one of the leading lawyers of the town, the late Hon. Thomas Chilton, both before and afterwards the representative in congress from the district. His position was now regarded by his friends as in the highest degree enviable, and such would have certainly been the case had his heart been in his profession. As it was, he received the gratulations of his friends with looks that betrayed much more of dismay than pleasure, and in less than half a year, he astonished every one by casting aside all his worldly prospects and entering the diocesan seminary as a candidate for holy orders. His true vocation had been opened to him at last, and happily for thousands of whom he knew nothing at the time, he persevered in it to the end.

Than the young cleric, there were few to be found anywhere whose minds were better prepared for the reception of that superior knowledge which has for its subject God in His relations to the creatures He has made in His own image. His faith had been earnest from his youth upward, and he had already read and mastered much in the science of theology that would have required of another years of study to learn. Having passed two years in the seminary, under the direction of its founder, Rt. Rev. John B. David, he was sent to the venerable college of St. Mary's, Baltimore, for the completion of his theological studies. Returning thence in 1835, he was ordained priest by Bishop David, in the cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, on the 13th of June of the year named. Almost immediately after his ordination, he was placed in charge of the church and congregation of St. Peter's, Lexington, where he remained and labored for something more than a year, and where the results of his ministry were as marked as they were encouraging. *

Toward the end of the year 1836, Father McGill was transferred to Louisville as an assistant to Dr. Reynolds in the pastorship of the church of St. Louis. Here he continued until the summer of 1838, when he was despatched to Europe by the then bishop coadjutor, Rt. Rev. G. I. Chabrat, on a special mission. Bishop Flaget had been absent from his diocese for more than three years, and now came word from him that he expected soon to begin his return journey. Dr. Chabrat could not bear the thought that one of such advanced age should be permitted to journey thousands of miles without an attendant. Hence came Dr. McGill's first visit to Europe. Vastly beneficial, no doubt, did he find his experiences of a single year in the old world. When he reached his destination, he found that the name of his bishop had become as well known in France as it was in Kentucky. His prayers and his blessing had wrought miracles among his own countrymen, just as, through the same agency, miracles had been wrought in his own far-away diocese. He saw, too, in the public prints, how

* Many years afterwards, one of his Lexington parishioners, Dr. John Brown, evinced his appreciation of his former pastor's services by devising to "Rt. Rev. John McGill, for the benefit of his diocese of Richmond," a considerable part of his estate.

successfully he had labored in the interests of foreign missions by his advocacy of the claims upon public consideration of the society for the propagation of the faith. It was something for the young priest to know that he was one of the comparatively few who owed direct spiritual allegiance to a bishop who was generally looked upon as a saint, and whose name was on the tongue of almost every one he met.

In the company of his bishop and of Rt. Rev. John B. Purcell, bishop of Cincinnati, Father McGill sailed for New York from Havre on the 21st of August, 1839, and Dr. Flaget and himself reached Bardstown before the end of the following month. He returned to his place in Louisville in October, where, in the absence of Dr. Reynolds for more than a year, he had the pastoral care of the congregation. At this time he may be said to have begun a career that made his name honorably recognized wherever it was spoken in Catholic society all over the United States. In addition to his ministerial work, he took upon himself the editorial control of the *Catholic Advocate*, the publication office of which had been purposely removed from Bardstown to Louisville, in order that his services might be secured to that end. There was something in his style as a writer that differed much from that adopted by him in the pulpit. He was a terse paragraphist and an intrepid defender of the faith against the assaults of the local Protestant parsondom of the day, the greater number of whose members, about that time, appeared to be suddenly seized with the notion that, without their aid, there was danger of a revolution in public sentiment in respect to Catholicity and its designs in this land of open Bibles and experimental religion. Not only in its own denominational papers, but in the secular press of the city, was the finger of Protestant parsondom to be discerned, week after week, if not day after day, calling attention to one after another of the supposed monstrous propositions set forth by the Church of Rome. Dr. McGill was here in his element, and not content with a logical defense of Catholic dogma and practice, he brought to bear upon the adversaries of his faith guns that had been loaded by their own hands, and these proved equally destructive to the enemy with those fired from his own citadel of Catholic truth.

A lull of a year or more ensued in the polemical combat waged by the so-called evangelical preachers of Louisville against Catholicity and its single trenchant defender, and then a course of procedure was adopted by them that could only have been evolved out of minds so poisoned by prejudice as to have lost the power of reasoning.

This was a combination, or "league," of Protestant ministers, each holding that the others were unsafe guides in the domain of religious truth; but all coalescing for an onslaught upon the Catholic Church, the fountain of all truth in religion. Eschewing the newspaper as a vehicle for the transmission of their thoughts, they agreed with each other for an exchange of pulpits, and for a combined polemical attack along the whole line against its out-posts and the Church itself. Without the aid of a reporter for the press, for there was no such agency existing at the time in Louisville, Dr. McGill

managed to secure a synopsis of what had been said by the leaguers in their respective addresses, and on each Sunday evening, he lectured in reply from the pulpit of his own church. Public interest in these lectures was evidenced by the fact that the church was thronged on the occasions of their delivery, very many of the listeners being members of the precise churches presided over by the attacking ministers. These aggressors soon found that they had been guilty of a great blunder; and when once fully convinced of this fact, they quickly put an end to their folly. Their pact had been made solely for offence, and they now found themselves and their systems attacked, and in such sort as to demand at their hands the full measure of their defensive capabilities.*

The sermons of Dr. McGill, no matter what point in the domain of moral or dogmatic theology he was endeavoring to define and elucidate, were always characteristic of the mind that reasons. He took nothing for granted except the law itself, and from this premise he would argue up to the divine wisdom out of which it had emanated and down to its necessity as a conservator of every human interest for time and eternity. He never appeared at a loss for figures to illustate any point he wished to make, and these were at once natural and apposite. His sermons resembled each other only in style; there was no sameness either in their subject-matter or their illustrations.

While yet in Louisville, Dr. McGill engaged in a newspaper controversy, afterwards printed in pamphlet form, with the late Rev. Jas. Craik, a highly respected minister of the Protestant Episcopal church. This controversy grew out of certain statements made by Lord Macaulay in his then recently published history of England. Beyond the fact that Catholics were well satisfied with the part taken in it by Dr. McGill, the scope of this sketch does not admit of fuller reference to its merits. In 1843 Dr. McGill began the translation from the original French of Audin's Life of John Calvin. The chapters, as they came from the hands of the translator, first appeared in the *Catholic Advocate*.† The faithfulness of this translation has been said to be its only defect. The author's style, with his superabundant use of the epigrammatic in composition, is preserved with exactness from the beginning of the book to its end. A translation that had been less constrained, but equally regardful of the author's intent and meaning, would have doubtless been more acceptable to the majority of those in whose interest it was made. But here, as in everything he did, his conscientiousness is apparent. He would allow himself, not even the small liberty of clothing his author's thoughts in other than the equiva-

* The members of "the league" referred to in the text were: Rev. William L. Breckinridge, Rev. E. P. Humphrey and Rev. W. W. Hill, of the Presbyterian church; Rev. A. D. Sears and Rev. Thomas S. Malcolm, of the denomination of Baptists; and Rev. H. H. Kavanaugh and Rev. G. W. Brush, Methodists.

† The entire work was afterwards published in one large octavo volume by B. J. Webb & Bro., Louisville.

lents of the lingual habiliments in which he had himself introduced them to the great Catholic public.

On the accession of Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding to the coadjutorship of the See of Louisville, Dr. McGill was named vicar-general, and this was his position when, in October, 1850, the bulls were received by him for his appointment to the bishophric of the See of Richmond. Having recommended the matter to God in true humility of heart, he accepted the trust, and with the least possible delay, arranged for his early consecration. It was his desire that his consecration should take place in the church in which he had made his first communion, and where, from tonsure to priesthood he had been invested with the insignia of his holy calling. His aged parents, too, were still alive, and still residing within hearing of the bells of St. Joseph's, the former cathedral of the diocese, and his filial reverence suggested to him the idea that it would be becoming in him to so arrange matters that these might be of the number of the recipients of his first episcopal blessing. For these and other reasons, the consecration of Bishop McGill took place in the church of St. Joseph, Bardstown, on the 10th day of November, 1850.*

Bishop McGill reached his episcopal city on the 6th December, 1850, where he was received with much joy by his priests and people, and with favorable consideration by very many of the leading non-Catholic residents of Richmond.

Three times after his consecration Bishop McGill visited Europe and Rome. The first of these occasions was in 1852, and the last in 1869, when he and the greater number of his episcopal brothers of the United States assembled in Rome to unite with the entire prelacy of the christian world in voicing the decrees of the Vatican council. From his correspondence with the members of his family in Kentucky on these several occasions, the writer might appropriately give here much that is not yet devoid of interest; but he has only room for the annexed extracts from a letter addressed from Paris to one of his sisters, bearing date of February 3, 1853:

'I was present," he writes, "on last Sunday, at the marriage of Louis Napoleon, emperor of the French, and the Countess Mademoiselle de Montijo. From my place near the altar, I had a good view of the emperor and his spouse. He was vested as a gen-

* The church and college of St. Joseph, Bardstown, were at this time under the charge of the Jesuit fathers, P. J. Verhœgen, F. Di Maria and others, and there was nothing left undone by these to give solemnity to the occasion. The ceremony of consecration was performed by Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, archbishop of St. Louis, assisted by quite a number of prelates, of whom I can now recall but two, Rt. Rev. R. P. Miles, of Nashville, and Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, of Louisville. The most profuse hospitality was extended to the visiting clergy by the college authorities; and, after the ceremony of consecration, a dinner was spread by them to which very many of the leading citizens of the town were also invited. Among these, I remember, was Gov. Charles A. Wickliffe, in whose office the newly consecrated prelate had begun the study of law immediately after his graduation.

eral in the French army, without the sword; she, in white velvet, with a crown or diadem of diamonds and other ornaments, veiled in lace. In person, they seem suitable, he being forty-eight, and she twenty-six years of age. The church of Notre Dame, where they were married, was magnificently decorated, and blazed with light from innumerable chandeliers. The archbishop and his clergy were attired gorgeously. The witnesses of the ceremony comprised all that is most distinguished in Paris. Among these, in the sanctuary alone, were five cardinals, fifteen bishops, and a crowd of inferior clergy. Six hundred musicians, vocal and instrumental, filled the choir, and the music was beautifully rendered. A scene of greater grandeur could not be easily conceived.

"I dine, at times, with the family of Count de Maistre, formerly governor of Nice, who are spending the winter here. Beside the count and his lady, I find an aunt, two sons, and two grown daughters, all pious, and all intelligent—the whole constituting a charming family, indeed.

"When Bishop Ives, Protestant bishop of North Carolina, came to Rome, he brought to me letters of introduction, and we afterwards had long conversations on the subject of religion. I assisted at his abjuration, baptism, etc., on the 22d of December, last (1852). I also received into the Church Mrs. Ella R. Dickens, of North Carolina, who was traveling with Dr. Ives and his lady. I had been introduced to this lady in Staunton, Virginia, the year before. By express permission of the Pope, I gave her confirmation after baptism.

"While in Rome, it was my good fortune to witness an extraordinary wonder—the moving of the eyes and changes of expression in a picture representing the crucifixion of our Savior. This was at the church of St. Marcellino e Pietro. This church is situated in the neighborhood of St. John Lateran, and it is attached to the convent of the sisters of St. Teresa. The picture had been exposed in the church, and all had seen the moving of the eyes. Unfortunately, when I reached the temple, the picture had been removed to its place in the choir, and I was told I could not see it. But I asked to be permitted to speak to the superioress, and was shown to the parlor. When this latter, accompanied by an attendant, appeared at the grating, I stated my wishes, but was told I was too late; that no one could enter the cloister without a permit from the Pope, and that it would be troublesome to remove the picture back to the church. 'Besides,' said she, 'all do not see what is seen by some.' She assured me that it often happened, out of a given number of lookers-on, that while some of the party saw no change in the picture, others would be favored with a distinct vision of the awe-inspiring wonder. She did not know why God allowed it to be so, but I 'might see the picture, and not the wonder.' I told her I was a bishop, and from America, a long way off; that I was obliged to leave Rome on the following Monday, and could not come again, and I finally persuaded her to have the picture brought down to the church. I returned at

once, and while waiting, knelt at the altar and prayed to God, if he allowed this wonder to take place at all, that he would permit me to behold it. When I was told that the painting was at the grating, which opens into a sacristy adjoining the church, I knelt before it, and to my astonishment, I beheld the eyes fairly twinkling from side to side for a little while, and then begin to move slowly upward, the pupils gradually disappearing beneath the lids, the whites enlarging, and what was to me both wonderful and awful, the expression of the countenance changing, the face becoming, as it were, human, and having the appearance of one dying in supplication and agony. Never have I seen such a portraiture of the dying throes of our Lord on the cross! If possible, the changes in expression were more wonderful than the moving of the eyes. After a few minutes spent in prayer, I arose from my knees and asked the sisters to turn the picture around. The representation, be it remembered, had been previously held within a foot and a half or two feet of my eyes. They did as I had requested, and I saw the canvas back, which one of the sisters struck on either side to show me that it could contain no contrivance to promote deception. After it was turned back, I again distinctly saw the motion of the eyes and the change of expression. The next day a large party of bishops, gentlemen and ladies, to whom I had mentioned the matter, went from the hotel at which they were stopping and were permitted to see the picture. Among these was Bishop O'Reilly, of Hartford. He and several of the party saw the same wonder; but others of them did not. Dr. Nicholson, archbishop of Corfu, saw it very distinctly when it was exposed in the church. I have no more doubt that I saw what I have here related than that I saw anything else in Rome. But whether the miracle consists in an actual motion of the object, or in the production of that sensation and conviction in the subject or person, I know not. Often does the expression I then saw rise up before my mind to serve as a memento of our Lord's death."

That Bishop McGill labored, throughout the twenty-one years of his episcopate, with efficiency and zeal, and in all charity, to secure the well-being of his flock, the writer has abundant evidence, but the details of his labors that have come into his possession are meagre indeed. In 1854, when the anti-Catholic bigotry of the country became concentrated in a political faction that sought to overthrow the government of the United States by the abrogation of its leading principle, he defended his assailed church and the patriotism of its members in a series of able letters addressed to Robert Ridgway, Esq. "This controversy," says a writer in the Richmond Enquirier in an article published after his death, "introduced to the bishop many of the best of our non-Catholic citizens, and laid for him the foundation of many lasting friendships."

While bishop of Richmond, Dr. McGill's published writings, other than the letters alluded to, consisted of a treatise on the "True Church" and an admirable compendium of Catholic doctrine, intended as much

for seekers after truth in religion as it was for the fuller instruction of Catholics themselves, to which he gave the title, "Faith the Victory." There were built and consecrated under his administration of the diocese Catholic churches at Norfolk, Fortress Monroe, Richmond, Fredricksburg, Warrenton and Fairfax station. During the war of the rebellion he established and maintained an infirmary in Richmond, and after it was over, built the convent of Monte Maria on Church Hill.

In the summer of 1871, he visited his relations living in Kentucky for the last time. That he was ill was sadly perceptible to these; but none of them considered his condition one of extreme danger. Returning to Richmond, he gradually grew worse until death relieved him of his sufferings on the morning of Sunday, January 14th, 1872.*

* Referring to the death of Bishop McGill, and to the scenes that were witnessed at his funeral, the Richmond Enquirer thus comments: "Bishop McGill filled too large and too honorable a place among us, and his death leaves too great a void to be passed over without respectful, if not adequate mention. . . . . Of the many hundreds that thronged the cathedral yesterday, to pay the tribute of their love to his memory, there was not one, no matter what his country or his creed, who did not feel that a great and good man had departed, nor was there one who looked upon the serene face and smiling lips, who did not there see shadowed forth the sublime confidence of his faith—*Qui credit in me, etiam si mortuus fuerit, vivet.*"

Of his relations, only his sister, Mrs. Sarah A. Webb, with two of her children, both grown, witnessed the death of Bishop McGill; and these reached his bedside in time only for recognition and farewell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MISSION OF LEXINGTON.

Of all the cities and towns of the State, Lexington, next to Bardstown, has a Catholic history that reaches farthest into the past. It began with the journey's end of Fathers Badin and Barrieres, prosecuted on foot from Limestone on the Ohio river, to Lexington, toward the close of November of the year 1793. "On the first Sunday of Advent," says Dr. Spalding, "M. Badin said mass in the house of Dennis McCarthy, an Irish Catholic, then a clerk in the commercial house of Col. Moyland, a brother of the archbishop of Cork." For a year and a half after the date given, Father Badin's headquarters were at a point in Scott county less that twenty miles distant from Lexington: and it is reasonable to suppose that he did not neglect the small number of Catholics then residing in that place. Up to the year 1800, it is said, he was in the habit of saying mass in the house of one Thomas Tibbatts, and that his entire congregation comprised the members of not over a half-dozen families.

In the year 1801, Father John Thayer contracted for the purchase of a lot "adjoining the Baptist graveyard," upon which stood an old log house, the second built in Lexington, which was from that time used as a chapel. This property was deeded to Rev. S. T. Badin by Samuel Ayres and Jane McNair, on the 20th November, 1804, in consideration of the sum of three hundred dollars.

The feast of St. Patrick, in 1810, was made by Father Badin the occasion of the opening of subscription lists for the erection of a new church in Lexington. At that time, says Dr. Spalding in his "Sketches of Kentucky," a Franciscan friar, of Irish birth, but attached to a monastery of his order in France, and previously driven from that country by the fanatics of the Revolutionary period, was temporarily sojourning in Kentucky and serving its missions. Father O'Flynn—such was his name—had little the appearance of a man to whom attached anything extraordinary, whether in respect to natural talents or acquired knowledge. Physically, he was a weakly creature; he was careless in his dress, reticent at all times, and extremely diffident. He went about in a garb of humbleness that exaggerated in nothing his heart's deep humility, and he succeeded in hiding from those for and amongst whom he labored all evidences of his possession of other than ordinary talents and modest capabilities. The contrary of all this, however, he could not hide from his superior, Father Badin; and that

impulsive demonstrator of the possible in missionary effort, without any previous consultation with his co-worker, had announcement made that the patronal feast of the Irish people would be appropriately celebrated in Lexington, and that the sermon on the occasion would be delivered by a priestly son of St. Patrick.

Father Badin came very near reckoning without his host on this occasion. When told of the appointment that had been made for him—he was sojourning at the time at the church of St. Francis, in Scott county—Father O'Flynn declared emphatically that he could not fill it. Father Badin was not a little of a diplomatist, however, and while seeming to give way in the face of the objections of his clerical co-laborer, he set his wits to work to induce him to be present, at least, at the meeting he had called for the 17th of March in Lexington. He gained his point after much persuasion, and both appeared at the court-house in Lexington, where the meeting was to be held, at the pre-appointed hour. Father Badin rose at length and announced his intention of delivering before his audience a short preliminary address; "after which," he took occasion to say, his "clerical friend would no doubt have something to say to them." Dr. Spalding thus tells the after story:

"Father O'Flynn at length arose to his feet. His dress and whole appearance were very lowly, and he commenced in an embarrassed, trembling voice. Every one expected a failure. Soon, however, his embarrassment ceased; he kindled with his subject, and for more than an hour he kept the large assemblage enchained. All were lost in astonishment at the success of the unpromising orator. Seldom had such a burst of genuine eloquence been heard in Lexington. More than three hundred dollars were subscribed on the spot for the erection of the new church, and the amount was soon increased to ten times that sum. Protestants subscribed as liberally as Catholics. Among the former we may mention with praise Captain Nathaniel Hart and Col. Joe Daviess."*

It is to be regretted that of the considerable number of Catholic residents of Lexington between the years 1800 and 1815, the writer has been able to secure for this chapter so few of the names by which they were known. It is still more to be regretted that, in some cases, at least, where he is familiar with their names, he is confronted by the fact that the descendants are no longer faithful to the religion of their fathers. In Kentucky, defections have been found most numerous where Catholics were numerically but an inconsiderable fraction of the community. Comment upon this fact is not here necessary,

*About the year 1814, Father O'Flynn's infirmities had increased upon him to such a degree that he was obliged to retire from missionary work. He passed the last years of his exile in America the honored guest of the late Captain Peter Wickham, of Bardstown, a countryman of his, and one of the most intelligent and liberal Catholics of Nelson county. Father O'Flynn returned to France in 1816, where he filled the position of chaplain in a pious and wealthy family for a number of years preceding his death.

since every intelligent American Catholic must have observed that time-serving on the part of parents, breeds in the children indifference to religion.

Among the members of the congregation of St. Peter's, Lexington, up to the year 1825, were: Thomas Tibbatts, Patrick Geoghegan, whose wife was Elizabeth Findston, and whose son, Samuel Geoghegan, was clerk of the board of trustees of St. Peter's church in the year 1838; Sam. Hickey, father of Judge Thomas Hickey; Thomas and Berlinda Hardy Worland, from Scott county; Jeremiah Murphy; Mrs. Eliza Wirt; Wm. Stickney; Matthew Alton; William McCoy, father of Alex. McCoy, and father-in-law of Dennis Mulligan, Esq., at this time one of the most influential Catholic citizens of Lexington; Mrs. Tigarde, Cornelius Coyle, one of whose grandsons is Judge Walter Cleary, of Lexington, and Stephen Giron.*

The church of St. Peter was opened and dedicated on the 19th of May, 1812, though the deed for the lot upon which it was built—executed in favor of Rev. S. T. Badin by Robert and Ann Todd, for the stated consideration of $312—bears date July 13, 1813. The church was visited, possibly not over twice a month, and alternately, by Fathers Badin and Angier. This was continued until about the year 1817, when Father Angier was removed from the mission and was substituted by Rev S. H. Montgomery, O. S. D., who, for a short time, and with occasional assistance from Father Badin and from his own associates of St. Rose, managed to serve both the congregation in Scott county and that in Lexington. He was soon afterwards relieved entirely of the care of the church last named by the appointment to the parish of Rev. Wm. T. Willett, O. S. D., who served it alone until disabled by sickness in 1823, when Rev. Sam'l H. Montgomery, O. S. D., was again sent to his assistance.†

* Major John H. Hanley and his family resided at some distance from Lexington, but they were reckoned among the members of the congregation. Whether as a Catholic or as a citizen, no man stood higher in all Eastern Kentucky than Major Hanley. Twenty-five and more years ago he was in the habit of enclosing to my care his annual subscription to the fund of the charitable association known as the society of St. Vincent de Paul. His own death and that of his wife took place in 1867. Patrick Geoghegan and his wife, named in the text, were long identified with the Catholic history of Lexington, as were also their children at a later day. The late Most Rev. Francis P. Kenrick was much attached to this family, several members of which he had known in his own youth in the city of Dublin.

† Father W. T. Willett is represented by Dr. Spalding as a man who "was as remarkable for his talents as he was for his zeal. He won the hearts of all who knew him." He fell a victim to consumption on the 9th day of May, 1824, and his remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Lexington. "Two other priests are buried here," writes a correspondent, "Rev. John McCormick, who was drowned while on his way to Lexington, in 1848, and Rev. Wm. Morgan, O. C. O. M., of the diocese of Nashville, a native of Ireland, and a convert to the Catholic faith, who died at the residence of Major John H. Hanly, in November, 1840."

In 1836, Father Edward McMahon undertook the serious task of building a new church. Finding it impossible to raise the necessary funds at home, where the Catholic body was little affluent, he went on a tour of solicitation to New Orleans, where he is said to have raised the sum of $5,000. Returning in 1837, he caused to be erected the present St. Peter's, which was opened for divine service and dedicated by Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat on the 3d day of December, 1837.*

St. Catherine's Academy, Lexington, a branch establishment of the Sisterhood of Charity of Nazareth, dates from November, 1833, when a colony of sisters, previously established in Scott county, was removed thither. The first superior of this establishment was Sister Ann Spalding, a sister of Mother Catherine Spalding, of happy memory.

In 1845, the late Dr. John Browne and wife, Mrs. Eliza S. Browne, removed from Paris to Lexington, where the remaining years of their lives were passed, and where their Catholic charity is not likely soon to be forgotten. The former, who had been a fellow-pupil of Archbishop Purcell, occupied for several years the chair of anatomy in Transylvania university. He was strongly attached to the late Bishop McGill, and when he died, in 1855, it was found that he had willed to him, for his diocese of Richmond, property in Lexington of considerable value. His widow, Mrs. Eliza S. Browne, died in 1881, leaving a bequest to St. Joseph's charity hospital of $2,200.

The house and grounds occupied by St. Joseph's hospital were purchased by Dennis Mulligan, Esq., for the sum of $7,000, which amount was contributed by various charitable persons. In 1877 the property was transferred to the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. The hospital is ably managed, and it is in the receipt of stipends from both the city and the county for the care of the sick poor.

The list of pastors of St. Peter's church, Lexington, between the years 1824 and 1864, includes the following names: Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, for the year 1825; Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, for part of the year 1826; Rev. George A. M. Elder, from 1826 to 1830; Rev. Edward McMahon, from 1830 to 1835; Rev. John McGill, from 1835 to 1836; Rev. Edward McMahon, for 1837; Rev. M. J. Spalding, until September, 1838; Revs. Edward and Abraham McMahon and John Joyce, from 1839 to 1849; Rev. John McGuire, from 1849 to 1853; and from that date to 1864, Rev. Francis F. Di Maria, S. J., Rev. Peter McMahon, Rev. H. G. Allen, Rev. Joseph Brogard, and Rev. Peter Perry.

* The present zealous pastor of Lexington, Rev. Ferd. Brossart, has lately expended upon the repairs of this church the sum of $3,000. Its walls are adorned by two pictures of great merit, "The Guardian Angel" and "The Cure of the Paralytic by St. Peter." A remarkable incident took place at St. Peter's on Sunday, August 13, 1854. The entire ceiling fell to the floor beneath, flattening everything to its level with the single exception of a statue of Our Lady, and this had but one of its fingers broken off.

In 1864, Providence so disposed of events as to provide for the Catholic people of Lexington a pastor of souls whose name and fame should be as dear to their hearts as was important to their religious welfare the blessed work he so successfully prosecuted. This pastor was the late

REV. JOHN H. BEKKERS.

Reviewing the past of the Church in Kentucky, one is naturally attracted to the prominent features in its history, and to the men who most conspicuously figured therein. The lives of such men as Bishops Flaget and David, Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, and others prominently identified with the history of Catholicity in the State, must always remain representative subjects of interest for Catholics. These eminent and holy ecclesiastics were so circumstanced as to attract what they neither labored nor cared for—human appreciation of their efforts to win souls to God—and the very conditions under which was wrought the work set for them to do, were such as to attract public attention to their acts and to themselves. But the history of Catholicity in the State records, also, for the veneration of the faithful of our own times, the names of other ecclesiastics, much less noted when living, and now scarcely remembered beyond the constantly narrowing circles wherein were spent their toilsome and meritorious lives, that are equally worthy of consideration with those to which repetition has familiarized our ears. Such a priest, and such a man was the subject of this sketch.

John Henry Bekkers was born April 22, 1821, in Druten, Province of Guelderland, Holland. His theological studies were prosecuted at the seminary of Hoeven, near Breda, and he was there ordained priest in 1844. In 1853, he offered his services to Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, bishop of Louisville, who was visiting Holland at the time with the view of securing missionary priests for his diocese. He reached Kentucky, in advance of Bishop Spalding, in May, 1853.

Of numbers of priests whose lives were passed in the service of the Catholic people of Kentucky, the writer has already expressed his honest convictions of their high deservings. Here and now, he has to speak of one who was his guide, his mentor, his associate in many a work of Catholic charity; of one who was his personal friend from the time his feet first touched the soil of the State to the day upon which, twenty-five years later, he lay waiting, with such wonderful patience, the moment of his release from the bodily sufferings he had been enduring for the greater part of that time. What Father Bekkers was must first be considered: In person he was tall and spare, and the expression of his face was at once pleasing and kindly. He was extremely methodical, and hence he found time in which to labor that would have been wholly lost to a less practical worker. Never was man more thoroughly unselfish. He embraced a life of toil, when he might have led one of ease. Provided with a patrimony that was ample for his needs in his native Holland, he chose to

devote both it and himself to missionary work in America. Upon money, as a factor of personal enjoyment, he placed no value whatever; and he regarded neither toil nor discomforts as worthy of the least consideration, so long as they could be made contributory to the welfare of others.

Father Bekkers was emphatically a worker all the days of his missionary life in Kentucky. In the discharge of pastoral duty, the term *exactness* would be far from expressing his understanding of its grave responsibilities. Where another, so situated, might have conscientiously believed himself entitled to rest, this wonderful worker appeared as if he were unconscious of weariness; and his business in hand being finished, he was restless until he found something else to do. He came to the country with little knowledge of its spoken language, and yet he was able in less than three months to fulfil toward the members of the cathedral parish, Louisville, every duty pertaining to his pastoral office, including those that relate to instruction, both catechetical and from the pulpit.

In the infancy of the organization in Louisville, Father Bekkers was appointed by Bishop Spalding spiritual director of the then only conference in the city of the society of St. Vincent de Paul. He was its soul and its mind; and it is due to his memory to say that its after expansion and the admirable influence it still exerts for good, as well among its own members as in the families of the poor who are its clients, is measurably owing to his enlightened counsels and to the charitable and brotherly spirit he so earnestly labored to infuse into the organization. During these years—from 1853 to 1861—outside of the routine of his priestly duties, which were never neglected, and never performed in a manner that was the least careless, it appeared to the writer as if his constant thought was of the poor of the parish, and how he might best introduce into their darkened homes, often made so by their own evil habits, accessories to comfort, and habits of virtuous, christian life.

For nearly eight years after his introduction to the cathedral parish, Father Bekkers filled the office of chancellor of the diocese. In the spring of 1861, his health, which had never been robust, became so much affected as to cause him to seek at the hands of his bishop, as a measure of relief, the privilege of travel in the character of a missionary visitor of the churches situated in the western counties of the State; and for several months he was engaged in giving missions in Union and the adjoining counties. In August, of the same year, he was recalled to Louisville to assume the pastorship of the church of Our Lady, Portland. Here he remained for two years, and it was during his pastorate that the church was enlarged and a comfortable presbytery built for the use of its pastor.*

* While still at the cathedral, Father Bekkers had succeeded in an effort he made to supply the small resident Catholic population of Shelbyville with a church. The lot upon which it was built, was a gift from a Mrs. Campbell,

In 1863, Father Bekkers visited his native country, and on his return he applied to his bishop for permission to attach himself to the diocese of Covington. His request being granted, he was soon afterwards installed pastor of St. Peter's church, Lexington. His work in this chief inland city of the State is something wonderful to contemplate. The body he found spiritless he renewed with life. He banished tepidity and slothfulness from the households of his parishioners, and he set up in them wholesome standards of virtue and practical religion. He sought out the poor and degraded in their homes, bringing relief to the former, and seeking through the exhibition of kindly interest to lead the latter out of their debasement into better and more honorable modes of life. He gathered together the children of the parish, and imparted to them catechetical instructions; and it was not long before he had provided for them large and airy school-houses, with competent teachers in secular learning, where they were in no danger of losing their faith through a system of education that is applicable only in a state of society from which all ideas are banished that relate to God and to a future life.

The steady hand of the good pastor was still tireless. He would now build to the honor and glory of his Divine Master a temple more worthy of His sacred presence. The work was begun in 1865, and the corner-stone of the church of St. Paul was laid by Rt. Rev. George A. Carrell, bishop of Covington, on the 12th November of that year. The great undertaking was accomplished only after years of labor and solicitude; but at no time did it drag along in uncertainty. Week by week its solid walls appeared as if lifting themselves from the ground, and yet there was no incubus of debt staring the devoted pastor in the face as he entered upon his Sunday's duties. He never faltered, never wavered, never desponded. He planned and his people planned with him, to raise the costs of construction as the work progressed. The energy he displayed raised up for him friends beyond the pale of the Church, and the knowledge that Catholics had of the unselfishness of his character inclined them to be generous.

The church of St. Paul, Lexington, the second in point of size in the entire State, with appointments little inferior to most cathedrals, was finished at length, and its solemn consecration took place on the 18th October, 1868.

When Father Bekkers first reached Lexington, he found subscriptions awaiting him in the hands of Mr. Dennis Mulligan, amounting to the sum of nine thousand dollars. This was at once put to use in the purchase of the lots on Short street upon which the church of St. Paul now stands, together with an old but substantial and roomy dwelling-house attached, since used for a pastoral residence, which

whose husband was not a Catholic; and the greater part of the funds necessary for the erection of the building was contributed by personal friends of Father Bekkers in Louisville.

had formerly been owned and occupied by Robert S. Todd, the father of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. *

In 1864, the entire church property in Lexington was scarcely of the value of $20,000. At the date of the death of Father Bekkers, it could not have been worth less than $150,000. He had bought and paid for a parochial residence, and for grounds for a church and parochial school buildings, and on these latter he had erected buildings that had cost in the aggregate for construction alone, the sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars. He had established a charity hospital at a cost of $10,000; and he had bought twenty acres of land for a grave-yard at a cost of $6,500. The mere mention of the results of his labors, as these affected the material interests of his parish, will sufficiently indicate the measure of his capabilities. But still more wonderful were his labors and their fruits in giving heavenward direction to the minds and hearts, the aspirations and the hopes of those to whom he had been sent of God that he might lead them aright in the paths of virtue and religion. There was a sermon in his very looks, and in everything he did, that caused men to wish they were nearer like him. Whatever he took in hand, and there were no idle days in his calendar of time, appeared to prosper. The estranged from virtue and the stragglers from the fold were the particular objects of his solicitude, and it was rarely the case that one of either class, hearing his voice, was proof against its earnest pleadings. He was equally successful as as a propagandist of Catholic truth. In the fifty-two years of his residence in Louisville, the writer cannot name another who appeared to him to have such facility in this direction. His converts were many, and they remained afterwards faithful. It was the same in Lexington, where, as is well known, he was God's instrument in inducing the conversion of quite a number of persons, some of whom were men and women of prominence in the community. Then he showed his solicitude for the future of the Church of Kentucky by directing the eyes of his more prominent sodalists and others to a religious state of life. †

What will be considered most singular in respect to the labors of Father Bekkers in Lexington, is the fact that his health was at no time good, and often the exact reverse. It would seem that the spirit that animated him was superior to bodily pain, as it was also superior to obstacles that men in robust health would have ordinarily deemed insurmountable. As he neared the limit of his earthly existence, his attacks of illness became more frequent and less easily removed. He was seized with the last of these, the one that finally opened to him the gates of life eternal, about the middle of February, 1878. In despite of medical attention and careful nursing, his condition

* I have heard it stated that Mrs. President Lincoln was born in this house, but others say that she only passed in it the years of her girlhood.

†I have reason for believing that the diocese of Louisville is indebted to his wise direction, in particular cases, for several of its most useful priests now laboring on its missions.

remained unaltered for the better for five months. He then appeared to rally; but his improvement was as the flash of the candle before its final extinguishment. In October, persuaded that his long sickness was giving trouble to his friends, and especially to Mr. T. J. Danahy, who had ministered to him from the beginning with the faithfulness of a son, he insisted on being taken to the hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth, Louisville. This demand of his, though strongly opposed by Mr. Danahy and others of his friends, was finally acquiesced in by them, and he reached the hospital only to linger there for twenty-seven days, when the summons came that brought him into His presence to whom he had given his heart in youth, and in whose service he had spent all the intervening days of his life, even to that upon which he had finished his course. Among those who stood with tearful eyes around his bed of death were Father Lambert Young, of Frankfort; Sister Lucy Todd, of St. Catharine's, Lexington; and Mr. T. J. Danahy, of the same city. A document was found among the papers of the deceased pastor, the material part of which, as it was read from the pulpit by Very Rev. E. H. Brandts on the occasion of his funeral, was as a signal for uncontrollable weeping on the part of his hearers. Even now, the nature that is at all sensitive, though he may never have heard of him who penned the lines, will be inclined to tears from their perusal.

The dead priest had left instructions that in lieu of a sermon or oration on the occasion of his funeral, the paper referred to as having been found among his effects, and denominated by him his *will*, should be read by the officiating priest. The paper alluded to reads as follows:

"It is my wish that my remains shall be buried at the entrance of St. Paul's church, under the steeple; and that my grave shall be covered with a plain marble slab; I desire that there shall be no display or ostentation at my funeral, and no sermon or oration at the same; but that everything be in a plain, simple manner.

"I desire by the lips of him who may officiate at my funeral, I may be allowed to say to my separated brethren that I am thankful to Almighty God for having called me to the Holy Catholic Church, and allowed me to persevere and die in the Catholic faith; and as in this life, so in death, I will continue to pray, that they, too, may receive the precious gift of faith.

"To my late parishioners, I likewise desire to say that I wish them ever to remember the teachings and lessons I have inculcated, and the admonitions I have given them; I ask that they forget the human imperfections and frailties they may have seen in me, and imitate only my good example.

"To all of Catholic parents, who were baptized Catholics, but who, attracted by the things of this world, have wandered from the Church: remember that I have time and again urged you, and do now implore and entreat you, to return to your Church, and to the practice of that faith which is able to save you. You will, one day, like him

who now speaks to you, be called upon to give an account of every thought, word and deed. You, over whom I was placed as pastor, will remember that, to-day, it is I—to-morrow, it may be you.

"To the members of St. Vincent's Conference: I ask them to extend their charity to every creature. Let it be truly Catholic.

"To the youth of this congregation, knowing the temptations and snares that beset your path: I have endeavored to form you into a band, that I might frequently have the opportunity to be among you, to speak with, and give you fatherly advice, to fortify and protect you against the many evils of the day.

"My time is past; I will no more frequent your meetings; I can no longer raise my voice, to advise or console you. *I am dead!* But I beseech you, never forget my instruction and advice to you. Be virtuous and good, so that the sweet odor of your example may attract others and lead them to salvation.

"To you, sodalists, young maidens: I speak now to you for the last time. Continue under the protection of Mary Immaculate, and when in after-life, you meet with trials and sorrows, go to the Mother of Sorrows for consolation and relief.

"In conclusion, when you walk over my grave, passing over the dust of my mortal remains to the altar whereon I so often offered the Holy Sacrifice for you, remember my poor soul.

"Signed, J. H. BEKKERS, Pastor."*

*The directions of the deceased pastor regarding the disposal of his remains were faithfully carried out. In the vestibule of the church is to be seen a slab, upon which appears this inscription: "In Memory of JOHN H. BEKKERS, born at Druten, Holland, April 22, 1821; Ordained a Priest, 1844; Came to America, 1853; To Lexington, 1864; Founded this Church, November 12, 1865; Dedicated, October 18, 1868; Remained its Pastor until he died, September 12, 1878; His remains lie in the vault beneath. R. I. P."

CHAPTER XXVII.

RT. REV. BENEDICT JOSEPH FLAGET.*

In the Church, as in the social and civil affairs of peoples and nations, there has always been a succession of extraordinary men—of men who, through the possession of characters distinguishing them above their fellows, have earned to themselves measures of fame more or less imperishable. There is not a nook or corner of the christian world in which the memory of some humble toiler in the vineyard of the Great Master, some valiant soldier of the cross of Christ, some simple virgin, treading barefoot the stony way that leads to heaven, is not preserved among the people and made to serve them for edification. In the little less than one hundred years of its existence, the Church of Kentucky has been blessed with many such worthies, whom to recall is to profit by the retrospect.

Among the remembrances of my childhood, there are none more distinct than those which refer to Bishop Flaget. I cannot remember when his features were not as familiar to me as were those of my own parents.† In 1819, when the cathedral church of St. Joseph was consecrated to the service of God, Bishop Flaget was in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was tall, nearly six feet high, well proportioned and of an upright carriage. To a noble stature and commanding presence, there were united in him the most polished manners and the most benign expression of features. An in-born dignity that was as suave as it was unaffected, and an easy grace that was at all times charming, characterized both his movements and his speech. The expression of his eyes varied with his emotions, and of these they spoke so clearly that none had to look beyond them to learn his

*This and other sketches that are to follow were designed for publication in the form of reminiscences. This will explain the use in them of the ordinarily objectionable personal pronoun.

†While the cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, was being constructed (1817–1819), mass for the congregation was ordinarily celebrated in the parlor of my father's house. Generally speaking, the celebrant of this mass was Father John B. David, but, not unfrequently, his temporarily vacated place was supplied by either Bishop Flaget, Rev. S. T. Badin, Rev. Charles Nerinckx or Rev. G. I. Chabrat. Though I had not yet reached my sixth year when these services came to an end through the occupancy of the cathedral, their recurrence is a defined memory with me to the present day, as are also the forms, faces and general appearance of the persons named.

thoughts affecting themselves. Both the worldly afflicted and the spiritually tainted found reason to hope when those tender eyes beamed upon them, humid with sympathy. Their light was rarely clouded by sternness, and none ever saw them flash with anger. That he was revered by his priests and entire flock would not be telling half the story of their relationship. He was one of those toward whom the hearts of men went out loaded down with personal affection. His people recognized in him an exponent of that philosophy which demanded of them no effort of elucidation; that was its own interpreter, its own index, pointing the way to their swift footsteps and faithful following.

It is a singular fact that Bishop Flaget, throughout his entire life in Kentucky, suffered no malignment of character from any source. He carried in his face the signet of a pure conscience and a benevolent heart, and so marked were the evidences of his devotion to God, to principle and to the best interests of humanity, that not even sectarian rancor could find in him a target for its shafts. Unable to say aught against him, the bigots of his day were in the habit of describing him as a man whose virtues were natural and ingrained, and who owed nothing to his religion for those qualities and properties of heart and mind, which won for him so large a measure of popular respect and homage. In the days to which I refer, and for many years afterwards, Bishop Flaget was eminently a worker. He was in the habit of sharing with his clergy the multifarious labors of their ministry. No less prompt than these, he was to be seen at the altar, in the confessional, in the pulpit, on the road in answer to sick-calls: wherever, indeed, the exigencies of the occasion led him to believe that he might be in any wise serviceable to religion and the welfare of souls. He enjoyed no exemption from labor that was engaged in by his priests and seminarians, sharing it often in a greater degree. With these latter, he took his meals, eating of the same food, which was always plain and sometimes scanty, and discounting no rule of the house in his own favor, but rather using his supreme authority to mitigate its rigor in favor of his subordinates.

When Dr. Chabrat went to France in 1820, to make collections in behalf of the newly established diocese, Bishop Flaget gave him a document, a translation of which is given below. Here we find in his own words, an account of the trials and labors which he and his priests had to undergo, and the fruits these had already secured at that early date:

"Benedict Joseph Flaget, *by the grace of God and the favor of the Holy See, bishop of Bardstown, in Kentucky, one of the United States in North America, to his countrymen in France, health and benediction:*

"If the apostles narrated with pleasure the successes with which God crowned their ministry, and if these very details found in their letters (epistles) afford us a great deal of edification, I hope that I am not about to fail against propriety, and still less against the rules of christian modesty, which, in general, forbid us to speak of ourselves and our

successes. I even venture to hope that my fellow-countrymen will rejoice with me for the blessings that God has deigned to bestow on my feeble efforts, and those of my fervent missionaries, and that they will do everything in their power to second the designs of Divine Providence on the country in which I dwell, so that religion may be firmly rooted therein, and be blessed in the future with abundant fruits of sanctity and salvation. It is in the presence of God, and conscious of the uprightness of my motive that I am about to relate to you the principal events that have taken place in my diocese since my elevation to the episcopate. I am too well known by a large number of those who will read this to fear the attacks of vanity, and I have my salvation too much at heart to deviate from the strictest limits of truth.

After having declined the episcopal dignity for two years, because I saw not in myself either the necessary virtues or talents, I was obliged to accept it by the sovereign Pontiff under pain of disobedience. To resist longer after such a command would have been stubbornness and presumption. I was persuaded that it was best to bow my head humbly and accept the yoke, how dreadful soever it might be. I was consecrated bishop at Baltimore, by the illustrious Bishop Carroll, the first Catholic bishop in the United States. Towards the end of April, in the following year, I set out for my diocese with four young seminarians (two of whom were French), and a Sulpician, my friend and confrére, who was their superior. We arrived at Bardstown, the See of my bishopric on the 9th of June.

"At that time, there were but six priests scattered here and there in the whole of Kentucky, a State as large as the half of France, though it is but the sixth of the territory over which I exercise jurisdiction. No provision had been made for the bishop or his clergy; no property on which they could settle down; no house that they could call their own, and no revenues whatever to meet their most urgent necessities. God alone was our resource; we abandoned ourselves to His fatherly care, and He has been great and munificent towards us.

"After some months, we received from a respectable widow some very fine land, a league from Bardstown. We there built a preparatory seminary, with a brick chapel adjoining. These two buildings cost at least 25,000 francs. A quarter of a league from that place, on the same land, the superior of my seminary, now bishop of *Mauri castro*, and my venerable coadjutor, founded a convent of Sisters of Charity, where there are twenty-two religious, occupied for the most part in giving a finished christian education to those who are well-to-do in the vicinity. They are divided into three houses, and their different schools are very popular, and do a great deal of good. Their buildings cost more than 20,000 francs. We have also bought in the town a five-acre lot which cost us three thousand five hundred francs. On this property has been built the large seminary (*grand séminaire*), on which 25,000 francs have been expended so far, though the building is not yet completely finished. Moreover, on the same lot, a very

pretty cathedral has been erected by subscription, and I had the pleasure of consecrating it on the 8th of August last. The building cost nearly 100,000 francs, of which 25,000 are yet to be paid, but the subscribers are so hard pressed, and the times are so bad, that it would be cruelty to force them to keep their engagements.

"One of my missionaries, a Fleming, no less remarkable for his piety than his talents, has founded, with my consent, another convent of sisters for the education of poor girls and orphans, they will also receive girls who are preparing for their first communion. This convent is composed of sixty religious, some of whom are professed; others are still in their novitiate. They have three schools in three different parishes, where they fulfil their duties with great edification and success. By the austerity of their life, and their great regularity, they recall the happy era of the primitive Church, and do themselves great credit. The cost of their houses is more than forty thousand livres (francs); but their pious founder has almost exhaustless resources in the charity and generosity of his countrymen.

"Exclusive of these expenses, which certainly are prodigious, what has it not cost us during nine years to bring up the students that we have in our seminaries? At present, there are twelve students in the higher seminary (*grand séminaire*), some studying logic, others theology; and twenty-five in the preparatory course, at their humanities. We have not only to educate these poor children *gratis*, but we must furnish them with all necessary books, etc., and board and clothe them. Nothing is more frugal than their table, and nothing poorer than their every-day clothes. Yet in spite of this rigorous economy, it would be absolutely impossible for us to care for so large a number, if they themselves did not lessen our expenses by manual labor. Every day, for three or four hours, they are zealously working in the garden or harvesting; now they are making wine, and to-morrow, they will make bricks, and so on. Such are their daily recreations, scarcely ever bothering themselves with politics; their humility meanwhile striking deep root, and their progress in ecclesiastical knowledge and church music suffering no drawback.

"Nothing is more surprising, and at the same time more edifying, than to witness the bishop officiating pontifically in the cathedral, with deacon and subdeacon (students of the seminary), and a band of tonsured clerics in cassock and surplice, singing the chant almost as well as if they had been brought up in Paris. Our seminary has already given us seven priests. Their piety and their talents would distinguish them even in Europe, and three among them are excellent preachers and controversialists.

"This year, we opened a college for those in easy circumstances, and we intend to give the young men attending the institution, an education as complete as can be obtained in the colleges in France. Protestants as well as Catholics are admitted, and we trust that the cause of morality and sound doctrine will be greatly promoted thereby. We have also made a trial effort in opening a free school for poor Catholic

boys who have not made their first communion. The half of their time will be employed in work on the farm, to defray the expense of their board, and the other half, in learning to read and write, and being instructed in the catechism. Although it is in operation only three months, many have had the happiness of receiving holy communion with the greatest devotion, and one of them has entered the preparatory seminary with the intention of becoming a priest.

"With fifty schools like this, we could renew the face of the whole diocese.

"A very natural reflection now presents itself to the mind: Whence came to us the means wherewith to meet such expenses? How was it possible for us to start so many undertakings without running irretrievably into debt? (For, $500 would pay all my private indebtedness, whilst it was $1000 when I took possession of the diocese.) How was it feasible for us to board and lodge a family which never numbered less than thirty, for the past seven or eight years, and which for two or three years, reached as high as eighty? Verily, it is a prodigy of God's mercy in our behalf that fills us with both *wonder*, at the sight of so many benefits, and *confusion*, fearing that we may prove ungrateful to so good and generous a Father. It is then to second the action of His Divine Providence that we cry out from the depths of our heart for the sympathy and help of our fellow-countrymen. The zeal which they have always shown in the cause of the foreign missions is a sure guarantee for us that they will turn their eyes towards America, and aid us in establishing our holy religion and making it flourish in a country where only forty years ago, nothing was seen but the beasts of the forest, and hordes of savages pursuing them.

"What has heretofore been done by us, is nothing when compared to what still remains to be done; and the work still to be accomplished will never be undertaken unless generous and affectionate hearts come to our relief. Oh, what consolation even in this life will attend those who assist in so many holy designs! Will not the satisfaction they feel be far superior to that enjoyed by worldings who devote their surplus wealth in the luxuries of the table, or in vanity of dress, not to mention things far more criminal? The mere thought that a person has helped to make men better by making them taste the sweetnesses of our most holy religion and by uniting them to God, is already a recompense that repays them a hundred fold for all their sacrifices. And if we add to all this the thousands of grateful hearts which day by day will pour forth their prayers before the throne of the Almighty in behalf of their benefactors, asking for them the most signal graces of heaven, and that at their death, God Himself will be their reward and eternal joy; surely it is tantamount to being the enemy of one's self, to neglect or refuse sharing in such inestimable blessings even at the cost of a few transitory sacrifices.

"Given at St. Joseph's Seminary,

"February 28, 1820. †BENEDICT JOSEPH, Bishop of Bardstown."

Among the letters of Bishop Flaget now in my possession, the following, addressed to Dr. Chabrat when he was ecclesiastical superior of the sisterhood of Loretto, may prove interesting. It refers to the proto-priest of the country, and is written in a familiar style:

"*Very Dear F. Chabrat:* Although I am a little behind hand in manifesting the sentiments of my heart at the commencement of this new year, they are none the less sincere and affectionate. Yes, my dear child, I wish you a good and holy year. I desire that you be meek and humble of heart; that you may have the zeal of St. Francis Xavier, the mortification of St. Francis Borgia, the angelic purity of St. Francis Assisi and the penetration of St. Ignatius. In fine, I wish with all these incomparable treasures, you may live yet half a century; that you may share your immense riches with all those souls confided to your care; and that after having triumphed over all the enemies of your salvation, full of good works and merits, you may sleep in peace on the bosom of your divine Savior, to rise with Him in the realms of glory and happiness.

"You must acknowledge now that you have lost nothing by my delay, and that you are well disposed to excuse me, and be as friendly as you were last year. I pray you to extend these heartfelt wishes of mine to all your good daughters at Loretto. Do the same in the case of Father Badin, if he is about; for since he has left St. Joseph's seminary, no one can tell me his whereabouts. It is believed that he is in ten different places, but no one knows where he resides, and perhaps it is unknown even to himself. At any rate, if he is at Loretto, tell him that I love him most cordially, and that I wish a vigorous health to his body and angelic fervor to his soul. I would have a great many other things to tell him, but probably they would be useless: *e. g.*, a little more order in rising and retiring; in his meals, his prayers, etc., etc.

"After all, these irregularities are not sins; in him, they may be brilliant virtues, by reason of the motive which actuates him, which we must charitably suppose to be holy and divine. Still it is not the less true that what in that apostolic man may be most meritorious, would be a notable disorder in another not actuated by like principles, and especially in a community. To be better understood, I will explain myself: To this good father it is of little concern to say his mass at seven o'clock to-day, at eight o'clock to-morrow, and the day after at ten; for, provided he says it holily and fervently, he will advance with great strides in the path of perfection. To breakfast at nine in the morning, to dine at four in the afternoon, and to take a little refreshment at eleven at night, may be all very good and very holy for an individual, but if religious observance were subject to such irregularities, what would become of it? If, therefore, the good and amiable Father Badin wants the sisters to interrupt their written rules (as I know he is tempted to do) just to suit themselves to his varying habits, then it would be necessary, sweetly of course, but firmly, to tell him that such things cannot be allowed, at the same time assuring

him that anything in the world not contrary to order and the holy rule, will be done to make him happy at Loretto.

"How glad would I be if I were near you in my little cell! With what pleasure would I not assist at the spiritual reading of the good sisters! I think my heart would melt with devotion in such an angelic assembly. But, my God! when will I have the time? May God's most holy will be done! If I have not so great a happiness as to see you and your holy community, at least I have the satisfaction of cherishing you all in my heart at all times, and in all places; and in these sentiments I am going to commence this year, and finish my career with regard to you. Receive then the most cordial and affectionate blessing of Your tender Father,

"January 5th, 1830. BENEDICT J., Bishop of Bardstown."

Than Bishop Flaget, the country has not known a prelate who was more sensitive in regard to scandals. Intimations of faults, however trivial, affecting the reputation of his priests, fretted him immeasurably. He could not bear the thought that one consecrated to God should be guilty of anything that would cause even a shadow of disedification. A case in point that has to it an amusing side has been latterly brought to my notice:

About the first of February, 1822, a stranger priest appeared in Kentucky and applied to the bishop for faculties to exercise the functions of the holy ministry in the city of Louisville. He was evidently a man of good education, and fairly intelligent, and there was nothing in his appearance to denote that he was the victim of appetites that tended to social degradation. The papers he exhibited were evidently authentic, and though the bishop was at the time very greatly in need of priests to attend to the spiritual wants of his people at a half-dozen points in the State, still he hesitated. Why he did so, will appear from the letter that follows, addressed to the applicant, and bearing date:

"FAIRFIELD, KY., February 16, 1822.

"*Dear and Rev. Sir*: After the conversation I had with you last Friday, I promised you a letter this week, and I hasten to comply with my word. Probably, the information I propose to give you will not prove as agreeable as you would wish; but the withholding of it would betray my conscience, and that would be worse. As you seem inclined to exercise the holy ministry in my diocese, at least for a time, I must tell you, before granting you faculties for that purpose, of the unfavorable impressions you have made on the minds of certain of my clergy and upon those of some Catholics of respectability with whom you had occasion to converse. Your *short dress*, your *gold ring* and your *ruffles* were for them subjects of great surprise, or rather of true scandal; and for the reason, that no clergymen in my diocese ever appeared before them in such attire. Mrs. Thompson,* at whose house

*The Mrs. Thompson here alluded to, was the wife of the late Col. Valentine Thompson, the then proprietor of the old stone tavern on the high road leading from Bardstown to Louisville, about twelve miles from the former

you lodged, and who is but a half Catholic, could not persuade herself that you were a priest at all, because there was nothing in your appearance that reminded her of what she had seen in me and my priests. She wondered, too, that you had so few prayers to say, since all the other priests who had lodged under her roof had been in the habit, before retiring to rest, and after getting up in the morning, of spending an hour or two in prayer and meditation, and in reading their breviaries.

"I must confess to you that your *ring* displeased me very much; and that I manifested my displeasure to Rev. Mr. Butler.* He told me that he had intimated to your reverence that the wearing of it would cause scandal; and I, thinking you would profit by his advice, did not speak to you about it. Seeing, however, that you have paid no attention to his counsel, I consider that I am bound in conscience, before granting to you the faculties asked for, to require of you that you shall spend some weeks in my seminary, where you will make a spiritual retreat, and be able to note all our ways of eating, drinking, dressing, praying, etc. Uniformity in a diocese is the mainspring of discipline and order, and I wish you to see with your own eyes, whether or not you can adapt yourself to our rules and labor in the spirit with which we are all animated.

"Repair, then, as quickly as possible to my seminary. There I will give you hospitality, a place at my table and lodgment under the roof that covers my seminarians, their teachers and myself. While you remain with us, Rt. Rev. Mr. David and myself will have opportunities to converse with you, and to tell you of the manners and most common disorders of our people. By this means we will learn, too, whether your practice will suit the country or not.

"Be persuaded, dear sir, that these measures are dictated by the purest motives, and that I have nothing else in view but your own good and that of my people. With due regard for your reverence, I remain, etc., BENEDICT JOSEPH, Bishop of Bardstown.

"P. S. That you may not consider my observations about your ring mere Kentucky scruples, I will quote for you a decree: *Sacræ rituum congregationis: 'annuli usus in missa non solum protonotariis ecclesiarum cathedralium prohiberetur'—S. R. C. Decret., 20 Novembris* 1628 *ut supra.* If, unfortunately, you will not submit to the condition I have named, do not exercise in my diocese any of the functions of the holy ministry except private mass.† B. J. B'p B."

place. She was a daughter of Andrew Hines, a Presbyterian in religion, and a man of some note in the early history of the State. Mrs. Thompson was but a recent convert to Catholicity at the time referred to in the text, and hence the term *half Catholic* applied to her by Bishop Flaget.

*This Father Butler was himself a stranger priest in the diocese. He is alluded to in the chapter on "The Pottinger's Creek Settlement."

†The copy of this letter in my possession is in Bishop Flaget's own hand writing. It was sent by him to a clerical friend on the day, most likely, upon which the original was written and dispatched. The name of the applicant for faculties given in the letter to the bishop's friend, is wholly a strange one to me.

In May, 1821, Bishop Flaget, accompanied by Father Abell, paid his first visit to Tennessee. An amusing anecdote in connection with this journey was told me several years ago by the late Lawrence Finn, Esq., an Irish gentleman of fine culture, long a resident of the town of Franklin, Simpson county, Kentucky, to whom it was related by Father Abell himself. At the close of a somewhat disagreeable day and of a long and weary ride, the travelers reached a straggling village, not far from the Tennessee line, one extremity of which was built on an eminence and the remainder in the valley at its base. The little town, they afterwards learned, was provided with two hostleries kept by sisters, the daughters of a former tavern proprietor of the place. One of these, known as the old tavern was a conspicuous object on the hill, and it faced the road at the point of its northern approach. The other, which was smaller, and of more modern construction, stood near the southern extremity of the town. Of these particulars, however, the wearied wayfarers knew nothing. They only knew that they needed refection and rest, and they hoped to find both under the roof-tree of the ancient hostlery, with its welcoming sign—"Travelers' Rest." They were disappointed. The food furnished was of poor quality, and wretchedly served, and what they regarded as a still more intolerable discomfort, the rooms into which they were introduced for repose, were found in a filthy condition, and the beds infested with vermin. After a sleepless night, they partook of a breakfast that was but a counterpart of their meal of the evening before, and then hastily and gladly proceeded on their journey. Returning by the same road two weeks later, the bishop and his companion stopped for the night at the hostlery on the plain. Here everything was in order, and cleanliness was prominent in all the departments. Their supper was of the nature of a feast, it was so excellent in quality and so lavishly provided. The sleeping rooms and beds were models of perfection, and fairly invited them to repose. Sitting at the breakfast table next morning, which was loaded down with delicacies, the bishop thought to compliment his hostess by making a comparison between the entertainment in hand and the one he had failed to enjoy a fortnight before. He concluded his address by saying: "I do not think I ever crossed the door of a tavern that was so badly kept as the one on the hill." With no show of feeling about the matter, his hostess here broke in: "What everybody says must be so, sir! *Sister Jane always was a slattern!*" The bishop's face grew scarlet, and he uttered not another word, until after the twain had mounted their horses and reached the outskirts of the village. "Then," said Father Abell, "he proceeded to lecture his only listener on '*The Impropriety of Criticising People in the Presence of Strangers.*'"

I have heard of but a single instance in which Bishop Flaget was engaged in oral controversy with a Protestant minister. The occasion is thus referred to by Dr. Spalding:

"In the year 1816, while discharging the functions of an ordinary missionary, he was drawn into a controversy with a preacher

named Tapscott, who had boldly and coarsely asserted 'that the Catholics sprang from hell, and into hell they must fall!' Though much averse to controversy, the bishop believed that the interests of truth required him to accept the challenge of the preacher, who had considerable influence with his sect. They accordingly met at the house of Elias Newton, in the present county of Taylor. The concourse was so great, that the orators were compelled to speak in the open air. The bishop opened the discussion in a discourse of much simplicity and power, on the civil and religious principles of Catholics, in answer to the charges of his opponent. At the close, he offered to answer any objections which might be presented. Though it was Tapscott's turn now to rejoin, he availed himself of this invitation, and demanded that the bishop should first unfold the doctrine of the Church on the power of the keys, and on the real presence; after which he would offer his remarks.

"For the sake of peace, the bishop complied with this unreasonable demand; and explained 'those two questions to the best of his power,'—the people listening with breathless attention.

"Tapscott attempted to answer, by accusing the bishop of misquoting the scripture; a charge which was promptly refuted by reference, on the spot, to the sacred volume. The preacher then, getting into a bad humor, boldly accused the sainted prelate of having told a falsehood, in stating that he (Tapscott) had been the first to challenge to the discussion; but the audience, almost entirely Protestant, sustained the bishop in his contrary statement, which was generally known to be well founded.

"To extricate himself from his unenviable position, Tapscott next called on the bishop to prove that the Catholic was the oldest Church. The prelate answered, that as he had been speaking already for several hours, and his opponent had been comparatively silent, it was now clearly within his province to ask the preacher some questions. But Tapscott would not hear of this proposal, and indignantly withdrew, leaving his adversary master of the field.

"Hereupon the bishop closed the discussion with an exhortation to peace and charity, which was rendered more touching by his offer of his hand to the preacher; who, however, met his advance with an ungracious refusal. The conduct of the latter filled the audience with indignation; while the bearing of the bishop won all hearts. The incident made a deep impression on many Protestants, some of whom became converts.

"Returning to his chamber, the bishop poured forth his soul in thanksgiving to God for the words which he had put into his mouth; and he exclaimed: 'How happy shall I be, O Lord, if I cause Thee to be known and loved by all these unfortunate sectaries, who are generally such, only because they had the misfortune to be born in heresy!'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

REV. AND RT. REV. JOHN B. DAVID.

Father David, by which title he was known to the Catholic people of Kentucky, and called by them, even after his episcopal consecration, was in some respects a more extraordinary man than the bishop under whom he rendered services to the Church of Kentucky that have scarcely had a parallel in all the missions of America. It has been said of him that he knew not what it was to be idle, every moment of his time being put to profitable use; and this the writer can well believe from his own remembrances of the man and his indefatigable spirit, and from his own knowledge of the extent and value of his labors. The nearest approaches to bodily rest of which he was ever known to take advantage, unless the hours of needful nightly repose be taken into the account, consisted of brief interludes spent by him in organ practice and improvisation.* He was two years the senior of Bishop Faget, and when he accompanied that prelate to Kentucky, he bore with him written authorization from his superior of the Sulpician order in France, to establish and direct a theological seminary in connection with the new diocese. He had filled various professorships in the seminaries of his order in France, and also in the one established by the society in Maryland, and hence he brought with him to the new field of his labors, talents already tried, and experience that was invaluable. Beginning with three pupils, in 1811, their number had increased to fifteen in 1817.

Believing that it will interest many of my readers to learn the names of Father David's seminarians, who, from first to last, were raised to the dignity of the priesthood, I hereby append the list:

Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat,
Rev. Peter Schæffer,
Rev. M. Dèrigaud,
Rev. Anthony Ganihl,
Rev. M. Champonier,
Rev. Walter S. Coomes,
Rev. William E. Clark,
Rev. Charles Carter,
Rev. Charles I. Coomes,
Rev. John C. Wathen,

* Father David was an accomplished musician. For more than ten years after his consecration as coadjutor to Bishop Flaget, in addition to his duties in the seminary, and those of the pastorate, he filled the post of organist of the cathedral. He wrote several masses of extraordinary merit, and very many fugitive pieces, all of a sacred character, a number of which are occasionally to be heard at the present day in the churches of the diocese.

Rev. David A. Deparcq,
Rev. Philip Horstman,
Rev. Robert A. Abell,
Rev. Vincent Badin,
Rev. George A. M. Elder,
Rev. William Byrne,
Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds,
Rev. Joseph Rogers,
Rev. Linus Coomes,
Rev. Elisha J. Durbin,
Rev. Robert Byrne,
Rev. Simon Lalumiere,
Rev. Athanasius A. Aud,
Rev. Charles Cecil,
Rev. Edward A. Clark,
Rev. George Hayden,
Rev. Joseph Hazeltine,
Rev. David Mulholland,
Rev. James Elliott.
Rev. L. Picot,
Rev. A. Degauquier,
Rev. Francis Chambige,
Rev. William Whelan,
Rev. Martin J. Spalding,
Rev. John McGill,
Rev. William E. Powell,
Rev. James M. Lancaster,
Rev. B. J. Spalding,
Rev. Charles Blank,
Rev. John B. Hutchins,
Rev. J. A. Drew,
Rev. Alfred Hagan,
Rev. Edward McMahon,
Rev. James Quinn,
Rev. Stephen Ward,
Rev. John Joyce,
Rev. Abram McMahon.*

On the 15th day of August, 1819, one week after its consecration, the cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, was the scene of a ceremonial that had never before been witnessed in the country west of Baltimore. On that day, Rev. John B. David was consecrated bishop of Bolina, and coadjutor to his consecrator, Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget. Never did the episcopal office come to a man more worthy of its honors, or more capable of bearing its responsibilities. He was wise with "the wisdom which is from above;" and his prudence was equal to his wisdom. He was a mortified man, and he was clad with zeal as with a cloak.

Father David was of average stature, possibly five and a half feet in height, of moderately full habit, deliberate in his speech, and retiring in his manners. He had little of the vivacity that is supposed to be a distinguishing characteristic of the French people; and in this particular, he presented a strong contrast to his countryman and fellow worker of the Kentucky mission, Rev. S. T. Badin.† He rarely went

* Of the above, twenty-three were either natives of Kentucky, or they were reared from childhood in the State; nine were Irishmen, nine Frenchmen, and four Belgians, or Germans. One, Rev. Joseph Hazeltine, was a Canadian and a convert, and one, Rev. John McGill, was born in Philadelphia. Four became bishops, viz.: Rev. G. I. Chabrat, Rev. I. A. Reynolds, Rev. M. J. Spalding, and Rev. John McGill. The first to die, Rev. Philip Horstman, known to the people as Father Austin, sacrificed his life to his zeal in the great fever epidemic of 1822, in Louisville. With the exception of five of the priests named, my personal remembrances extend to the entire list. The survivors are but two, both octogenarians, viz.: Rev. Elisha J. Durbin and Rev. Athanasius A. Aud, of the diocese of Louisville.

† When shown a portrait of Father Badin, Bishop David raised his hands in admiration, and exclaimed: "It is the first time he was ever at rest in his whole life." (Sketches of Kentucky, page 114.)

into society, and never without a motive that had reference to the good of others, and not personal gratification. He could talk, and he could reason, eloquently and logically, but he gave to his tongue no license except in the pulpit, in the class-room and in the lecture field. * With the exception, possibly, of Rev. Charles Nerinckx, Father David showed more tendency to asceticism than any ecclesiastic that has appeared in Kentucky up to the present day. † I have no remembrance of any occasion upon which he was seen to laugh. He could smile, however, but his smiles were always for the encouragement of those who had previously laid open to him their spiritual or bodily miseries. Without being in any degree repulsive, his manners, so far as the general public was concerned, lacked the attractiveness that was so pleasing a characteristic in those of Bishop Flaget. To others than those with whom his intercourse was constant and intimate, he appeared as one who was too much occupied with serious matters to warrant interruptions, except for a better object than the pleasure to be derived from his conversation. It was not so with his seminarians, nor with his penitents. These feared not to approach him, because they were able to fathom the depths of his humility. To their eyes he presented an image of the great Master, whose voice sounded in their ears as he spoke: "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart."

That a man such as I have endeavored to describe should have been better known to the public as an able and successful controversialist than by any other title will be surprising to Catholics of the present day. I once wrote of him that "written and oral disquisitions on Catholic dogma were for him occasions of simple recreation, and the

* A jest out of the mouth of Bishop David was as little to be expected as lightning out of a cloudless sky. His nearest authentically recorded approaches to the humorous had reference to the personal peculiarities of Father Badin, as given in the preceding note, and of Father Abell. When, as has been related elsewhere, Father Abell was seized in the beginning of his career as a missionary priest, with an illness that well nigh terminated fatally, and when, throughout the dangerous stages of his malady, Bishop Flaget was his nurse, the latter wrote to his coadjutor a doleful letter, in which he depicted the condition of his patient somewhat in this fashion: "He is very ill, and he may die; and even should he survive, I fear he will be found to have lost the power of articulation." To this letter, Bishop David replied, hopefully in respect to the recovery of their protégé; and emphatically, in respect to the latter clause of his Superior's intimation. "Be assured," said he, "that Father Abell will not lose his tongue." Those who knew Father Abell, and have had their ears pleasantly tingled by the copious richness of his spoken vocabulary will not fail to see how very near the good bishop was to the perpetration of a joke when he wrote the sentence I have quoted.

† Notwithstanding his onerous and uninterrupted labors, Bishop David was rarely ill. Writing to his young friend and pupil, M. J. Spalding, then a student of the Propaganda, he gives him this rule for the preservation of his health: "I have sometimes told those who enquire after my health that I cannot but be well, since I always carry my physician with me; and, upon their asking who that physician is, I answer that it is hunger. The venerable Charles Carroll, when asked what means he employed to preserve his health in such perfect condition, replied that he always left the table hungry."

only ones in that direction of which he ever took advantage." Deeper reflection and more exact knowledge demand at my hands a modification of this declaration. It is very true that, beyond the physical labor involved therein, the many debates in which he was engaged caused him little trouble. He was entirely familiar with the subjects treated, and his opponents were ordinarily as illogical in argument as they were ill-informed respecting the doctrines of the Church. It was but play, indeed, for one so learned and eloquent to combat successfully against men, who, however sincere may have been their convictions, were for the most part, only less ignorant than they were conceited. But I am convinced that, in accepting their challenges (for in no instance did he ever proffer one), he was actuated by a purer motive than the one indicated. He wished, in the first place, to familiarize Catholics with evidences, drawn from the holy scriptures and the history of the Church, of the divine character of their religion; and, in the second place, through the force of sound argument addressed to their reason, he hoped to be able to open the minds of some among his non-Catholic hearers to the fact that Protestantism in all its phases, bears the impress of its human origin and development. In the absence of books treating of dogma in religion, very general at the time, it was certainly of the essence of wisdom on the part of Father David, by means of controversial writings and oral debates, to extend, as well among Catholics as Protestants, fuller knowledge than either could have otherwise acquired of Catholic dogma, and to multiply reasons in their sight and hearing why the Catholic Church, rather than any one of the organizations opposed to her teachings, should be regarded as having authority from Christ to speak in His name.

Others of the old-time missionaries of Kentucky may have labored with as much earnestness as Father David; they may have undergone greater fatigues, and encountered greater dangers to person in their constant journeyings, but it is altogether certain that not another left behind him when he died, such enduring titles to the grateful remembrance of the Catholic people of the State. It was not alone that he trained and educated a most efficient body of priests to perpetuate in the State the work of the holy ministry, but he did as much for the gentler sex and for general education through his organization of the Sisterhood of Charity of Nazareth, now so well known throughout the country as educators and servitors in hospitals and orphan asylums.

The mere enumeration of the offices filled by Bishop David after his consecration as coadjutor to Dr. Flaget, will show how fully his time must have been occupied. He was the chief adviser of the ordinary in everything pertaining to diocesan administration. He was pastor of the church and had charge of its organ and choir. He was superior of the seminary and was occupied for hours every day in teaching. He was superior of the Nazareth Sisterhood, and he was rarely absent from the community's business meetings. He heard confessions, attended sick calls, taught catechism, and held weekly

rehearsals for the instruction of his choir singers. In addition to all this, more frequently than others, he was to be found instructing the people from the pulpit. How he did so much, and did it so well, was considered marvellous at the time, and it will be so considered by many an over-worked priest of the present day.*

* The fear of Bishop Flaget lest his coadjutor's health should succumb under thew eight of so many labors, caused him, in 1820, to write to the prefect of the Propaganda college, praying that official to send him a priest who would be capable of filling the important chairs of theology and sacred history in his seminary. In answer to his petition, Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, afterwards bishop of Philadelphia and archbishop of Baltimore, appeared in Kentucky a half year later. The young propagandist was not slow to perceive that the venerable prelate had more than enough to do in attending properly to the spiritual wants of his congregation; and since he could not be wholly spared from the seminary, he determined to share with him also the duties of the pastorate. I remember well the time when these two, laboring in concert, not only cared for the then large congregation of the cathedral, but gave to the seminary whatever was needed of their remaining time and energies to insure its efficiency as well as its prosperity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REV. AND RT. REV. GUY IGNATIUS CHABRAT.

Guy Ignatius Chabrat was born in the village of Chambre, France, on the 28th of December, 1787. His father, Pierre Chabrat, was a merchant of good repute, and his mother, Louise Lavialle, was conspicuous for her piety and practical goodness.* The boy was carefully reared, and his education was prosecuted under favorable circumstances, and in one of the best schools in that part of France. When of proper age, he entered one of the seminaries conducted by the Sulpician fathers, to study for the holy ministry, and there, in the year 1809, he was ordained sub-deacon. At this time, Bishop Flaget was in France, whither he had gone to secure, if possible, through the influence of M. Emery, the superior of the Sulpicians of France, release from his appointment to the episcopacy. Failing in this, he set out on his return journey to America, on the 10th day of April, 1810, accompanied by the young sub-deacon whom he had influenced to share with him the labors of his distant and arduous mission. In company with his bishop and Father John B. David, Mr. Chabrat came to Kentucky in the summer of 1811, where the succeeding seven months were devoted by him to study under the direction of Father David, and where he was raised to the priesthood by Bishop Flaget on the 25th of December, 1811.†

Father Chabrat's first charge was undoubtedly the congregations of St. Michael's, in Nelson, and St. Clare's, in Hardin county. He also attended the station known as that of Poplar Neck, in the county first named.‡ He was not unfrequently called to other parts of the

* The Lavialle family gave a second bishop to Kentucky in the person of the late Rt. Rev. Peter J. Lavialle, whose death took place May 11, 1867.

† The scene of this ordination, the first that had taken place in the territory of the United States west of Baltimore, was the Dominican church of St. Rose, the only one then in the State that was at all fitted for the ceremonial.

‡ Thomas Gwynn was a leading man among the settlers on Poplar Neck, of whom was afterwards formed the congregation attached to the church of St. Thomas. This Mr. Gwynn had a daughter Nellie, who was anything but pleased when Father Chabrat assumed charge of the congregation in place of Father Badin. From a letter in my possession, written by Father Badin to Dr. Chabrat in 1813, it would appear that Nellie Gwynn's temper had gotten the better of her prudence, and that she had, on a certain occasion, treated with marked disrespect her new pastor. Hearing of the trouble, as I gather from the letter referred to, Father Badin called on Nellie, and so forcibly did

State, and especially to Louisville, and to St. John's church, in Bullitt county; but his nominal residence, up to the year 1824, when he was appointed superior of the community of Loretto, was Fairfield, in Nelson county. For a short while, in 1823, he was given charge of the church of St. Pius, in Scott county. From the date of his appointment as superior of the sisterhood of Loretto, his entire time was given to the duties of his office and to the pastoral care of Catholic families living in the neighborhood.

In 1834, not long after his recovery from a severe attack of illness, he received from Rome the bulls for his consecration as bishop of Bolina and coadjutor to the bishop of Bardstown. While this was not an absolute surprise to the clergy of the diocese, some of the members of that body had hoped that their mild protests made against the appointment in the hearing of Bishop Flaget, would have induced that prelate to recommend some other for the office in whose administrative abilities they had greater confidence. If any effort was afterwards made to have the appointment revoked—and the writer thinks it more than probable there was—it was abandoned as soon as those interested became assured of the fact that their action was giving pain to Bishop Flaget, for whom they all had the most heartfelt love and reverence.

It is to be remarked here that the opposition of the clergy to Dr. Chabrat's episcopal appointment was not based on anything that was detrimental to his character as a priest or as a man. They had known him as a fairly capable missionary priest, somewhat whimsical, it is true, and of no great intellectual force. Some of them, to be sure, had observed in him indications of irascibility on occasions calling for calm reflection, and this fact caused them to fear more or less of antagonism between the ruler and the ruled, should he be placed in a position to dictate in matters affecting the relations of the clergy with their spiritual head.

On the other hand, while one must now allow that the recommendation of the appointment of Dr. Chabrat was a blunder, there is this to be said in excuse of Bishop Flaget: they were fellow-countrymen; he had himself induced him to come to America and enter upon a service that had not in it one single element of natural predilection; he was the first fruit of his spiritual paternity, and as such, he had for him the love that natural fathers have for their first-born. His correspondence with him, and the writer has seen much of it, exhibits the tenderness that a father has for his child; to none other did he reveal as distinctly his secret thoughts, and to none other did he appear so anxious that his ministry should be blest of God in the interests of his people. Then it is to be observed that the clergy, knowing as they did, the intimate personal relations that existed between the two, were

he remonstrate with her upon the impropriety of her conduct, that she authorized him to write to Father Chabrat and to express to him her sorrow for having wounded his feelings.

little disposed to speak freely in the hearing of the bishop whom they loved, of the foibles of which they were observant in the mental organization of his dearest friend. It is due, also, to Bishop Flaget to say that Dr. Chabrat was very generally liked by the laity of the diocese among whom he had served as a priest. As a pastor, he was easy of approach to everybody, and he proved as accessible after he became a bishop. There was nothing in him that was repellent on the score of prerogative. On the contrary, there were those among his people who would have liked to see him a little more exacting of popular deference.

With his fellow priests, Dr. Chabrat would not have been in disfavor but for two defects that were natural to his character. In the first place, he was notionate, and his notions were rarely founded upon rightful hypothesis. They regarded him as deficient in judgment. In the second place, they believed that his influence with the bishop was in excess of his merits as an adviser. Clothed with episcopal authority, he was no less notionate than he had been before; but there was now added to this characteristic of his mind, the one of arbitrariness. It were impossible that a man so constituted should not have fallen into many mistakes during an episcopal career of ten years, whether in Kentucky or elsewhere.

Happily for religion in the diocese, the clerical body of the State was composed at the time of thoughtful and prudent men. Among them may be especially named: Revs. I. A. Reynolds, George A. M. Elder, D. A. Deparcq, Napoleon Perché, H. C. de Luynes, Wm. E. Clark, F. Chambige, Edward McMahon and M. J. Spalding. Without compromising in the least the allegiance they owed to constituted authority in the Church, these used, and often successfully for the annulment or modification of policies introduced and sought to be enforced by the bishop, which they regarded as of doubtful propriety or dangerous as precedents, the great influence that attached to them as men of recognized wisdom and sound discretion. Dr. Chabrat's mistakes were confined, for the greater part, to the first years of his episcopal administration. He learned in time to distrust his own administrative abilities, and to rely with greater confidence on the wise and disinterested counsels of the more experienced of his clergy.

My first recollections of Dr. Chabrat are contemporary with my childhood. He was sometimes a visitor at my father's house, and I well remember how pleased I was with the notice he was in the habit of bestowing on the children of the household. Older grown, I remember him as an occasional occupant of the pulpit in the former cathedral church of St. Joseph's, Bardstown, where few were in the habit of preaching who were greater favorites with the younger members of the congregation. Much more at that time than since, unless it may be, at exceptional intervals, and with exceptional divines, religious controversy was greatly affected by the majority of priests. Though there had not been excuse for this in the constant and rancorous abuse of the Church that then formed so great a feature of Protestant pulpit decla-

mation, I am not at all sure that the policy of systematic controversion of charges brought against the religion of the minority, was not the best that could possibly have been pursued. It had the effect to widen the area of defence, to multiply the number of the defenders, and to open to these an armory whence they could draw every needed polemical weapon. This was something at a time when there were few Catholic books of any kind in circulation, and when Catholics were not always prepared to give the sincere inquirer reasons for the faith that was in them. Dr. Chabrat was by nature a controversialist, and he was often an aggressive one. This gave to him in the earlier years of his ministry his popularity as a preacher; and it reconciled his hearers, too, to the great length of his pulpit discourses, which seldom required less time for their delivery than two hours.

There was little of either grace or dignity in Bishop Chabrat's personal appearance. He was of the figure known as dumpy; and his features betrayed his emotions indistinctly. He was the only one of the priests of the olden time in Kentucky, who earned for himself the title of a Nimrod. Taciturn everywhere, except in the pulpit, he recreated himself by a pastime in which silence is enforced by the absence of human companionship. There was no lack of delicate meats for the ailing while he remained at Loretto.*

* Up to the year 1833, there were few men in Kentucky whose eyesight was more perfect than that of Dr. Chabrat. It was his boast that he could see any object at a greater distance than others. It is a curious fact in the record of his life that the weakening of this faculty should have been the source of his greatest trouble after he became a bishop, and that physical blindness in the end should have forced him to resign his office, and finally to abandon the exercise of the priestly function of saying mass. In 1833, he went to France, and placed himself under the treatment of the most distinguished oculists of the country. These assured him that his sight was impaired in such a degree as to prevent him from even thinking of returning to Kentucky and reassuming the duties of his episcopate. Granted a comfortable support by the diocese of Louisville, the remaining years of his life were passed near his ancestral home, where he died in peace, about twenty years ago.

CHAPTER XXX.

REVS. W. E. CLARK AND JOHN B. HUTCHINS.

I cannot but regard it as somewhat singular that the names here presented should be so closely associated in my mind as to render thought of the one inseparable from remembrance of the other. No two good men and priests could be more unlike in their appearance, and they were little alike in their manners and modes of thought and action. The first named, though the younger of the two, was the first ordained. They were both born and reared in Nelson county, the last named in the settlement on Pottinger's creek, and the other in that on Cox's creek. They entered the diocesan seminary about the same time, not later than the year 1824, and both were engaged in teaching, and in the performance of other duties, in St. Joseph's college, as well before as after ordination.

Of Father William Elder Clark I have spoken elsewhere, but not with details sufficiently extended to give the reader a competent idea of the man and his mind, the minister of Christ and his priestly correspondence with every duty suggested by the title. To be a general favorite, is not unfrequently to be in danger of contracting the vice of self-love. It is only the well-balanced mind, whether in society, in the Church, or in the religious community, that is able to resist effectually the hurtful emotions that ordinarily spring from popular regard. Such a general favorite was Father Clark; but he was never either accused or suspected of entertaining the least motion of self-praise. With his companions in childhood and at school; in the seminary, and with his fellow-priests after his ordination; with his pupils in the class-room, and the congregations he served; and especially with the penitents he sought to inspire with hatred of sin and love of God and virtue—everywhere and by all to whom he was known—he was without a rival among the priests of Kentucky in popular affection.

The secret of all this is readily to be understood. He was so constituted as to attract confidence. Time was not needed to measure the man; for his face was as a glass in which were to be discerned the interior virtues that clustered around his heart. Of himself, he appeared to take no thought whatever, but much of those with whom he was brought into contact, whether these were his intimates, his pupils or his penitents.

In form and features, Father Clark might have been called effeminate. In his manners, too, there was something that reminded one of

womanly grace and suavity. He was about, possibly a little under, the common stature of men; his face was oval, and ordinarily it was as placid as a lake unswept by the winds. At times, however, and especially in his familiar conversations with his friends, it was to be seen rippled with smiles. He had a delicate wit, as pleasant as it was harmless, and its exercise was almost wholly confined to his associates of the clergy. His sermons were models of perfect English diction, as were, also, such of his writings as were given to the public through the columns of the *Catholic Advocate*, of which journal he was for several years an associate editor. Both were lacking, however, in strength and conciseness.

In classic learning, as well as in his acquaintance with modern languages and literature, I have often heard him referred to as the most accomplished scholar of his day in all Kentucky. While yet a student of theology in the seminary, he had his classes in Latin and Greek in the college of St. Joseph, and throughout his life after his ordination, he was of the faculty of the institution named, or of that of St. Mary's, in Marion county. The time given by him to ministerial labors, not inconsiderable by any means, was such as he was able to render without interference with his duties in college. He was for seven years of his life as a priest, spiritual director of the Sisterhood of Charity of Nazareth; and not less regular than that of the pastor, was his attendance at one of the confessionals of the former cathedral of St. Joseph. Before and after his ordination, and up to the date of the transfer of the See to Louisville in 1841, his office in the sanctuary, in all the sublime functions of which it was so often the scene, was that of master of ceremonies.

Upon the transfer of St. Joseph's college to the charge of the Jesuit fathers in 1848, Father Clark was removed to St. Mary's, at which point had been established a class in connection with the theological seminary of the diocese, and where he labored assiduously to impart knowledge of the divine science to the young men therein studying for the priesthood. It was while in the performance of the duties incident to this position that he was called out of life on the 5th day of March, 1850. His illness was of such short duration, that the more intimate of his friends of the clergy were not even aware of the fact until they were shocked by the tidings of his death. So unexpected was his demise, indeed, that there was no priest present to administer to him the last sacraments.*

Rev. John B. Hutchins happened to be in Bardstown when the news reached him of his friend's death, and almost even with its receipt he was confronted by a sight that moved him to tears and indignation. Hastening along the street about dusk, he saw a small

* Though there was here seeming neglect on the part of the Rev. gentlemen of the college, it is not to be supposed they were culpably remiss. But at the time of the occurrence, there was much dissatisfaction among Father Clark's friends in consequence of the circumstance related.

road wagon approaching, which was accompanied by a single attendant on horseback. He knew the man, and it flashed upon his mind that the vehicle was bearing the body of his friend to the Nazareth convent for burial. Such he found to be the case, and he at once determined upon a course of action that would give to hundreds of Father Clark's friends living in the town opportunity to show their reverence for his memory in the presence of his remains. Taking charge of the body, and assuming all responsibility for its removal to Nazareth the following morning, he had it taken to the church, where it was borne by loving hands to the sanctuary, to rest for a night at the foot of the altar upon which he had been wont, morning after morning, for almost the entire term of his life as a priest, to celebrate the holy mass.

The solemn toll of the bell from the steeple soon brought hundreds to the church, and to these Father Hutchins announced a service of *requiem* for the following morning, at which he expected, as far as possible, the entire congregation to be present. The *requiem* mass was celebrated as announced, and never was St. Joseph's filled with a more deeply affected auditory than the one that was assembled on that occasion. The eulogy pronounced over the body of the dead priest was from the lips of the late Rev. Francis B. Jamison, then a member of the faculty of St. Joseph's college.*

After the services in the church, the remains were conveyed to Nazareth, where the interment took place on the following day.†

In presenting to my readers a sketch of the late Rev. JOHN B. HUTCHINS, I am not sure of my ability to do justice to the original. In our friendships, we have all predelictions, and it is not always safe to trust implicitly what one friend has to say of another. I never saw the day, in the sixty years of my acquaintance with Father Hutchins, that I would have had him other than he was. It was not because I

* Father Jamison was a priest of more than ordinary talents and a finished rhetorician. Some time previous to his appearance in Kentucky, he had filled the office of president of Mount St. Mary's college, Maryland. Some years after the event recorded in the text he removed to Missouri. His death took place at Cape Girardeau, in that State, on the 15th of October, 1858. Referring to his eulogy of Father Clark, the late Rev. John B. Hutchins once told me that he had never listened to a discourse on a similar occasion that affected him so strongly. "It was a word-picture," said he, "beautifully conceived and faultlessly rendered, of a priest whom each one of his hearers had known and loved—of a life that had been disfigured by no unseemly blot from its beginning to its end."

† In order to show how deep-seated was the love that filled the hearts of his fellow priests for Father Clark, I will here relate an incident that took place in my own office on the day the news of his death reached Louisville. On the occasion referred to, I was approached by the late Very Rev. Benedict J. Spalding, in whose face was to be observed an expression of deep sadness. "Mr. Webb," said he, "I have just had news that Father Clark is dead." I was inexpressibly shocked; but scarcely as much over the sad intelligence, as at the convulsed features, the choked voice and the swimming eyes of the strong man standing beside me by whom it had been communicated.

knew him better or honored him more than other priests of the diocese with whom I was equally familiar, that my affection tended to him more strongly, possibly, than to these, but rather because he filled for me the measure of my fancy. I had respect for the man as much as I had for the priest. I liked to hear him talk, and to listen to his blunt expositions of the fashionable follies of the day, and his denunciations of the shams that infest society. There was fascination for me in the independency of his character; in his contempt for what is purely conventional; in his husbandman-like ways and modes of thought and expression, and in his stern condemnation of what is mean and ungenerous as between man and man.

John B. Hutchins was born near the present town of New Hope, in Nelson county, on the 13th day of July, 1803. His father, of the same name, was among the earliest emigrants to the State from Maryland, as was also his mother, a daughter of Jeremiah Brown, whose home, before there was a church in Kentucky, was a church station for Father Whelan. His father dying, his mother afterward intermarried with Thomas Bowlin, a pious Catholic widower of the settlement, whose children by his first marriage, equally with her own, were afterward her peculiar care. How well she understood her responsibilities, and how capable she was of fulfilling the duties of her position, is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that, under God, she was enabled to present to the service of the altar an own son and a step-son. These were the subject of this sketch and the late Rev. Charles D. Bowlin, O. P., whose death took place some years ago, at St. Joseph's, Perry county, Ohio.

When of the proper age, John Hutchins was sent to a private school, not far from the residence of his parents, in what is now Larue county, where he had for a fellow-pupil the late president of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. He was afterwards sent to the seminary of St. Thomas, with a view to his education for the holy ministry; and finally he was placed at St. Joseph's college, of which institution he became in time a most useful officer. So important were deemed his services to the college, and so incessant were the labors of his position, that it was not until many years had elapsed after his entry into the institution that time was afforded him to make the necessary preparations precedent to ordination. Together with the late Rev. E. W. Powell, he was ordained priest by Dr. Chabrat, in St. Joseph's cathedral, on the 1st day of July, 1838.

In September of the same year the two new-ordained priests left Bardstown for Breckinridge county, where, with the consent of the ordinary of the diocese, they established the institution of learning known as Mount Merino seminary. For several years this was, possibly, the most successful school in western Kentucky. In 1844, circumstances compelled his bishop to recall Father Hutchins to St. Joseph's college, which institution was at the time involved in great financial difficulty, from which, it was believed, no one else could extricate it. He obeyed at once, and soon the college was measurably

free from embarrassment. Under precisely similar circumstances he was afterwards charged with the administration of affairs at the seminary of St. Thomas and at St. Mary's college, both of which institutions he soon relieved from financial troubles.

In addition to his labors in colleges, Father Hutchins was frequently engaged in missionary work. This was particularly the case at Mount Merino and at the seminary of St. Thomas. For some time he was pastor of St. Augustine's church, Lebanon, and he filled a like position toward the congregation of St. Charles, in Marion county. From 1871, however, his home was at the convent of Loretto, in which institution eleven of his nieces are professed sisters. These were not idle years with him, however. In the convent and beyond its precincts; in the neighboring churches and in the branch houses of the society; wherever there was work to be done for God's glory and the salvation of the souls of men, there he was to be found striving to do his duty as a minister of Christ.

It is little to say of Father Hutchins that he lived a blameless life; but it is much to be able to say that his life was a highly useful one. He was emphatically a worker, first and notably in the field of Catholic education, and afterwards in that of the sacred ministry. His mind was practical, and his judgment was accurate and just. He was simple in his own tastes, and he was simple in his modes of proceeding with others, whether it was in teaching, in giving advice, or in transacting business. He was the soul of candor, and his manner was as hearty as his disposition was cheerful. He was in the habit of exacting justice in his dealings with others; but his sympathy was easily won for the unfortunate and the suffering, and this was shown more by deeds than words.

Sitting at my table scarcely two months previous to his death, Father Hutchins never appeared in better health nor in better spirits. The thoughts of the aged and the aging naturally turn to the past, and our conversation on that occasion was of those whom we had known and venerated before the snows of many winters had frosted our own heads. Badin, Nerinckx, Fenwick, Flaget, David, Kenrick, Abell, Powell, Reynolds, Clark, Walter Coomes, McGill, McMahon, Spalding—these were the men of whom he spoke with interest and interestingly, and it was a pleasure to listen to his reminiscences in connection with their lives and labors in Kentucky.

Referring to his own youth, he told me that, in company with Vincent Badin and his step-brother, Charles D. Bowlin, he followed Bishop Edward Fenwick to Cincinnati in 1822, and that he had there received tonsure from the hands of that prelate. "Father Vincent Badin," said he, "was the first priest ordained in Ohio, and I was myself the first to receive tonsure in that State."

Another thing he told me, that was characteristic of the man. Two years before the incident to be related, he was sent by the late Dr. M. J. Spalding, then bishop of Louisville, to take charge of affairs at the seminary of St. Thomas. Said he: "The debts of the institution

had become quite formidable, and I was told to go to work and try to pay them off. How I did it, the Lord knows, but two years later I had every obligation of the institution paid off, cancelled and laid away in my desk. In addition to these former evidences of debt, I had a small sum in money and a few notes in favor of the institution in the same receptacle. One day I got a note from the bishop, who was then at Nazareth, directing me to come to him prepared to make an exhibit of the condition of the institution. I lost no time in doing so, and his first question on seeing me had reference to my accounts. 'Where are your books, Father Hutchins?' said he. 'I have no books, bishop,' was my rejoinder; 'the money that came into my hands, and as fast as it did so, was used to pay off the notes and accounts against the seminary, and when these were fully liquidated, I placed the surplusage in my desk; and here it is.' When he was made to understand that the seminary was out of debt and had money on hand, he was the most surprised man I ever saw. One thing is certain, he never afterwards complained to me that I was loose in my book-keeping."

I know no better example of earnest, simple, christian endeavor than is presented in the life of my late friend. He was no ascetic, to be sure; and neither was he a very learned man. He was simply a cheerful, God-loving, God-fearing and God-thanking christian priest. No suspicions of wrong-doing or of ill-living were ever attached to his name. What he set his hands to do, and what was proper to be done, that he did with all his strength. This is his record.

The death of Father Hutchins took place at Loretto convent on the morning of Friday, February 9, 1879. What he had of estate at the time of death was left by him to the Loretto society.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MISSION OF UNION COUNTY.

The county of Union, since become notable for the numbers and creditable standing of its Catholic population, was organized in the year 1811. It was several years later, however, before Catholics, in any considerable numbers, were led to its fertile lands for the selection of their future homes. Previous to the year 1818, it is not likely that there were a dozen Catholic families settled in the county. These were visited, at long intervals, by Fathers Nerinckx and Schaeffer certainly, and possibly, by Father Badin, also. In the year named, and up to 1822, when the Catholic population had very much increased, the county formed a mission under the pastoral care of Rev. Robert A. Abell, who was then stationed at the church of St. Anthony in Breckinridge county. In 1821, the faithful of the county were provided with a resident pastor in the person of a priest who, shortly afterwards, was the occasion of the most serious scandal that ever afflicted the Church of Kentucky.* It was in the same year that the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth began an establishment, five miles from Morganfield, that has since acquired a very high reputation among the educational institutions of Kentucky.

The flourishing condition of the Church in Union county is to be ascribed, in the first place, to the fact, that the first Catholic settlers in the county had their religious training from parents and pastors who were thoroughly imbued with the true Catholic spirit. They were of the number of those who, in childhood and youth, had been taught in sacred things by such admirable instructors as Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, Fournier and Wilson, Fenwick and David. The work done by these men of God in their regard, had been in no wise superficial, and it was destined to remain and to be productive of fruits for both themselves and their children. In the second place, the pastor sent to them in 1824, when they were themselves, so to speak, new to the country, was himself, and no less than those whose names have been mentioned, a man who fully understood the grave responsibilities of his position, whose zeal was unquestionable, and to whom labor and fatigue and discomfort appeared as trifles when he might by their acceptance subserve in any degree the spiritual welfare of others.

Catholicity in Union county, and in all Southwestern Kentucky, indeed, is to the present hour so intimately connected with the name

* This unhappy man is alluded to elsewhere.

and personal labors of Rev. Elisha J. Durbin, that the writer regards it here necessary, and as a preliminary to his account of that important mission, to present to his readers a short sketch of the life of this venerable and most meritorious priest:

Elisha J. Durbin was born in Madison county, Kentucky, about sixteen miles from Boonesboro, on the 1st of February, 1800. His parents were John D. Durbin and Patience Logsdon.* When a boy, he was in the habit of accompanying his parents to the church of St. Francis, in Scott county. Of the then pastor of that church, Rev. Robert Angier, O. S. D., the writer has heard him speak in terms of strong endearment. At the age of sixteen he left the home of his parents, fortified by their approval and that of his own conscience, to enter upon a course of study in the seminary of St. Thomas, that it was his hope would lead him to the priesthood. Reared piously from his infancy, he felt thus early in life that he had been called to something better than a career of worldly striving after things perishable. Six years and more were passed by him in the seminary, not altogether in study, however. One half to study, and one half to labor, was the rule of the seminary at that day. He was not an athlete, but he had been inured to toil from his earliest years, and he accomplished by steadiness tasks that would have been considered formidable to persons of much greater physical strength. He was ordained priest by Bishop David on the 21st of September, 1822, and for something over a year his duties confined him to the college of St. Joseph, and to the cathedral church of the same title in Bardstown.†

*Neither were the Durbins nor the Logsdons descended from stock that was known to be Catholic beyond a couple of generations previous to the appearance in Kentucky of the families spoken of in the text. An ancestor of one of the families—I am uncertain as to which—intermarried with one Honora O'Flynn, an Irish girl of great piety, and it was through her, no doubt, that is to be traced the faith that has distinguished one or the other of the Kentucky families referred to, both of which have for generations been consistent exponents of its teachings.

† An anecdote is told of Father Durbin's first attempt at preaching, which I have reason to believe is substantially true. In 1823, and before and after that date, there was a no more generally known and respected non-Catholic citizen of Bardstown than Gen. Jos. Lewis. He had fought for independence under Washington, but his patriarchal years sat lightly upon him, and he was at all times companionable, and often pleasantly jocular. Meeting the young priest on the street a half year after his ordination, he thus addressed him: "Your people tell me, Durbin, that you can't preach. How comes that?" "I don't know whether I can or not," answered the cleric, with blushing modesty; and then he added: "I will know more about it on next Sunday, however, since I find that I have been booked for a sermon on that day." "If that is the case," said the old man, "I think I will be there to hear you." The General had been little in the habit of going to church anywhere, and it is presumable that Father Durbin had not much expectation of having him for a listener on the occasion of his initiatory discourse from the pulpit. But there he was, and in such a position that the young man could but see him the moment he turned his abashed eyes over the congregation. He got through with the reading of the Epistle and Gospel very creditably; and then he began

In 1824, Father Durbin was intrusted with the pastoral care of the entire Catholic population of western and south-western Kentucky, with headquarters near Morganfield, in Union county. His pastoral jurisdiction covered thousands of miles of territory, in every portion of which there were living at least isolated Catholic families, every one of whom was dependent upon him for spiritual aid and comfort, and to whose calls, in cases of sickness, prompt response was considered by him as of imperative obligation. This immense field, it would reasonably seem, was beyond the powers of any unit of human capability to cultivate properly, and yet the Catholics living in the tier of counties that bordered the northern bank of the Ohio, in the States of Illinois and Indiana, were equally with his own people dependent upon him in all emergencies affecting their spiritual needs. Beside all this, from and after the year 1832, the terms of his pastorate obliged him once in the year, at least, to visit Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, and to bear thither, to the few Catholic families there residing, the benefits of his ministry.*

When Father Durbin reached the seat of his mission, he found there a chapel of logs built upon the grounds of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, at their establishment known then and still as the academy of St. Vincent.† To this chapel the Catholic people of the

to cast before his hearers his own thoughts, which had been, most likely, previously written out and memorized. For a dozen sentences or more there was no balk, but all at once he appeared to lose himself and the thread of his discourse together. The pauses became longer, and the stammering greater; and at length, in a fit of desperation, he turned about and left the pulpit. The next time Gen. Lewis caught sight of the priest he hailed him and said: "Except in one particular, Durbin, I cannot say much for your sermon of the other Sunday. You got along pretty pertly until your canoe got tangled in the bushes, and then you stuck! But there was one capital thing about it, nevertheless—*it was short!*" Father Durbin has never been considered an orator, neither by himself nor anybody else; but it would be a happy thing for the Church, here and elsewhere, if the preaching of those of her clergy who are acknowledged eloquent, were as productive of good results as has been the simple, heart-felt and easily understood pulpit utterances of Kentucky's patriarch priest.

* I have been shown a letter addressed to the then coadjutor-bishop of the diocese by Father Durbin, bearing date November 4, 1837, in which occurs the following passage: "I am glad to hear of the nomination of Rt. Rev. R. P. Miles to the new See of Nashville. But I cannot consider myself released from that mission until I see him installed. I have promised to give two hundred dollars to help him fix himself up there. I hope you will urge others, both the priests and the people of the different congregations, to assist him liberally."

† On the last day of December, 1820, a colony of the sisters named had established themselves on a small farm that had been donated to Father Nerinckx for the foundation of a school. This colony was composed of Mother Angela Spink, superior, and Sisters Margaret Bamberry, an English lady of superior attainments, Cecily O'Brien, Susan Hagar and Frances Gardiner. The primitive establishment of the sisterhood, including the chapel, was constructed of logs, and it had about it little that was indicative of its after surprising growth and extension. The St. Vincent academy buildings are to-day the most stately

county had been wont to repair, whenever circumstances so favored them as to send them a priest, in order to hear mass and to acquit themselves of their religious obligations. With very few exceptions, the Catholic population of the county, up to the year 1840, was composed of former residents of the counties of Washington, Marion and Nelson. The names of the greater number of the earlier settlers in the county will be found in the following list:

John F. Alvey,
Robert Alvey,
Augustine Barnes,
John H. Bright,
Philip Boone,
John Bowles,
Dr. F. Brady,
Clement Buckman,
Ignatius Buckman,
John Cruz,
Hansen Clements,
Patrick Clements,
Raphael Cambron,
Lewis Clements,
George Clements,
Elias Cissel,
Wilfred Cissel,
James Drury,
John Drury,
Ben. Davis,
Alban Gettings,
William Gettings,
Lewis Greenwell,
Samuel Greenwell,
Peter Huits,
Martin Huits,
Leonard Hagan,
Charles Hardisty,
Benedict Hardy,
Ben. Luckett,
Elisha McAtee,
Joseph Mills,
Lewis Mills,
Richard Mudd,
William Mudd,
Samuel Norris,
Dennis O'Nan,
John Payne,
Joseph Payne,
Clement Riney,
Ignatius A. Spalding,
William Spalding,
Edward Smith,
Richard Woodward,
James Woodward,
Thomas Wathen.

For several years Father Durbin served the mission alone. Its extent was from the Ohio river to Tennessee, and from the line of Jefferson county to the Mississippi. The points more frequently visited by him, because of their being central to considerable numbers of Catholic families, were Caseyville, in Union county; Flint Island, in Meade county; Fancy Farm, in Graves county; Knottsville and Panther Creek, in Daviess county; Paducah, in McCracken county; Henderson, in Henderson county; Bell's Mines, Marquettes and Dycusburg, in Crittenden county; Eddyville, in Lyon county; and Hardinsburg, in Breckinridge county.*

and beautiful of any in the county, and the establishment is one of which the Catholic people are justly proud. In the sixty years of its existence, in numerous instances its conductors have imparted instruction in both sacred and secular things, to those who now bear to each other the relations of grandmother, mother and daughter.

*Minor stations served by Father Durbin were numerous. One of these was the house of Benedict Hardy, below Morganfield; one at James Wood-

Within two years after his nomination to the missions of Southwestern Kentucky, Father Durbin was able to point to two churches he had caused to be erected in the territory allotted to him for missionary work. The first of these was that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, built near the site of the old log chapel on the grounds of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent's, in which he had said his first mass after his arrival, and then the only structure designed for Catholic worship west of the line of Breckinridge county, and east of the Mississippi river.* Father Durbin's first assistant, appointed in 1829 or 1830, was Rev. Edward A. Clark, about which time he established the congregation of St. Ambrose, in Union county, and a few years later, built the church of the same title.†

In time, the church of the Sacred Heart, near Morganfield, being found inadequate to the accommodation of the congregation, it was decided by both pastor and people that it should be replaced by a larger and better appointed edifice. This was done at the cost of $20,000, and the new building was dedicated on the 20th of June, 1855.‡

The third church built by Father Durbin was that of St. Jerome, at Fancy Farm, in Graves county, which dates from the year 1836, and of which the first resident pastor was Rev. Alfred Hagan,

ward's, and afterwards at Mrs. Henrietta McAtee's, still farther removed in the same direction; one at Joseph Moore's, in Illinois, twenty-five miles below Shawneetown, and afterwards at John Lawler's, near the town named; one at Daniel McLaughlin's, opposite Flint Island, in the State of Indiana; one at Marcus Wathen's, below Uniontown; one at Allen Anderson's, in Webster county; and others at Ben. Watkin's, Mrs. Wimsutt's, John Payne's, John Thompson's, and Ben. Luckett's, in Union county. Sister Anastasia, of the Nazareth community, was a daughter of Ben. Luckett. After 1832, Father Durbin was further charged with the stations at Franklin, Kentucky, and Nashville, Tennessee. The first named of these was at the house of Lawrence Finn, and the last at that of Philip Callaghan, in Nashville. There was here a small unfurnished brick church, said to have been put up by Father Robert A. Abell, about the year 1820; and when the first bishop of the then newly-created See reached the chief city of his diocese, in 1837, he found that this little chapel had been fitted up for his reception by the thoughtful care of Father Durbin.

*The deed for the property upon which stands the church of the Sacred Heart was made by either John F., or Robert Alvey, in favor of Bishop Flaget, in 1818, and it was afterwards released by the heirs of the grantor in consideration of the sum of one dollar. The second church alluded to was that of St. Theresa, at Flint Island, since removed.

†The church of St. Ambrose was built on a grant of land from Thomas Cropper, of Virginia, of two hundred acres, and it was attended by Father Durbin or his assistant of the time being, up to the year 1860, when it was transferred to the charge of the pastorate of St. Agnes' church, Uniontown. In 1875, Rev. Th. Kellenairs became resident pastor, and still retains the position.

‡Upon the retirement of Father Durbin in 1873, Rev. T. J. Jenkins was appointed to the pastorship, in which he continued for sixteen months, and during which time he re-organized the congregation, established a school for boys, and built an addition to the rectory.

appointed in 1843. This church had been attended previously from Morganfield, and after the death of the first resident pastor in 1848, it was served by either Father Durbin himself or by his second assistant on the mission, Rev. Stephen Ward.*

The church of St. Agnes, Uniontown, was built in 1860 by a committee of gentlemen composed of Messrs. Wathen, Kibbey, Hevern, and Riggs, and under the pastorate of Father Durbin. Though used from that date, it was finished several years later under the direction of the late Rev. James M. Martin, D. D., then the assistant of the venerable pastor of the church of the Sacred Heart.†

The lot upon which the church stands was granted without consideration by Mr. William David, a non-Catholic. In 1870, the then pastor of the church, the late Rev. B. E. Vantroostenberghe, bought the property now used for a pastoral residence.‡

* Among the earlier members of the congregation of St. Jerome were Samuel and John Willett, and Mrs. Polly Hobbs, widow of Jesse Hobbs, who was an aunt of Rev. George A. M. Elder, and the mother of Sister Julia Hobbs, of the Nazareth community. The after pastors of the church were Revs. P. McNicholas, James Quinn, Wm. Oberhulsmann, E. O'Callaghan, M. Bouchet, J. F. Reed, J. Boyle, and William Dunn, all of whom were assistants of Father Durbin. For a number of years afterwards St. Jerome's was under the pastoral care of the Carmelite fathers. Rev. Lawrence Ford is pastor at the date of this publication.

† A more distinguished young priest the diocese has not known than was Dr. Martin. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, September 29 (Michaelmas day), 1841. In 1850, his parents came to the United States and settled in Louisville. He made his first communion when twelve years of age, and immediately afterwards he became a member of the sodality of the Blessed Virgin in the cathedral parish, then under the direction of the late Rev. John H. Bekkers. At thirteen he entered the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, where he remained four years. His advancement was so rapid, and his talents so evident, that Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, then bishop of the diocese, determined to send him for the completion of his studies to the college of the Propaganda, Rome, where he was ordained priest in 1863, and where was conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Returning to St. Thomas' he taught philosophy and humanities for two years. In 1865, he was named assistant to Father Durbin, and in 1869, resident pastor at Uniontown, where he endeared himself much to the Catholic people of the vicinity, and where he found it an easy matter to finish the church previously begun. In 1870 he was returned to Louisville, and attached to the cathedral parish. But there had now developed in him the seeds of consumption, and beyond the delivery by him of a few lectures in aid of charitable undertakings, he was able to do little in the line of his priestly avocation. His disease was so virulent that Bishop McCloskey, with the advice of his physician, and with the hope that a warmer climate would prove beneficial, dispatched him to Florida. Reaching Aiken, South Carolina, he found himself too ill to proceed further. Though among strangers, he was not friendless. There were there before him two invalid priests beside the pastor of the town, and everything was done for him that christian charity could suggest. A clerical friend and fellow-student, Rev. M. Flynn, reached his bedside before he died, as did also his broken-hearted mother. His death took place on the 8th of April, 1871.

‡By permission of his ordinary, Father Vantroostenberghe went to the assistance of the distressed Catholic people of Memphis during the epidemic of yellow fever of 1878, that carried off, together with hundreds of the popula-

In 1870 the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth secured an excellent piece of property in Uniontown, immediately opposite the church, in which they established a school that has since been greatly conservative of Catholic interests in the parish.*

The church of St. Ann, Morganfield, belongs properly to a later era than that proposed to be touched by the writer; but for reasons personal to himself, he trusts to be excused by his readers for introducing here, in admiration of the zeal of laics for the greater honor and glory of God, such details as have come to him respecting an enterprise that was set on foot and brought to completion by one to whose friendship he has ever attached a value that was beyond price. The site upon which the church of St. Ann stands was a gift to the congregation from Hon. I. A. Spalding, whose house, after that of his father, had been the church station of the town. It was built by a committee of lay Catholics, composed of I. A. Spalding, Dr. T. J. Shoemaker, Ben. Thomas, Charles Alvey, and Louis Wathen, and its entire cost was $9,000. Much of the sum stated was contributed, no doubt, by members of the congregation, and some, possibly, by the non-Catholic friends of the projectors; but the greatest credit for the successful issue of the undertaking is conceded by all to the first-named of the committee, Hon. I. A. Spalding. The church of St. Ann has attached to it two and a half acres of elevated ground, and also six acres set apart for a cemetery.†

It is doubtful if the history of missionary enterprise in the United States furnishes a parallel of continuous and long-sustained labor such as has marked the career of the present priest-patriarch of Kentucky, Rev. Elisha J. Durbin. Many, no doubt, have labored as strenuously, and some with equal or greater effect; but in these enervated nature demanded much sooner release from toil. After twenty-six years of such service, Father Badin found himself no longer able to bear its fatigues. The same is to be said of his co-laborer, Father Nerinckx. He fell at his post of duty after eighteen years of travail that must ever be regarded as marvellous. But neither of the missionaries named, nor any other in this country whose history is known to the writer, was favored with such continuity of energy as has distinguished the still living Kentucky inheritor of their gifts of zeal and fortitude. The record, brought up to this year of grace 1883, is as instructive as it is wonderful. Sixty-one years a priest! Fifty of these years devoted to missionary duty over a district of country that

tion of the city, the greater number of its home clergy. He had been but a few days administering to the sick and dying, when he was himself seized with the malady, and died a martyr to charity.

* Father Vantroostenberghe was succeeded in the pastorship of the church of St. Agnes by Rev. H. J. Daly, and he, by the present pastor, Rev. M. Dillon.

† "This church," writes a correspondent, "was dedicated in March, 1878, and the title of St. Ann was given to it in honor of Mrs. Ann Spalding, a noble matron, who, though a non-Catholic, caused her children to be instructed in the faith, and was herself blessed by baptism in her last days."

covers one-third of the entire State, with its Catholic population scattered far apart, and he the only priest west of Louisville to break to these the Bread of Life! A single chapel of logs in all that wide expanse of country west of Breckinridge county that had title to the name of house of God, and one single school conducted by Catholic religious! Horseback journeyings that he was himself in the habit of reckoning at the average of two hundred miles a week! * All manner of discomforts and privations, from stress of weather, from hunger and thirst, from loss of sleep, and from the numberless accidents and delays that are inseparable from nomadism in a sparsely settled country.

But a better day dawns for the lonely missionary; not that it brings him longer intervals of rest, but that he is able to discover by its light that his labor has not been vainly expended. He has imbued his people with something of his own spirit. His admonitions are not only listened to, but they are having the effect to draw men's minds to a more careful consideration of their spiritual needs. There is to be seen among them more of charity and piety and practical religion, and it requires less of persuasion to induce them to spend their money for objects that are promotive of religious sentiment. Here and there an unpretensious church or chapel appears in the perspective with the christian's emblem lifted above its modest belfry.

And now the eyes of the missionary are gladdened by the sight of a priestly co-worker, and his thoughts are with his distant missions, hitherto visited so rarely because of his inability to be in two places at one time. In the meantime, with the revolving years and cycles, where there was at first but a single Catholic family, there are now clusters of them, and where the congregations were small, they are now large. His hands and those of his co-worker are kept busy in a narrowed circle, and he might be in despair because of the impending spiritual desolation of hundreds now cut off from his ministrations, were he not sustained by the unfailing influence of the Church, working from the outside of his central field of labor, now relieving him of the care of one, and now of another, of his farther removed outlying missions. He has still enough to do, all of which mortal hands are capable. His rides are not so extended, to be sure, but his lank figure and bronzed face are as frequently seen on the road. He organizes congregations and builds churches. He takes thought of the rising generation, and multiplies his resources for its more perfect christian culture and training. He follows the straying sheep and brings them back to the fold. In a word, he strives to render his ministry accept-

* A reverend friend who was his assistant in 1856, tells me that this is no exaggeration, and that he has himself little doubt that Father Durbin's combined journeyings on horseback during the sixty-two years of his priesthood would be under-reckoned at 500,000 miles. When he was so favored by circumstance as to be enabled to say his office outside of his saddle, he would jestingly remark, that he was entitled to a dispensation from that special duty on the plea of infrequency.

able in God's sight and in that of his people. And thus ran the stream of his ministry for half a century, interrupted only at its close by the conviction, on the part of his bishop, that the limit of his strength had been reached, and that it would be a cruel exaction to require at his hands further exhibitions of his indomitable zeal.

The patriarch priest of Kentucky comes of ancestry that has long been noted for robust physical development and hardiness. His surprising energy, his powers of resistance against fatigue, and his singular freedom from sickness through so many years of toilsome construction, are to be referred, in a great measure at least, to ancestral strain. But it is to be said of him that, from boyhood to old age, he has so lived as to counteract any tendency to nervous enervation, had there been such lying dormant in his system. He has sustained and prolonged his life by a strict observance of those sanitary laws of nature that, recognized as they are by all, are set at naught by nine-tenths of the people of this country. His food was simple, his drink that which nature provides, and he escaped debility by shunning its most common provocative, the deprivation of exercise in the open air.

Father Durbin cannot be said to have inherited one peculiarity of his mother's people. The Logsdons of Kentucky have ordinarily been of large stature. Though by no means below the common standard of men, whether in regard to height or weight, Father Durbin can certainly be called no stalwart in bodily conformation. His height is possibly five feet ten inches, and his weight not over one hundred and sixty pounds. In his younger days he had the appearance of a man of much nervous force and power of endurance rather than of an athlete. Even at that time his face was in some degree tawny, but it had not yet assumed the erysipelous hue, contracted from constant exposure, that has marked his features for more than forty years.* Though

* Father Durbin's florid complexion was once the occasion of a humorous incident. Jogging along the open highway one day, he raised his eyes from the page of his breviary from which he was reciting the canonical office, and perceived a stranger, also on horseback, approaching him from the opposite direction. When the two met, the priest bowed his head and was about to pass on; but he had not got two lengths of his horse away from the second rider when he was halted by the exclamation: "Halloo, stranger! You are just the man I have been looking for! Get off your horse for a minute and let me take a pull at your jug!" "My friend," said Father Durbin, who saw at once what the man was after, "I have no jug! I have no use for one, for I never drink spirits of any kind!" "No jug!" exclaimed the man incredulously; "do you mean to tell me that I don't know what sort of a bulge a jug makes at the bottom of a pair of saddle bags!" Laughing at the oddity of the situation, the man having mistaken for a jug a bundle made up of a part of his priestly vestments—the priest replied: "You are altogether mistaken, sir! I have not about my person nor in my saddle bags as much as a drop of liquor of any kind; and furthermore, I spoke truthfully when I told you a bit ago that I am not in the habit of using spirits at any time or in any form." Looking at the priest intently for a full half minute, the man said at length: "Stranger, I hope you will not take offense at the remark, but if I were in your place, I would take in my sign!" In this case the physiognomist's science, if it may be so called, was more at fault than was its matter-of-fact interpreter.

never demonstratively so, Father Durbin has always been quietly companionable, and at times has been known to jest and to give evident signs of pleased interest in exhibitions of wit and humor.

In 1873 Father Durbin was relieved of his pastoral responsibility in Union county, and his bishop would have then gladly provided him with a place in which he would no longer be subjected to calls of onerous duty; but the aged missionary was not to be persuaded that he was yet entitled to release from labor. His fifty years of service in the ministry had neither broken his spirit nor quenched in the least the fire of his zeal. He was given charge of the Catholic people living along the Elizabethtown and Paducah railroad, with headquarters at the town of Princeton, in Caldwell county. Here he remained, laboring with much zeal and efficiency, until, a few years ago, he was prevailed upon by his bishop to retire from the active duties of the ministry and spend the remaining years of his life at the college of St. Joseph, in Bardstown. Of all his faculties, his memory appears to be the only one that age has seriously affected. He is still able to say his daily mass, and at no former period of his life was his heart more readily assailable than now on occasions that call for sympathy and personal service. He is surrounded in his retirement by those who consider it an honor to be permitted to minister to his wants, and thither followed him the love and veneration of all Western Kentucky, so far as it is Catholic.*

*Since the above was written I learn that this venerable priest, now in the eighty-fifth year of his age and the sixty-second of his ministry, has successfully sought from his ordinary leave to return to active duty in a section of country that once formed a part of the immense field upon which he had expended the energies of his prime. A more wonderful exhibition than this, whether of zeal or vital force, has not been witnessed in the territory of the United States.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BISHOPRIC OF BARDSTOWN FROM 1819 TO 1840.

In this chapter, the writer follows the record, with little deviation, left by the author of the "Life of Bishop Flaget." It is necessary to state, however, that, as early as the year 1813, Bishop Flaget had visited Baltimore in company with Father Badin, the proto-priest of the country, and that the latter had made his visit to the East in some degree profitable to the material interests of the diocese of Bardstown. He had also visited Vincennes, St. Louis, Cahokias, Kaskaskias and Detroit — some of these missions more than once. At the point last named he had succeeded in healing a formidable dissension that was threatening the life of the mission. An incident of the bishop's stay in Detroit is thus related by Dr. Spalding:

"On the day of the reconciliation, the bishop had dined with Governor Cass, and on the day following with General Macomb. Returning from the house of the latter, the horses took fright on the brink of the river, and he was thrown from the carriage down a precipice into the water. He was not dangerously wounded, but he received a severe contusion of the right shoulder, from the effects of which he never recovered. The first symptom of his approaching dissolution, a few months before his death, was this shoulder turning black."

He visited Niagara, and his description of the falls will be read with interest: "These falls," he afterwards wrote, "present the most grand and sublime spectacle which a mortal can contemplate on earth. No words can express the sensations produced on the soul by those torrents of water, forming a sheet nearly a mile wide, and falling perpendicularly one hundred and fifty feet. The rising vapors, while hiding from your view a portion of the cataract, cause to arise in the imagination ideas of a gulf, of an abyss, which fill you with a religious fear, and seize you with a feeling of solemn awe, never before felt. Until our arrival, the sun had been hidden by clouds, and it continued so for a time while we were devouring with our eyes a spectacle so astonishing; when lo! on a sudden, the solar rays pierced the clouds, causing us to enjoy the sight of numerous rainbows formed amidst the vapors ascending from the abyss. The masses of water, falling into the depths below, rebound, boiling from the gulf; and you would believe that you saw, through the vapor, a river of milk flowing on to a great distance. It is impossible for the coldest soul not to become warmed at this sight of the wonder. 'God is

wonderful in the highest —great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised! Alas! (said I, to myself,) the torrents of grace, much more extended, and much more voluminous than this cataract of waters falling with so much force before my eyes, are flowing each instant into the hearts of men, and most of those hearts are not more penetrated by them than are the hard rocks upon which these waters fall! Is not this the case with my own heart? O God! do not permit this!"

He was present at the treaty with the Indians held at Detroit in August, 1818, and the annexed extract of a letter written on the occasion of his death, in 1850, by the then principal Indian agent of the government, Col. John Johnson, is not a little affecting:

"The death of this venerable prelate of the Catholic Church," writes Col. Johnson, "which lately happened at Louisville, Kentucky, at an advanced age, reminds me of times and seasons during my long intercourse with the Indian tribes of the Northwest—a race which dire necessity has compelled to seek homes in the far West. The largest and most important treaty held with the natives, since that of Greenville, in 1795, by General Wayne, was the one concluded at St. Mary's, in 1818—thirty-two years ago. Bishop Flaget was in attendance at this treaty during the whole time of its continuance, a period of about seven weeks. The Indians present on that occasion numbered about ten thousand, consisting of Miamies, Potowattomies, Chippewas, Ottawas, Delawares, Shawaneese, Wyandotts, Senecas, and Kickapoos. It fell to my lot, as the oldest agent in the service acting under the authority of the commissioners of the United States, to make all necessary arrangements for the treaty. This included, of course, the comfortable accommodation of the good bishop. I procured him a horseman's tent, a sufficiency of blankets, a man to attend to his wants, sent him breakfast and supper from the officers' mess, he dining regularly with us at the public table. By invitation, the bishop performed divine service and preached every Sabbath. Many of the sub-agents, interpreters, and Indians were of the Catholic persuasion, and occupied much of his time in attending to their spiritual wants. His conduct throughout his sojourn with us was so marked by the affability, courtesy, and kindness of his manners, with the dignity of the christian and gentleman, that he won all hearts. Added to this, he possessed a fine proportioned and commanding person; few persons excelled him here, when in the prime of his years. Previous to the departure of the bishop, it was proposed to raise a collection for him. One hundred dollars were speedily made up, and the undersigned was charged with the delivery of the money. The bishop peremptorily refused to receive any of it, stating that we had treated him so kindly he was largely our debtor. When departing on horseback, he stopped at my tent, which was some distance from his own, and, dismounting to bid farewell, he took me in his arms. After many thanks for my attentions to him, he said: 'I have nothing better to bestow than the blessing of a christian bishop;' and, after imparting that in the most affectionate manner, he bade me adieu. I have never seen him since."

In 1820, as has been seen elsewhere, Bishop Flaget assumed the pastoral duties previously discharged by Father Nerinckx. In 1822, he had the satisfaction of consecrating the first bishop of the then newly established See of Cincinnati.

"On the 21st of September, 1819," says Dr. Spalding, "the seminary was removed from St. Thomas' to Bardstown, now the residence of the two bishops. These occupied apartments in the same building with the seminarians; and for many years they ate at the same table, and as far as possible, performed all the spiritual exercises with them. It was a well organized family, in which the fathers lived in the midst of their children. 'This day,' says the bishop, 'should form an epoch in the history of the Church of Kentucky; for I dare hope that from this house will go forth priests who will sustain and propagate the faith. What embarrassment, however, in providing for temporal wants, under such circumstances! Everything consists in acting with great liberty of spirit, and in reposing confidence without bounds in God.'"

On the 25th of September, 1821, a young priest reached the diocese who was destined in time to a position in the Church of North America which has familiarized his name with Catholics the world over. This priest became afterwards coadjutor-bishop and bishop of Philadelphia and archbishop of Baltimore. Dr. Francis P. Kenrick, and the services rendered by him to the diocese, will be referred to, more fully than has yet been done, in a subsequent chapter.

Illustrating Bishop Flaget's tenderness toward his clergy when ill and suffering, of which trait in his character the reader has already noted an example in the personal care given by him to Father Robert A. Abell when disease had brought him to the brink of the grave, his biographer instances two other examples of like character:

In August, 1822, the bishop dispatched to Louisville, where there was then raging an epidemic of fever, a priest whom he had ordained in September, 1820. Father Philip Horstman was a young man of fine attainments, and it had been the bishop's hope and expectation that he would be spared to the diocese and his people long after his own life should have reached its limit. "But the ways of God," says the bishop's biographer, "are inscrutable. This zealous clergyman had scarcely entered upon his missionary duties, when he was suddenly called away from this world. Having left all to follow Christ, he was probably already ripe for heaven. While devoting himself day and night to the visitation of those sick with the prevailing typhoid fever, he caught the disease himself, and died of it, on the 30th of October following. The bishop was with him for several days before his death, attending to all his wants, and solacing his soul with the last sacraments, as a preparation for eternity.*

*The late Rev. John B. Hutchins, who was present on the occasion, described to me a short time before his own decease, a scene he witnessed in the cathedral of St. Joseph during the mortuary service therein held for the repose of the soul of the young priest. There was general grief because of the

"Several years later," says Dr. Spalding, "He fulfilled the same office of parental nurse towards the Rev. M. Derigaud. This worthy priest had come to America with the bishop in 1810; and on their arrival in Kentucky the following year, he had entered the seminary. Though then thirty years of age, he completed his studies, and was ordained January 1, 1817. He was employed on the missions, and in the college of St. Joseph; was, for a time, superior of the preparatory seminary of St. Thomas; and finally presided over a new brotherhood, established by the bishop in 1826. In the spring of the ensuing year, he removed with these brothers, about eight in number, to St. Bernard's, in Casey county. His health having been long delicate, he did not survive many months.

"The bishop, who loved him tenderly, was inconsolable at his dangerous illness. Earnestly did he pray for his recovery, should such be the holy will of God. He went to see him, and remained with him till he breathed his last. He then had his remains removed to St. Thomas', where they were solemnly interred.

"In his Journal, the bishop has written a high eulogy of this good priest, saying that he had never in his whole life given him a moment's trouble or uneasiness."

In his report made to the Holy See in 1836, Bishop Flaget thus refers to his priests:

"I come now to speak of my clergy. Oh! may God bless them! May he bless their continual sacrifices and generous devotedness, without which there would be nothing remaining of all that now exists in my diocese! But, alas! these young priests, whom I love as myself; these priests so zealous and so charitable, become soon exhausted; on them old age and infirmities come prematurely—the evident results of their long journeys and painful missions—already many are enfeebled, and are left almost without resource. Whither will they go, after labors so glorious? Alas! I know not; and this it is which causes my desolation."

Though Tennessee had been visited a number of times by Father Badin, Bishop Flaget had hitherto been unable to introduce himself personally to his children of that State. Determining, at length, to make the visitation, he set out on horseback, in company with Father Abell, for Nashville. This was in the beginning of May, 1821. Following Dr. Spalding's account of the journey, we find that "they reached Leitchfield on the 7th and Bowling Green on the 8th, where there were then but five Catholics. They arrived at Nashville on the 10th, and put up with M. Mont Brun, a Frenchman, who received them with tears in his eyes. On the following day, the first mass that was ever offered up by a bishop in Tennessee, was cele-

death of one who was known by the entire congregation; but this grief was most apparent in the sanctuary and among the seminarians. Bishop Flaget attempted the delivery of an eulogy; but he had scarcely begun before he was overcome by his feelings and obliged to desist.

brated by our prelate, in the house of his entertainer. The Blood of the Lamb, now mystically shed on the holy altar, made a potent appeal in behalf of that infant mission.

"The total number of Catholics in Nashville and vicinity did not exceed sixty; and there were not, perhaps, half as many more in all the rest of the State. The prospects for soon establishing a congregation here, were certainly not very flattering. The Catholics were both few and poor. Yet the bishop was not disheartened, and he resolved to make the experiment.

"What was his joy, when he found that his proposal was most favorably entertained, even by the first Protestant citizens of the place. A liberal subscription was taken up, signed by Protestants as well as Catholics. A lot for a church, 70 by 100 feet, was offered by a Mr. Foster, grand master of the Masons. The Protestants of the city vied with one another in showing every polite attention to the bishop and his companion. The late Hon. Felix Grundy, and his amiable family, are gratefully mentioned by the prelate in his Journal. He was even invited to take tea with a Presbyterian preacher named Campbell.

"Many of the first families attended mass; and a large and intelligent concourse were assembled every evening at the court house, to hear the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Abell. They listened with profound attention to his eloquent exposition and defence of the Catholic doctrine on confession, on baptism, and on several other points little understood among Protestants.

"The first care of Bishop Flaget's administration," says Dr. Spalding, "regarded his clergy. The wish nearest to his heart was, that they might be 'models of the flock,' and imbued with all the virtues of the apostles. The good work which was to extend to the farthest extremities of his diocese, bringing 'the peace of Christ' to the hearts of men, was to begin in the sanctuary itself. The people would be like their priests; and the latter should be holy, in order that the former might become good christians.

"To secure this desirable result, he enacted a decree in September, 1822, that the clergy of the diocese should meet annually in spiritual retreat; at the close of which, conferences would be held on various subjects connected with the exercise of the holy ministry. These retreats were often conducted by Bishop David; and the bishop gave great edification, by performing all the exercises at the head of his clergy. They produced the most salutary results; and the clergy went out from them, filled with renewed zeal, courage and energy.

"The first synod, or conference, held in compliance with this decree, began at Bardstown, August 5, 1823. Several important subjects were discussed, and some regulations adopted for the uniform administration of the sacraments. Though promulgated to the clergy, these statutes were never, however, published.

"In December, 1823, the bishop received the joyful intelligence, that Dr. Joseph Rosati had been named coadjutor of the bishop of New Orleans; and that after the lapse of three years, the bishop-elect

would be transferred to St. Louis, as the first bishop of that city. The intelligence was subsequently confirmed. Dr. Rosati was consecrated bishop of Tenagria and coadjutor of Bishop Dubourg at New Orleans, March 25, 1824; and he became bishop of St. Louis in 1827.

"The bishops of Bardstown and New Orleans, the only prelates in the West and South until 1822, took a conspicuous part in arranging the preliminaries for the erection of new Sees and the appointment of new bishops, not only for this part of the Union, but also for the Eastern States. Though the latter prelate was, it would appear, a man of superior talents to, and equal address with, the former, yet he always greatly deferred to his judgment, illumined as he knew it to be, by his great sanctity of life and confirmed spirit of prayer."

Referring to the jubilee of 1825–27, which was preached in Kentucky by the Rev. F. P. Kenrick and Rev. I. A. Reynolds, accompanied by Bishop Flaget, Dr. Spalding remarks:

"Besides being proclaimed at the stated time—it was the close of the first quarter of this century—it was commemorative of the accession of Leo XII. to the pontifical throne; and it had, for this diocese, the additional attraction of novelty. It was the first occasion on which the Catholics of the West were ever called upon to unite with their brethren throughout Christendom in solemn thanksgiving and prayer, and in offering a holy violence to the throne of grace; while, by the keys of St. Peter, in the hands of his successor, the treasures of the Church were freely opened to all, and the fountains of grace were flowing abundantly into the hearts of the fervent and the repentant. This season of benediction marked an epoch in the history of the flock committed to the charge of Bishop Flaget; and its happy results filled the heart of the holy prelate with joy and consolation.

"The Holy See allowed the bishop two years for promulgating the jubilee in the various portions of his extensive diocese; while six months were allotted to each congregation for gaining the indulgence.

"The good work began in the sanctuary. The priests who were to announce the blessings of the jubilee were themselves first to receive its fruits in their own hearts; that being themselves inflamed with divine charity, they might enkindle every where that 'fire which Christ came to cast on earth.' The exercises for the clergy began at Bardstown on the 1st of September, 1826; and they closed on the 8th, the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

"On the following Sunday, September 10, the jubilee was promulgated in the cathedral. During the week the attendance was very large, embracing Protestants as well as Catholics. Besides the usual devotional exercises and sermons, a method of instruction was adopted —new in Kentucky—which awakened great attention, and produced the most happy results. This was the conference between two clergymen on doctrinal and moral subjects; one asking questions or making objections, and the other answering them. In these conferences, at Bardstown and throughout the diocese, the Rev. F. P. Kenrick was generally the respondent.

"Almost all the Catholics of Kentucky approached the sacraments during this season of grace. The oldest sinners were converted. Great numbers of children were prepared for their first communion and for confirmation. The number confirmed was one thousand two hundred and sixteen; while more than six thousand approached the holy table. The heart of the good bishop was rejoiced. He says:

"'With what pleasure I have entered on this apostolic career! And if the consolations I at present feel go on increasing, they will afford me happiness enough for this world. I will say, with the greatest pleasure, 'Now wilt Thou, O Lord, dismiss Thy servant in peace!' at the end of the jubilee—provided my debts will have been liquidated at that time."

In January, 1828, Bishop Flaget went to Baltimore, whither he had been invited to consecrate Most Rev. James Whitfield, the fourth occupant of the archiepiscopal See of that city. Having fulfilled this duty, he returned home to make a visitation of the churches and stations in Hardin and Grayson counties.

In June, 1829, he made his fifth visitation to Vincennes and the scattered congregations of Indiana. In September, of the same year, he attended the first provincial council of Baltimore, travelling to the East in the company of Bishop Rosati. It was on this occasion that he was introduced to Dr. England. "Permit me," said he, "to kiss the hand that has written so many fine things." "And permit me," returned the renowned writer and orator, "to kiss the hands that have done so much good."

"At the close of the council," says Dr. Spalding, "the bishops visited in a body the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrolton, then ninety-two years of age. The estimable survivor of that intrepid band of patriots, who signed the Declaration of Independence, was much affected at this delicate and well-deserved compliment. He received the prelates with his accustomed courtesy and grace; and he was much rejoiced, when now so near the close of his mortal career, to see that the Church which he loved was visibly keeping pace with the rapid improvement of the country."

"On the 1st of May, 1830," says the same authority, "Bishop Flaget received a package containing the bulls of Rt. Rev. F. P. Kenrick. Knowing that this clergyman had been proposed by the late Council to the Holy See for the coadjutorship of Philadelphia, he still cherished hopes that the documents contained in the unopened parcel might nominate him to the See of Bardstown. 'With his heart bleeding,' he knelt down and breathed a fervent prayer, committing the affair to God, and resigning himself to His holy will.

"His worst fears were realized; the nomination was for Philadelphia. A deep gloom now came over him; he tried to sleep, but repose fled from his pillow. It was only on the next evening after Vespers—the vigil of the feast celebrating the Finding of the Holy Cross—that he could find courage to deliver the documents to the bishop-elect.

This he did, with the significant remark: 'Behold here the certificate of the cross you will have to carry!'

"Bishop Kenrick was consecrated by Bishop Flaget on the 6th of June, in the cathedral of Bardstown. There were four other prelates present: Bishops Conwell, David, England and Fenwick. The bishop of Charleston preached the consecration sermon, with his usual ability and eloquence. Bishop Flaget was much cheered by the presence of this eminent prelate, who remained with him some weeks, and visited most of his institutions. He preached everywhere with great success.

"Naturally of a very tender heart and of an exquisite nervous sensibility, Dr. Flaget suffered much from disappointments and afflictions; and notwithstanding his habitual faith and conformity to the divine will, he occasionally was plunged into profound melancholy. God thus tries his favored servants; and in this light the holy bishop accepted all his sufferings.

"Shortly after the departure of the bishops, he was visited by one of these fits of sadness. He felt that his strength was fast failing him, and that he was no longer able to bear the awful burden which had so long rested on his shoulders. 'Everybody proclaims me the most happy bishop of the United States,' he says, 'on account of the number of my churches and institutions; but God visits me with cross after cross.'

"He now wrote again to Rome, imploring the Holy Father to accept his resignation, and appoint some one more worthy and younger to the See of Bardstown.

"In 1832, while awaiting the time set for his journey to Vincennes, he visited the upper portion of his diocese. In the midst of his labors, he understood that the cholera had broken out with great fury at Louisville. This dreadful scourge, then making its appearance for the first time in the West, was much more formidable than it became afterwards, when the minds of men grew accustomed to its ravages. The bishop immediately left everything, and hastened to Louisville to aid in assisting the sick and dying. Instead of yielding to fear, he rejoiced at the occasion thus presented by Providence for laying down his life in the holy cause of religion and charity. He even persuaded himself that his death at this time would result in benefit to the Church, by inaugurating a better administration for his diocese. But God did not demand the sacrifice he would so willingly have offered up.

"On his arrival in Louisville, he found the Reverend pastor—Mr. Abell—busily engaged in his sacred functions in behalf of those seized with the disease. Three Sisters of Charity had also come from Nazareth, and volunteered their services towards the afflicted; ready cheerfully to lay down their lives for the love of their neighbor, prompted by the love of God. In a few days the malady abated, and the bishop returned to Bardstown."

Late in the fall of this year he went to Vincennes, where he was met by Dr. Rosati. It was at this time that the two prelates agreed upon the name of Rev. Gabriel Bruté for the See of Vincennes. The

bishop afterwards accompanied Dr. Rosati to St. Louis, where he was rejoiced at the change in everything connected with the Catholic interests of the people since his visit of fifteen years before. While here he received a letter from Bishop David containing the intelligence that the Holy See had accepted his resignation; that Bishop David had become bishop of Bardstown, with Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat as his coadjutor.

"But these changes," says Dr. Spalding, "had caused general dissatisfaction among both the clergy and laity of Kentucky. The former coadjutor loudly protested against his unexpected promotion; and the whole diocese was seized with grief at the apprehended loss of a bishop so universally esteemed and loved.

"In this emergency, the holy prelate persuaded Bishop Rosati to accompany him to Kentucky, in order to assist, with his counsel and influence, in allaying the storm which had arisen. On their arrival, in December, 1832, they found that the excitement had not been exaggerated. Bishop Flaget was overwhelmed with sorrow. After suitable deliberation, it was decided, in accordance with the advice of Dr. Rosati, that the two bishops should unite in a petition to the Sovereign Pontiff, begging him to accept the resignation of Dr. David, and to dispose at will of Bishop Flaget and Dr. Chabrat.

"Towards the end of May, in the following year, the answer was received from Rome; Bishop David's resignation was accepted, and Bishop Flaget was reinstated. Nothing definite was said about Dr. Chabrat. Our prelate was now in a worse condition than before, having no coadjutor. This condition of affairs continued for more than a year.

"In the spring of 1833, the cholera broke out, in a very malignant form, at Bardstown and in the neighboring counties. The first persons attacked by the disease were in the family of Mr. John Roberts, a Protestant gentleman residing about eight miles from Bardstown. The cholera suddenly appeared here on Easter Monday. Three servant men and a daughter of Mr. Roberts soon fell victims to the fatal malady. The whole neighborhood was seized with consternation; and no one would go near the house. At the very first intelligence of the distress in which this unfortunate family was involved, two Sisters of Loretto flew to the succor of the afflicted; and they were soon after joined by two Sisters of Charity from Nazareth, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Reynolds.

"Bishop Flaget himself lost no time in hastening to the house of pestilence. He remained there for several hours, and baptized a sick daughter of Mr. Roberts. He also administered the last sacraments to a dying servant, who was lying on the floor between two already dead of the disease. To hear his confession, he knelt down, the body of one of the deceased having been first removed to afford him sufficient space. He even wished to remain, in order to assist in burying the dead, whom the neighbors could not be induced to touch. It was only after the most urgent entreaties, and after he had received sufficient

assurance that the deceased would be decently interred, that he could be induced to leave the spot. Dr. Reynolds had already persuaded the family to leave their house, and take refuge nearer Bardstown.

"The malady soon after appeared in and about Bardstown, where many fell victims to its virulence. Several of the members of the family of the Hon. John Rowan died. The sisters of charity and the clergy, with the bishop at their head, were always found by the bed-side of the dying.

"The bishop had hitherto moved unterrified and unhurt amidst the ruins which the pestilence had strewn in its path. The scourge had almost disappeared, and all were thanking God that *he* had escaped—when he too was suddenly seized with the malady in a virulent form. For three days there was a violent struggle between life and death; his physicians considered his case almost hopeless—on the fourth, the crisis had passed, and his robust constitution, with the divine blessing, brought him safely through the ordeal. Convalescent, he almost regretted that the physicians had erred in their judgment.

"'Alas!' he wrote, 'I regret that their conjectures were not verified; for death would have delivered me from a burden, become now almost insupportable, in consequence of my advanced age and its attendant infirmities; and I have every reason to fear that it will be next to impossible for me ever to be better prepared than I was then for a passage so formidable in itself, and which will become a hundred times more so, when I shall have to render an account of an administration so long and so extensive as that with which I have been intrusted. But let the holy will of God be done, and not mine!'

"On the bishop's recovery, he continued to feel no little solicitude in regard to his future coadjutor. The negotiations on the subject were long pending; Rome moved slowly and cautiously in a matter of so much importance. At length, on the feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul—June 29th, 1834—the bulls arrived, appointing Dr. Chabrat bishop of Bolina, and coadjutor of Bishop Flaget. The consecration took place on the 20th of July, in the cathedral of Bardstown; our venerable prelate being consecrator, and Bishop David and Vy. Rev. R. P. Miles, O. P., being the assistants. Many of the clergy of the diocese were present on this solemn occasion.

"From this date to the time of his death, the mind of Bishop Flaget was less solicitous concerning matters of administration, the details of which he generally committed to his coadjutor. He now breathed more freely, and became daily more and more intimately united with God in prayer."

In the spring of 1835 Bishop Flaget visited his native land, and it is doubtful if ever returning missionary, anywhere, was received with such demonstrations of popular regard. He remained in France over a year before proceeding to Rome. Thus, according to his biographer's quotations from his letters, does he speak of the consideration he received from bishops, priests and people, and from the Holy Father himself:

"'It is in vain that they feast me wherever I go; Billom and Contournat present themselves to my mind, and their image furnishes me an inexpressible satisfaction. . . In vain do I find myself associating with archbishops and bishops, with mayors and prefects, with marquises and counts; the remembrance of the humble roof, under which I had the happiness to be born, of poor, but very pious parents, puts me back entirely into my proper place. In vain do they overwhelm me with polite attentions and compliments, in prose and in verse, treating me as an apostolic man, as the foreign missionary, etc., etc. . . If I think but one moment of Billom, and the good aunt who nursed me as a mother, all these beautiful eulogies pass over my head like a light breeze, without affecting it with the least attaint.'"

And here is his description of his interview with the Holy Father: "'On the 29th of September, having gone to the palace towards eleven o'clock, A. M., I was without delay introduced into the presence of the father of all the faithful. Following the usual ceremonial, I made the three prostrations, and at the third I kissed with affection the cross embroidered on his sandal. It seemed to me that I was kissing the feet of St. Peter himself. At this thought, my heart felt a sensation which I cannot describe; sighs and sobs choked my utterance. According to the ceremonial, I should have remained kneeling until the Pope would give me a sign to rise; but in this audience, altogether friendly and paternal, there was no ceremony to be observed. The excellent Pontiff bowed down, seized me in both arms, and as I was preparing to kiss his ring, he pressed me to his bosom, and embraced me tenderly, saluting me affectionately on both cheeks.'

"'Such was the impression which these marks of friendship made on my heart, that it was impossible for me to articulate a single word, and I thought I was going to be ill. At this sight the Pope was moved, he pressed me again on his breast, and, with a tender embrace, encouraged me to be calm, bade me sit down by his side, and taking both my hands into his, waited until I would open my heart to him. Throughout this whole scene, my heart was in violent agitation. Happily for me, tears succeeded my sobs; they flowed in abundance. At this juncture, the Pope again embraced me for the third time.'

"'Having recovered my senses, and feeling now perfectly at my ease, I entered into conversation with this good and excellent father of the faithful. Our interview, which lasted more than half an hour, was conducted in Latin; and he assured me that he understood me perfectly well.'

"'As I was speaking to him of my journey to Europe, of the sickness I had suffered at Angers, and the confirmation I had given at Nantes, he stopped me, saying, that he had followed all my footsteps from Havre till my arrival in Rome, that he was satisfied with my conduct, that I was a worthy successor of the apostles, etc. Oh! how agreeable and delicious are such conversations! All the torments one

has endured appear now as nothing. No, I will never forget this interview, so paternal and so delightful. Throughout the day, and at every moment, it was pictured in my thoughts.'"

He remained in Rome till after Easter, 1837, and now, at the age of seventy-five years he began a labor that had been suggested to him by the Pope. He travelled all over France in the interest of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. "Thousands and tens of thousands," says his biographer, joined this pious association; and what was even far more consoling, piety revived, and fervor was aroused wherever he went.

Having remained in Europe for four years Bishop Flaget returned to his diocese in 1839; and almost immediately afterwards he began his visitation of its churches. Though he appeared at times, after the date given, in the public functions of the sanctuary, this was the last continued effort of his ministerial and episcopal career.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE JESUITS IN KENTUCKY—ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The subject of this chapter takes the writer back to a bright wintery morning toward the close of the year 1835. After a residence of four years in Louisville, he was going back to his native town, the county seat of Nelson, where he had engaged to establish and publish a Catholic newspaper. The journey was made by coach, hired on the streets of the city; and the proposed journalist, young and healthful and hopeful, had for his companions *en route* three Jesuits, two priests and a lay brother. One of the priests was the late Rev. William Stack Murphy, and all three were on their way to St. Mary's college, Marion county, which institution had been transferred a year or two before to the care and management of the fathers of the society. With this journey began such knowledge as he has of the Society of Jesus and his acqaintance, since much extended, with individual members of an organization that had saints for its founders; that has stood firmly to its work in the face of suspicion and distrust; that has sent its missionaries into heathen lands, where it has planted the seed of christian faith and watered it with the blood of its martyrs; that has taught the teachers of the world, and given impulse to scientific research; that has stemmed the tide of infidelity and irreligion in the past, and is breasting their greater floods in the present; that has regarded neither suspicion, nor aspersion, nor persecution, but has kept its course, here smooth, and there obstructed by stones of derision; has been driven out of one country but to set up its tabernacles in another, and, wherever permitted, has always heaped benefits on humanity.

Twice in the history of the church in Kentucky have the Jesuit fathers been welcomed to the State, and twice have they removed hence and given to others the benefits of their labors.*

* Why it was that the work of the Jesuits in Kentucky was interrupted and finally abandoned, is a question that I can scarcely be considered competent to answer. Bishop Flaget, by whom they were first invited to the diocese, as I have strong motives for believing, was sincerely grieved when, in 1846, he was told that they had been ordered elsewhere. The sentiments of his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. G. I. Chabrat, were at least supposed to be just the reverse. As before and afterwards, there were then clergymen in the diocese whose convictions, honestly entertained, no doubt, were opposed to any transfer of its educational establishments to the control of ecclesiastics who were subject to other authority than that of the ordinary. Neither is it unlikely that there were those amongst them who had inherited prejudices against a body of religious that

It was most likely in the year 1827, and by the agency of Rev. Robert A. Abell, who was then in France, that Bishop Flaget made the proffer of St. Joseph's college, Bardstown, to the French fathers of the Society of Jesus. At that precise time, however, the provincial of the society found himself unable to accept the charge. It might be, he said, that he would be able to comply with the bishop's wishes at a later day. Soon afterwards the society was deprived of its colleges by the action of the French government, which left many of its members free to accept positions in other countries than France. Without waiting for advice from Dr. Flaget, the provincial of the society dispatched four members of the order to America, with directions to present themselves for duty before the bishop of Bardstown. These were, Revs. Peter Chazelle, P. Ladavière and Nicholas Petit, and Philip Corne, a lay-brother. The expenses of the journey were defrayed by the Society of the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons. They reached New Orleans by way of Guadaloupe, in the last week of February, 1831, where they were induced by Dr. de Neckere to remain until the close of the lenten season of that year. From this point, Father Chazelle, the superior of the detachment, wrote to Bishop Flaget to announce their coming, and to explain why they had been delayed.

In the meantime, an organization of officers and professors taken from the ranks of the secular clergy of the diocese had been effected for St. Joseph's college, with Rev. I. A. Reynolds at their head, and as the institution was fairly prosperous, the complications that would arise from its immediate transfer to the Jesuit fathers were regarded by Bishop Flaget as too formidable to admit of any serious thought in that direction. In his letter of reply to Father Chazelle, however, the bishop urged him and his companions to come on. He told them that, though he was unable to renew in effect the proffer he had made four years before, he was most anxious to secure their services for his diocese. After the Easter holidays, Fathers Chazelle and Petit continued their journey and reached Bardstown in due season. Kindness, under all circumstances, was natural to Bishop Flaget, but his welcome to those French Jesuits was something to fill them with wonder. He explained to them how hampered he was in his ability to serve his people, and how opportune would be their assistance, if they might, temporarily at least, give themselves up to missionary duty under his direction. It pleased them to feel that compliance with the bishop's wishes was possible to them until they could learn the will of their

had been systematically misrepresented in the life-time of their fathers, and by men who had some reputation for fairness. Again invited to the diocese, in 1847, they took charge of St. Joseph's college and church, Bardstown, in September of the following year; but they again abandoned the State in 1868, this time, as is said, because of a misunderstanding between themselves and the then administrator of the diocese, the late Very Rev. B. J. Spalding, who was unwilling, during the vacancy of the See, to modify certain stipulations of their original contract with Bishop Flaget, about which negotiations had been long previously pending.

superior. Father Petit, who had a fair knowledge of English, was made assistant pastor of the cathedral of St. Joseph, under his after associate of the society, then a secular priest, Rev. H. C. de Luynes; and Father Chazelle was placed in a position to become familiar with the spoken language of the country.

This arrangement lasted till the close of the college session, July 20th, 1831. Doubtful of their line of duty, the fathers sought the advice of Bishop Flaget, and he, equally doubtful of the points submitted to his decision and of his own competency as an adviser, proposed that he should himself unite with the two fathers in a novena to St. Ignatius, to close on the feast of the founder of their society, to the end that, through the intercession of that glorious saint, God might dispose of them and their affairs to His greater glory. Before the novena was finished, the bishop had received a most unexpected letter from Rev. William Byrne of St. Mary's college, proposing the transfer of that flourishing institution to the Jesuit fathers. His proposition looked to no pecuniary consideration whatever; but he stipulated that he was himself to remain president of the college for one year after its transfer, in order that the new officers might have time to learn the country and the character of the students. This proffer solved the difficulty for the bishop; but before the fathers could finally accept, they had to await the approval of Father Roothan, then general of the society, whose letter of assent only reached the hands of Father Chazelle, on the 7th of July, 1832. The latter entered upon his duties in the college at once, however, and there awaited the decision of Father Roothan.

REV. PETER CHAZELLE.

Father Peter Chazelle, a native of France, was born January 12th, 1789. He was educated and ordained for the secular ministry, and his first appointment was to the chaplaincy of the celebrated military school of Laflèche, in France. He entered the Society of Jesus in March, 1822, and he was president of the college of Montmorillon, when a decree of the government closed the colleges to the Jesuits throughout the country. He was a man of wonderful energy, and his whole life was but an exhibition of uprightness and faithfulness to duty. In Father Byrne, he found a man after his own heart. Both held in like estimation the attractions of the world and the pleasures of sense. With both, "Christ and Him crucified" was at once the supreme source and the supreme object of all their earthly strivings. For a brief while, they lived together, labored together and practiced together the virtues of self-denial and love of God and men, and when the one, his labors wrought and his race run, was laid at rest in his honored grave, the other appeared to take upon himself, together with his own, his dead friend's duties. If ever a man was fitted to continue and perfect a work well begun, Father Chazelle was so fitted by nature and grace to become the promoter and guardian of the work so begun by Father Byrne, at St. Mary's.

Upon the death of its founder, Father Chazelle took charge of the college, of which he was president until the close of the session of 1839. In the fall of the same year, he went to Montreal, Canada, to conduct a spiritual retreat for the clergy of that diocese. He remained in Canada for several years, and there, in 1842, successfully arranged for the establishment of a house of the order in Montreal. It was not until the following year, however, that this house was occupied by members of the society. Father Chazelle's last days were spent among the Indians who had their homes along the borders of Lakes Superior and Michigan—spots made famous by Marquette and his companions two centuries ago. This saintly and devoted priest closed his noble life of toil and self-sacrifice for the good of souls at Green Bay, on September 4th, 1845. He was a most edifying priest and religious, and by all to whom he was known he was esteemed for his sanctity, his zeal and his remarkable charity to the poor and the afflicted. He was known to take his shoes from his feet and give them to the needy. Many an orphan and many a widow, both in Kentucky and Canada, still lives to remember and love this holy missionary for his great heart, with its untiring goodness. He gave up his comforts, and even the pleasures of a home and companionship with loved ones, in order to dedicate the best energies of his noble nature, still more exalted by gifts of grace,to a life of privation and hardships, to the end that he might contribute to the advancement of his brethren in virtue and religion.

Upon the resumption of classes in September, 1833, Father Chazelle became president, and the title of the institution was changed to *St. Mary's college*. Such had been its popular title, indeed, for years preceding the death of its founder. The faculty now comprised: Revs. Peter Chazelle, Nicholas Petit, Thomas Legouais, Vital Gilles, Simon Fouché and Evremond Harrissart. The two latter, Frenchmen by birth, were recruits to the order from the secular clergy of the diocese. The three last named were all personally known to the writer, and happily, he is enabled, principally through information conveyed to him by those who knew them still better, to give to his readers the annexed short biographical sketches of their lives:

Rev. Nicholas Petit was born on the island of Hayti on the 8th of July, 1789. His father was a rich Creole planter, originally from Lyons, France, and he lost his life in the general massacre of the French by the negroes of the island, in 1793. His mother fled the country with her children and went to Baltimore, where, having lost everything in the catastrophe that had deprived her of a husband, she was content, in order to gain a livelihood, to open and conduct a boarding-school for young ladies. Nicholas attended the schools of the Sulpician fathers, and as the family remained in Baltimore for nine years, the lad became in time just as proficient in the use of the English language as any of his playmates or school companions. He was twelve years of age when his mother determined to return to France; and, his after education being prosecuted in the mother country, in a

very short time he had forgotten all that he had previously learned of the spoken language of the United States. He was educated for the holy ministry in France, and was there ordained priest. He became a member of the Society of Jesus on the 15th of January, 1816, about six months after the re-establishment of the order by Pius VII; and he labored for many years in the fruitful missions by which piety and faith in France were so greatly advanced after the restoration of the Bourbons.

When, in company with Father Chazelle in 1830, he reached the United States, he supposed it would be necessary for him to begin again the study of the English language, but he found, even before he had reached Bardstown, that his knowledge of the idiom was not dead, but had only slept. For the reason, possibly, that he had much experience as a missionary priest, Father Petit was given charge of the church of St. Charles, near the college, a position which he retained while the Jesuits remained in Kentucky. He also paid periodical visits to the Catholics residing in and around the town of Raywick, in Marion county, for whom, in 1839, he succeeded in building the present church of St. Francis Xavier. He was among the last of his brethren to leave Kentucky. He afterwards labored in the houses of the order in New York with much zeal and fidelity, and his death took place in Troy, N. Y., on the 1st day of February, 1855.*

Rev. Simon Fouché was born on the 9th of May, 1789, supposably in Paris. Having lost both parents when he was quite young, he was taken in charge by M. Maignan, who was his uncle, and a Catholic priest. The revolution coming on, M. Maignan had the courage to remain in Paris, where he continued to live in the midst of those who, had they known his character, would have been well pleased to compass his death. Knowing the horrible penalties to which he would be subjected if his passive recusancy were discovered, he kept himself concealed. He labored assiduously for the good of souls; but in order to be less liable to discovery by the officials of the revolutionary government, he changed his name, adopted a trade, took with him his sister, who passed for his wife, and little Simon, then four or five years old, who was supposed to be their child.

Father Fouché sometimes told strange stories of that period to his more intimate friends: How he remembered all the civic dinners, spread in the streets and public squares of the city, of which every body had to partake; how his supposed father belonged to the national guard, and had often to go on duty with his accoutrements and musket; how meanwhile he said his mass, heard confessions, and administered the sacraments to many who remained good christians in the

*My remembrance of Father Petit extends to the time when he was assistant pastor of the cathedral parish, Bardstown, in 1831. In the discharge of his pastoral duties he was as zealous as he was efficient. Though not above the average height of men, he was of a full habit. In Kentucky he was called Louis; in New York, Nicholas. I naturally suppose that both names belonged to him.

midst of the most appalling scenes. This courageous priest had the honor, even, of giving the last sacraments to poor Marie Antoinette the very night previous to her execution. This circumstance has been well ascertained, and it is now admitted as a historical fact. It was managed by his sister, his supposed wife, who, in order to do good, was so inflamed with christian courage as to dare mix with the worst characters of the revolution. How she did it may never be known, but it is certain that she obtained from the keeper of the Conciergerie, where the Queen was imprisoned, permission to introduce her own brother into Marie Antoinette's cell at night. M. Maignan did not content himself with bringing to his wretched Queen the Holy Eucharist concealed on his person, but he actually said mass in her cell directly after midnight, and the two municipal officers charged with the care of the prisoner profited by the occasion to confess to him their sins, and they, too, received the Holy Communion from his hands. M. Maignan died *Curé de St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, Paris. "It is well," remarks the venerable ecclesiastic to whom the writer is indebted for the above facts, "that your readers should know something of the race to which Father Fouché belonged." In his new life as a Jesuit, Father Fouché was almost continuously employed as procurator and professor. While at St. Mary's, he was for a long time the spiritual director of the Sisterhood of Loretto at the mother-house of the society, only a few miles distant from the college. He removed to Fordham with his brethren of the Society in 1846, where his death took place as late as the year 1878.

Rev. Evremond Harrissart was born in Paris about the year 1792. He had no remembrance of the times of the revolution in his native country. When Bishop Flaget induced him to come to Kentucky, he was attached to the pastorate of one of the churches in Paris. For a protracted period after he came to the diocese he was one of the professors of St. Joseph's college. After his entry into the Society of Jesus, he was chiefly employed on missions, and many of these were given by him in different parts of the State. He was also assistant pastor of the church of St. Charles and of the congregation at Raywick. From the beginning of his ministry as a member of the society he strove with much earnestness to promote the spiritual welfare of the families entrusted to his charge, and, as a consequence, he became with these the object of the rarest love and reverence. During the fatal cholera epidemic of 1833 in the neighborhood of the college, his time was wholly given to visitations of the sick. Untouched himself by any symptom of the malady, he moved rapidly through the district while the epidemic was at its worst, and, as the writer has been assured, not a single one of its victims was permitted to die without the grace of the sacraments. Father Evremond returned to France about the year 1844, where he died some years later.*

*Of the clergy of the diocese of Bardstown who were familiar to my sight in boyhood, my memory retains not impressions of other two more distinctly

It should have been stated in the proper place that Fathers Legouais and Gilles, together with a Father Maguire, who died of cholera only a few days after the death of Father Byrne, had reached the country from France on the 1st, and the college on the 13th, of May, 1832. About the same time Brother Corne, who had remained in Louisiana subject to the direction of his superior, arrived at the college and was placed in charge of the farm and supply department of the institution.*

Under the joint management of Fathers Chazelle and Byrne the college had been fairly successful, and now a brilliant future appeared to be opening before it. Pupils flocked to the school from all quarters; but before the session of 1833–34, was fairly begun an untoward event necessitated the return of all of them to their homes. The main college building took fire and was burned to the ground. The fathers were not discouraged by the calamity, and inside of a single month the disaster was repaired. Shortly afterwards, indeed—so healthy was the patronage the college was receiving from Kentucky and the adjoining States—another wing was added by them to their establishment.†

than of Fathers Fouché and Evremond. I have vainly tried to fix a date when they were unknown to me. It must have been after 1822 and before 1825 that they appeared together as officials of St. Joseph's college, Bardstown, in which institution I was a pupil at the time. I know that they were both attached to the cathedral of St. Joseph, served at its altars, attended its confessionals and instructed the people from its pulpit. They were both men of learning and piety, and both exemplified in their manner of life the sacerdotal virtues that became them as administrators of divine things. They came to the country and the diocese together; they labored together for the welfare of souls; they walked the seminary lawn and recited the canonical office together, and together they were associated in the minds of all who had the happiness of knowing them. There was nothing, however, alike in their personal appearance. Father Evremond was tall and spare, of an ascetic cast of features, and grave in both speech and manner. His addresses from the pulpit were distinguished by a deliberativeness of delivery that would have been painful but for the unction and earnestness by which they were also characterized. Father Fouché, on the contrary, was almost diminutive in stature. He was vivacious in both action and speech, and he was altogether what is understood by the term *companionable*. Both spoke with a strong French accent, but so as to be well understood by their English-speaking hearers.

* Brotner Corne, judging by what I have heard concerning him from surviving members of the society to whom he was known, and from pupils of the institution of a half century ago, must have been a man of rare virtues and of still rarer capabilities as a servitor. Venerable fathers of the society still living, and many others who were familiar with his humble life and saintly habits, are to this day eloquent in their praises of the christian excellencies of his character.

† The college exhibitions of 1834-35 were specially interesting occasions for the people of Marion county and for non-resident visitors. The particular reason for this, in each case, was a dramatic representation gotten up for the students by the president, the text of which is said to have exhibited points of merit far beyond those by which men have before now earned the guerdon of celebrity. Father Chazelle's dramas of "Red Hawk" and "The Treason of Arnold," if the half be true I have heard concerning them, should have been preserved and published. It is more than likely, however, that having served

From this time forth, till the Jesuit Fathers first left Kentucky, in 1846, the prosperity and influence of St. Mary's college continued to advance. Before following further the history of the institution while controlled by the Jesuit fathers, the writer would here refer to the lives and personal characteristics of two members of the faculty of the college whom he has as yet only mentioned.

Father Vital Gilles was born near Mendes, in the south of France, on the 21st of December, 1787, and entered the Society of Jesus October 2d, 1823. He was too old when he arrived in Kentucky to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language, and this fact in some degree restricted his usefulness as a tutor of English-speaking boys. In the higher calling of his sacred ministry his labors were as incessant as they were profitable to the many who, in the congregation of St. Charles, and in that of St. Augustin, Lebanon, confided to him the direction of their consciences. He never left the college except on errands of duty or mercy, sometimes as far as Lebanon, but generally among the families living in St. Charles' congregation. "It can be said of him," writes an esteemed friend and correspondent, "that he embalmed the country around the college with the fragrance of his holiness." In preaching, he was certainly not always well understood; but no one was ever heard to complain on that account. His countenance was as a glass in which men could see reflected beckoning lights to lead them to the elevated plane of virtue upon which his own feet were securely resting. Father Gilles belonged to the province of Lyons, and shortly after leaving Kentucky with his associates of St. Mary's, he was ordered to Louisiana by his superiors, where he was for several years chaplain of the convent of the Sacred Heart in the parish of St. James. His last years were spent at the Jesuit college in Baton Rouge, where he died of yellow fever about the last of August, 1855. One who was with him at the time writes me thus concerning his death: "I had heard him say, two weeks before his summons, that he was in the habit of praying for a *hard agony*. He had his desire, his agony lasting from 3 till 9 o'clock A.M. Without a change of position, with a crucifix clasped to his heart, and only supported by the contemplation of His agony who had by His death opened to him and to all His faithful disciples a passage-way to heaven, he awaited patiently the moment of his dissolution."

Rev. Thomas Eugene Legouais was born in Nantes, France, April 26th, 1793, and entered the Society of Jesus, October 21st, 1821. He was even smaller of stature than his associate, Father Fouché, but not a giant could have owned a more expansive heart. So holy was his life that he was revered as a saint by the Catholic people of the vicinity and by the pupils of the college. His time was given to teaching and to the direction of the consciences of the younger pupils of the house. For this kind of ministry, so import-

the purpose for which they were written, the humble and diffident author committed the sheets to the flames.

ant in all Catholic institutions of learning, he was especially fitted by nature, experience and grace.* For many years Father Legouais was connected with the faculty of St. John's college, Fordham, New York, where after a long life of self-sacrifice and earnest christian work, he passed away peacefully on the 16th of May, 1875.

On the 12th of January, 1836, the faculty of St. Mary's college was greatly strengthened by the accession to its ranks of Fathers William Stack Murphy and Nicholas Point. Since the death of Father Maguire, immediately following that of Father Byrne, there had not been a single professor in the college who was able to claim the English as his mother tongue. They were all men of learning, to be sure, but all of them, with the exception, possibly, of Father Petit, spoke the language with a decided French accent; and it is not likely that any of them had much knowledge of English literature. The prime want of the establishment was supplied when his superiors sent Father Murphy to the assistance of his brethren of St. Mary's. In the matters of literary taste and classic scholarship he had few equals. He had much distinguished himself in France as an adept in the ancient classics, especially in the Latin authors. But, what was even more important in his present position, he was a complete master of English literature. It is doubtful, indeed, if there was another in the country at the time who knew better the capabilities of his vernacular.†

Father Nicholas Point was also a valuable acquisition to the college. He instructed classes in drawing and painting, in which arts he was singularly proficient. He remained but a short time in the institution, however, being drawn by inclination to ministerial work. He

* It is related of Father Legouais that he once mistook an innocent boy among the members of his class for one who had been guilty of some infringement of the rules, and it was only after the youth had been punished that he was made aware of the error he had committed. Asking the boy to accompany him to the adjacent woods, he there fell upon his knees before him and implored his forgiveness.

† William Stack Murphy was born in Cork, Ireland, where his family occupied a commanding position. His father, if I mistake not, was at one time a member of the British Parliament, and he had an uncle who was bishop of Cork. His elder brother, Frank, better known as Sergeant Murphy, was an eminent lawyer, and a man whose wit and genial disposition won for him an enviable notoriety both in England and Ireland. The subject of this sketch was educated at the Jesuit college near Amiens, France, and joined the society at the close of his college course. Like other members of his family he was possessed of a ready wit, conjoined to an amiable disposition. I have met with few men who could render themselves more charming in conversation. He had a great store of anecdotes, and these he was in the habit of repeating at proper times, much to the interest and amusement of his more intimate friends. He was an effective preacher, and a pleasing one. To his many acquirements and amiable characteristics, there was added in Father Murphy the still nobler gift of true virtue, and also zeal for the good of his neighbor. His office in the college after September 1st, 1836, was that of supervisor of studies. He also took charge of the rhetoric class. In 1839 he became president of the school, a position which he retained until the removal of the fathers to New York.

was sent at his own request to the Indian missions of the North-west, where he labored assiduously and died holily.

In 1837, at the instance of the late John Finn, Esq., of Franklin, Kentucky, whose son was a pupil of St. Mary's, application was made to the legislature of the State for a charter of incorporation for the college, including the power to confer academic degrees. Accompanied by Mr. Finn, who was himself a member of the legislature, and also by Rev. Robert A. Abell, Father Murphy proceeded to Frankfort, and, in a few days thereafter, the bill of incorporation was passed and signed by Gov. Clark.*

In 1838 the corporation bought an adjoining farm and erected upon it a noviciate building. The same year this was opened under the mastership of Father Gilles. The first novice of the order in Kentucky was Michael Driscoll, who became in time a most useful priest of the society.†

On the 15th of January, 1839, the college faculty was further strengthened by the arrival from France of Rev. Augustus Thébaud, and, shortly afterwards, of Rev. Peter Lebréton, both of whom remained at St. Mary's until the establishment passed from the control of the Jesuits in 1846.‡

* On this occasion Father Abell was invited to preach in the hall of the house of representatives. He accepted the invitation promptly, and, being in a happy mood, the sermon preached by him was one of the most memorable of his life.

† The circumstances connected with the application of Father Driscoll for admission into the Society of Jesus should be of more than ordinary interest. In 1834 the young man found employment as a stone-cutter at the convent and academy of Nazareth, near Bardstown. The late Rev. H. C. de Luynes, himself afterwards a prominent member of the Society of Jesus, who was at the time confessor of the sisterhood, happened to make his acquaintance and be drawn into conversation with him. The more he learned of the man, the more impressed he became with the idea that his true vocation was the priesthood. Of his piety he was well convinced, and he made experiments of his mental capacity by asking him to read and explain certain abstruse passages in a book of theology he proffered for his inspection. The answers he made were so conclusive of his talents, that the priest at once sought admission for him into St. Mary's college. Thence, as stated in the text, he went into the noviciate and was finally ordained priest. To an inquiry concerning him made five years ago, a fellow-priest of the society thus answered: "Father Driscoll, aged and infirm, and deeply reverenced by his associates, is now awaiting in hope and patience the time when he will be called to the companionship of his early friends and patrons who have already found rest from their labors." I miss his name from the later issues of the Catholic directory of the United States, and hence infer that he is no longer of the living.

‡ Rev. A. J. Thébaud, referred to above, is to-day too well known to the Catholic public of the United States, and especially to the clergy of the country, to make it necessary for me to say one word in his praise. He has used his great talents to the advantage of others, and his admirable writings testify both to his merits as a scholar and to his never tiring zeal as a minister of Christ. But he has claims upon my personal gratitude which it is meet I should here acknowledge. Through the interest he has manifested in my labors, he has enabled me to secure much valuable information that I would have vainly sought elsewhere.

Possibly, the most important of all the additions to the ranks of the Jesuit fathers during their residence of nearly fourteen years in Kentucky, was the late Rev. John Larkin. He was a man of not only great natural gifts, but of profound and varied learning. His application for admission into the society was made to Father Chazelle while the latter was occupied in missionary duty in Montreal, in 1839. Father Larkin was at that time a member of the Sulpician order, and a professor in the college of Montreal. He entered the noviciate of the society at St. Mary's on the 23d of October, 1839, and from that date till the day of his death, he was prominently identified with the operations of the society in New York and Kentucky. A short sketch of his life is here appended:

John Larkin was born in the county of Durham, England, in the year 1800. His classical studies were pursued at Ushaw college, of which Dr. Lingard was president, and he had for a fellow-pupil the late Cardinal Wiseman. Soon after leaving college he undertook a journey to Hindostan, whence he returned a little later and entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. He was ordained priest most likely in 1827, and three years later was sent to Montreal, where he filled for a number of years the chair of philosophy in the faculty of the college of the order in that city. His presence in the institution, known as he was for his ripe scholarship and his great amiability, marked an era in that renowned seat of learning, and gave to the studies therein prosecuted a fresh impetus, especially to that of the dead languages.

The regular term of his noviciate at St. Mary's was not yet finished, when, together with Father Evremond Harrissart, he was sent to Louisville to found and take charge of a day-school in that city, at the head of which he remained until the removal of the fathers to New York. The writer's acquaintance with Father Larkin during his stay of four years in Louisville was somewhat intimate, and he is not certain that he ever had knowledge of another in whose labors and triumphs he took greater interest. Of his learning, he was not then, nor is he now, competent to judge. He only knows that he was esteemed a profound scholar by the entire clerical body of the diocese. Of certain of his accomplishments and capabilities, however, he will at least claim the right to speak. As a lecturer before English-speaking people he was captivating. Twice during his residence in Louisville he accepted invitations to lecture before promiscuous assemblages, and on both occa-

I only regret that I have been able to gather from his correspondence so little concerning himself. I know, however, the esteem in which he is held by all to whom he is known, and that, though now in the 77th year of his age, his later writings are no less full of the fire of intellect than they are pervaded by the spirit of religion.

Of Rev. Pierre Marie Lebréton, his associate, we learn that he was born in the diocese of Vannes, France, January 26, 1809, and entered the Society of Jesus, February 7, 1830. Before leaving Kentucky he was attacked with pulmonary disease, and, shortly after his arrival in New York he was sent to Louisiana with the hope that the warmer climate would prove beneficial to his health. His death took place in the city of New Orleans on the 10th of October, 1848.

sions he more than fulfilled the sanguine expectations of his friends. He spoke on "True Liberty" before a number of companies of citizen soldiery encamped near the city, and thousands of the populace who had gathered there to hear him; and again he was called upon to supply the place of ex-President John Quincy Adams, who, for some sufficient reason, was unable to keep an appointment made by him to address the citizens of Louisville. The subject of his lecture on this latter occasion was "Genius," and it was delivered before a large and most intelligent audience. An incident that happened towards the close of the lecture will be considered peculiar by those who are ordinarily rendered somnolent by over-lengthened discourses. He had already spoken for two hours, and there was no evidence of weariness on the part of his hearers. Pausing suddenly, he looked at his watch, and turning to his auditors, begged them to pardon him for having so long detained them. From all parts of the hall came the cry, "Go on! go on!" The compliment was as deserved as it was significant of his extraordinary oratorical powers.

During the years referred to, Father Larkin often occupied the pulpit of the church of St Louis, and no one ever filled it to better effect. If one were called upon to define wherein was his greatest strength as a preacher, he would have to say that it was in his mastery over the pathetic in oratory. In a greater degree even than either Bishop Flaget or Rev. Geo. A. M. Elder, Rev. Robert A. Abell or Dr. I. A. Reynolds, all of whom could at times excite their listeners to tears, was he recognized as a sympathetic expounder of the Divine Word. In depicting the scenes of the passion of our Lord, for instance, he appeared to lose sight of himself and his surroundings in the contemplation of his Savior's sufferings. Nor was this mere acting. The tears he evoked by his pathetic delineations and pleadings had their primary fount in his own eyes.

In Louisville he commanded the respect of everybody, Protestants and Catholics, and the patrons of his school of St. Ignatius were among the most prominent residents of the city. In New York he was employed principally in pastoral service and in giving missions. A few years preceding his death he was intrusted with the delicate office of visitor to the houses of the society in Ireland.

His death was worthy of his life. He fell at the post of duty. On the evening of Saturday, December 11th, 1858, having heard confessions for several hours in St. Francis Xavier's, New York, he left his confessional about 7 o'clock, in order to take some refreshment. He made no complaint, and seemed cheerful; but the father who was with him observing something unusual in his movements, asked him if he felt unwell? Stretching out his hand toward his friend, he exclaimed: "It is all over now!" and at that moment he fell heavily into the arms of his companion. He never regained consciousness, and in three hours after, his soul was at rest.

Of all the accessions to the society in Kentucky from the body of the secular clergy of the diocese, that of Rev. Hippolyte Charles de

Luynes was undoubtedly the most noteworthy. He entered the noviciate of the society on the 15th of September, 1841. He was a man of expansive intellect, large heart and great industry. He was admirable as a pastor, and for the greater part of his after-life of thirty-seven years, he was engaged principally in pastoral work. Loving all in God, he left nothing undone whereby he could possibly render his ministry profitable to the people. In Bardstown, he was especially known and honored for his benevolence. Having wherewith to relieve distress, no worthy person was ever known to apply to him in vain. His advice, always judicious, was at the command of all who sought it, and the very tones of his voice, so indicative of the heart's sympathy, were full of encouragement. He was an interesting speaker always, and at times an eloquent one. As a writer, he was at once graceful and forcible. He appeared to have an intuitive knowledge of what was best to be said, and his judgment was never at fault in respect to the most suitable manner of expressing it.

Father de Luynes was born of Irish parents, in Paris, France, July 29, 1805. His father had been the agent in France of the United Irishmen of 1798, and for that reason he was unable to return to his own country. Having obtained his degrees in classical learning, he studied for the Church in the seminary of St. Sulpice, and was ordained priest in 1830. The renowned Lacordaire was a member of his class at St. Sulpice, and the two afterwards became intimate friends. They had almost determined, indeed, to unite for life their efforts in behalf of the Church of Christ. Father de Luynes, however, was induced by Bishop Flaget to come to America. Reaching Bardstown early in 1833, he was immediately given a professorship in the college of St. Joseph. A year or two later he became assistant pastor, and finally pastor of the cathedral, which was his position immediately preceding his aggregation to the Society of Jesus.

The writer's acquaintance with Father de Luynes began in 1836, when the latter was associated with other clergymen of the diocese in the editorial conduct of the *Catholic Advocate*, begun that year, of which the former was the publisher. In 1838, Father du Luynes became sole editor, in which position he remained until the office of publication was removed from Bardstown to Louisville. The relations so begun, assumed in time the character of intimacy.*

* His friendship, on several occasions, exhibited when I was being sorely tried by circumstances over which I had no control, was very dear to me. For many years after his removal to New York, a friendly correspondence was kept up between us. I have looked over his letters, preserved to this day as things sacred to friendship, with the hope of finding something in them referring to himself and his ministerial labors which would be interesting to the readers of this history. Nothing of the kind appears in any of them. All the references are to myself, my family and my affairs, and to others of his friends in Kentucky. In New York, Father de Luynes' labors were confined to the exercise of the holy ministry, first in the little church of the society on Elizabeth street, and afterwards at that of St. Francis Xavier. At times, however, he labored in Brooklyn, Utica and Troy. He traveled extensively, too, in the

In the year 1842 the faculty of St. Mary's college was altogether an able one. It was composed of Revs. W. S. Murphy, John Larkin, H. C. de Luynes, Augustus Thébaud, Simon Fouché and Michael Driscoll. Under the direction of these able and careful men, the institute continued its flourishing career, and even grew in prosperity. Its patronage was only restricted by the limited capacity of its already greatly extended buildings. Year by year the fame of the college had brought to it pupils from remote and still more remote latitudes, until at length, there was not a state in the South or West that was not represented in the catalogue of its patrons. Not only had its branch establishment in Louisville become self-supporting, but there was thought of purchasing suitable grounds and erecting a college that would be an ornament to that city.*

The announcement made early in 1846, that the Jesuits would soon abandon the college and the diocese together, was the occasion of a sentiment of popular regret in Marion county which was shared by Catholics generally all over the State; and when it became definitely known that the exodus had not only been resolved upon, but that the fathers had engaged themselves irrevocably to accept the proffer of St. John's college, Fordham, made them by Archbishop Hughes, there was a common belief among the people, which was shared in by at least a number of the secular clergy of the diocese, that the result was due to some hostile action taken against the fathers by Dr. G. I. Chabrat, coadjutor-bishop of Bardstown.

The fathers of the society, however, when questioned as to their reasons for giving up their establishments in Kentucky, contented themselves by saying that the proposition made to them by the Archbishop of New York, insuring to them, as it did, a much wider field of usefulness, was one which they were not in conscience at liberty to decline.

While St. Mary's was controlled by the Jesuit fathers, its *alumni* included a number of young men who were afterwards distinguished in the various walks of life. Among these were: Pierce Grace, a brother of the present bishop of St. Paul, a writer of decided merit; Hon. John E. Newman, afterwards Judge of the Nelson circuit court; Governor J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky; James Clarke, a son of Governor Clarke, of Kentucky; Robert Farrelly, afterwards a lawyer of distinction; Samuel Gill, Esq., of Harrodsburg; William Garrard, Esq., of Garrard county; Lombard Roman, Esq., of Louisiana; Hon. Zach.

interests of the New York establishment of the society, in both Mexico and Chili. For years preceding his death he had suffered from a chronic complaint, to the inroads of which he finally succumbed on the 20th of January, 1878.

*This idea was carried out to the extent of the purchase of an acre of ground on First street, and the laying of the foundations of the proposed academy building in 1843. Father John Larkin was assisted in the school at the time by the after capable president of St. John's college, Fordham (not then in holy orders), Rev. F. W. Gockeln. This property was resold in 1844.

Montgomery, of California. Among the graduates of the college who afterwards became priests may be named Rev. Walter H. Hill, S. J.; Rev. John Ryan, of the diocese of Louisville; Rev. James Graves, S. J.; Rev. Michael Driscoll, S. J., and Rev. J. A. Kelly, O. P.

The year succeeding the departure of the Jesuit fathers saw St. Mary's college transferred again to the charge of the seculars of the diocese. The succession of its several presidents thence-forward, and until 1869, when the institution again closed its career under secular control, is as follows: Rev. Julian Delaune, Rev. John McGuire, Rev. J. B. Hutchins, Rev. Francis Lawler, Rev. P. J. Lavialle, Rev. A. Viala. Finally, in September, 1871, an order new to the diocese, the Fathers of the Resurrection, under the leadership of Rev. L. Elena, C. R., reopened the time-honored college. Under the careful financiering of Rev. D. Fennessy, C. R., aided by a select corps of officers, lay, secular and religious, since 1873, St. Mary's has equalled if not surpassed its former usefulness; and at this date, a grand additional college structure is rising rapidly to completion.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE—LAST YEARS OF BISHOP FLAGET.

It is not to be doubted that the translation of the See from Bardstown to Louisville had been a matter of speculation with Bishop Flaget and his clergy for years before that transfer was made. At the time of the erection of the See, Bardstown was in fact the only suitable point for its location in the entire West. It is not unlikely that the number of Catholic families then living within a radius of thirty miles of the town was in excess of all others having their habitations in the whole of the immense territory that had been placed under the jurisdiction of its first bishop. In 1837, when application was first made to Rome for authority to make the transfer, it was evident that the conditions were changed that had led to the foundation of the See at Bardstown. Louisville had long before surpassed it in the number of its Catholic inhabitants. It was becoming inconvenient to the clergy stationed in other parts of the State, as a centre to which they could repair for direction and advice. It was reasonably certain now that Louisville would become in time a large city, to which would tend, and was already tending, much of the tide of Catholic emigration from foreign lands; and that, for many reasons, it was a more suitable point for the location of the See. Only in respect to the personal comfort of the bishop and his coadjutor was the change to be deprecated, and no such consideration was to be thought of by either in the face of circumstances that pointed to so many advantages.

Early in 1841, the Pontifical rescript authorizing the change was received by Bishop Flaget, and toward the end of the year it was effected by the removal of the bishops to Louisville, and the transfer of the archives of the diocese to that city. Referring to this change, Dr. Spalding observes: "While Catholicity in the interior was not materially affected by it, it gave a new impulse to religion in Louisville, the inhabitants of the city, without distinction of creed, exhibiting a commendable liberality in co-operating with the bishops in every good work."

In the meantime, there was a healthy progression observable in religious affairs all over the State. The river towns, Covington, Newport, Cloverport, Owensboro, Henderson, and Paducah, were being fast filled up with a worthy and useful class of Catholic citizens, and the increase in Louisville of the Catholic population was regarded as something wonderful. There were at the time, to be sure, in the city, only

three Catholic churches; but the construction of others was in contemplation, and these were soon afterwards built.* For the first two years after the removal of the See to Louisville, the duty of episcopal visitation of the churches of the diocese was performed by Dr. Chabrat, with occasional assistance from Bishop Flaget. But now the bishop coadjutor was threatened with the dire affliction of the loss of sight by disease. By advice of his physician, the late eminent Dr. S. D. Gross, he went to France with the hope of finding relief. Disappointed in his expectations, he returned home. At length, assured that he would no longer be able to fulfill the duties of his office, he wrote to Rome and suggested the propriety of his resignation. The matter was referred to the action of the coming Provincial Council that was to assemble in Baltimore in 1846. The Council did not advise the resignation; but on the proffer of assistance to Bishop Flaget in the visitations of his diocese by Bishops Purcell, of Cincinnati, and Miles of Nashville, further action in the matter was deferred.

Dr. Chabrat went again to France toward the end of the year 1846, whence he never returned; and his resignation having been again proffered, it was accepted. The last public official act of the career of the venerable Dr. Flaget was the consecration of his third coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Martin John Spalding, on the 10th day of September, 1848. Exhausted by the labor involved in the ritualistic observance of the ceremony, the aged prelate is said to have exclaimed with holy Simeon at its conclusion: "Now dost Thou dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, in peace."

From the date of Dr. Spalding's consecration to that of his own death, Bishop Flaget appeared to have but a single thought, and that related to his eternity and the proper disposition of his mind for the change he awaited. What had he to fear whose whole life had been but a preparation for death? "Nothing," will say the reader who has followed the record of his life's labors for the honor of God and the good of souls. But not so did the saintly bishop reason. It was of his nature to be exacting toward himself, just as it was to be lenient in his thoughts of others. As long as he was physically able to appear at the altar, there he was found for his daily mass. At length the frail body became too much prostrated to admit of even so much labor as this act imposed. By and by as severe a trial came to him in his inability to see and follow the lessons set down in his breviary. Prayer was now his only resource, his only comfort; and he gave himself up to it without intermission. For hours he was to be seen, with rosary in hand, repeating the blessed formulary that has given strength to so many souls to meet death with holy exultation. A passage from a letter written by him about this time, apparently in acknowledgment of the gift of a picture of the crucifixion of our Lord, is thus quoted by his biographer:

* In the sequel will be found detailed accounts of the churches in Louisville.

"I will tell you, that for many years the passion of this divine Master has furnished the subject of all my meditations. . . . As, for a long time, I have been incapable of all serious application, my old head being so weak and disorganized, I did nothing but annoy my friends with my continual piteous complaints, rubbing without ceasing my head, which is the seat of my sufferings; but when this head of my divine Savior, all crowned with thorns, was placed in my hands, the very sight appalled me; my lamentations ceased, and I took strongly the resolution to suffer thenceforth without complaint and without sighs, even should my headaches become ten times more painful. And it is to your precious gift, or rather to your tender devotion for Jesus Crucified, that I am indebted for this resignation, in the midst of my cruel sufferings."

At length there came a time when he was unable to leave his room without assistance; and now he caused himself to be borne each day, when the weather was pleasant, to a balcony looking toward the sanctuary. Here it was his habit to spend hours together in prayer to Jesus, reposing on the altar to which he was unable to make a nearer approach. When the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, he caused himself to be warned of the solemn moment by the sacristan, and he bowed down reverently to participate in the blessing.

The account given by his biographer of his last days, his death and interment, is here appended:

"So gradually did he sink, and so gently did death approach its victim, that his attendants, and even himself, did not seem aware of the change daily wrought in his health. The night of February 10th, 1850, was a very restless one for him; a good portion of it was passed in a sleep troubled with delirium; but even while delirious, the holy man seemed constantly engaged in prayer. His children now knew that they were very soon to lose a father on earth; to gain, as they had every reason to hope, an intercessor in heaven. He had often assured them, raising his eyes to heaven, that 'if he could once enter into that celestial abode, he would be of much more service to them and to his diocese than he could possibly be on earth.'

"It was not thought prudent to defer any longer the administration of the last rites of the Church; and accordingly, at noon on the 11th, the bishop coadjutor, assisted by all the clergy of the city, eleven in number, brought him solemnly the Holy Viaticum. He was in the full possession of consciousness, and received the body and blood of Christ, and subsequently extreme unction and the last benediction for plenary indulgence, with a fervor and concentrated devotion which deeply affected all who were present. Unable himself to read the profession of faith, his secretary read it for him, slowly and distinctly; and he followed it, article by article, with absorbed attention, and indications of assent, causing certain passages to be read twice, that he might understand them better, or relish them longer.

"He then said some words expressive of his ardent attachment to his clergy, religious, and people; and at a request from his coadjutor,

he gave, so far as his failing strength would permit, in the regular form, his last solemn episcopal benediction. All in the room were kneeling, with heads reverently bowed down, and tears started to many an eye, at the touching scene of the patriarch blessing his children for the last time.

"He rallied somewhat after the reception of the sacraments; his lips still moved in prayer; he caused his favorite book, the sufferings of Christ, to be read to him. A crucifix lay before him, and he often pressed his lips to it with tender affection. At half after five o'clock in the evening, he calmly expired without a struggle.

"He died, as he had lived—a saint; and the last day was perhaps the most interesting and impressive of his whole life. Tranquilly, and without a groan, did he 'fall asleep in the Lord'—like an infant gently sinking to its rest.

"His remains were laid out in state in the church of St. Louis; and during the interval between his decease and interment, they were visited by great multitudes, both Catholics and Protestants. A gentle smile of peace sat upon his countenance; and it was edifying to look upon those pale but placid features, thus bearing the visible impress of sanctity in death. The Catholic congregations of the city vied with one another in zeal for the privilege of watching in the church during the night.

"On the third day, his burial took place, in accordance with the prescriptions of the ceremonial for the interment of a bishop. His successor sang a solemn high mass *de requiem*, and the bishop of Cincinnati pronounced the panegyric with his usual eloquence. His old friend and fellow-laborer in the early missions of Kentucky—the last survivor of that apostolic band—the venerable Father Badin, was also present, and followed his remains to the grave.

"The deceased had always expressed a paternal interest in the success of the establishment of the Good Shepherd, and, in accordance with what was believed to be his own wish, his relics were placed temporarily in a vault within the enclosure of that monastery. Though the weather was very inclement, thousands walked in the funeral procession. The clergy, the orphans, and the children of the free schools followed immediately after the remains, which were borne by members of the different Catholic congregations, in a coffin which had been richly ornamented by the sisters of the Good Shepherd with the episcopal insignia and the emblems of death."*

The grand cathedral of the metropolis of Kentucky was thought the only fitting and durable memorial to be raised by Bishop Flaget's devoted son and successor in the oldest See of the West, and happily, he had little difficulty in the effort he made to thus perpetuate the memory of one of the most remarkable of the apostolic men who were heaven-directed to plant the Church in the United States. A kindly

* The continuation of the history of the diocese of Louisville, except in the cases of local churches and pastorates, so far as the writer proposes to pursue it, will be found in the sketches, given a little further on, of Rt. Rev. Martin J. Spalding and Rt. Rev. Peter J. Lavialle.

and willing populace filled his hands to overflowing, and soon the cathedral of the Assumption arose, in its beauty, an enduring monument to his christian fame.

A beautiful marble tablet, erected by Bishop Spalding in memory of his saintly predecessor, adorns the sanctuary wall of the cathedral of the Assumption, Louisville. It reads in the original:

HEIC. JACENT.

EXPECTANTES. GLORIOSAM. RESURRECTIONEM. RELIQUIAE.

REVMI. BENEDICTI. JOSEPH. FLAGET.

EPISCOPI. PRIMI. LUDOVICOPOLITANI.

QUI. IN. GALLIA. NATUS. VII. ID. NOV. 1763.

ET. SACRIS. INITIATUS. HUC. EXUL. PRO. FIDE. VENIT. A. D. 1792.

EPISCOPUS. CONSECRATUS. PRID. NON. NOV. 1810.

SICUT. VIXIT. ITA. SANCTE. IN. DOMINO. OBDORMIVIT. III ID. FEB. 1850.

PLENUS. DIERUM. ET. LABORUM. PRO. DOMINO. EXANTLATORUM.

AETATIS. SUAE. ANNO. LXXXVII.

EPISCOPATUS. VERO. XL.

HANC. ECCLESIAM. CATHEDRALEM. SUCCESSOR. EJUS. ADJUVANTE.

FIDELI POPULO.

CEU. MONUMENTUM. SUPER. EJUS. CINERES. EREXIT.

IN. PACE. DORMIAT.*

* A literal translation of this, kindly furnished by the Very Rev. M. Bouchet, V. G., is here given: "Here lie, expecting a glorious resurrection, the remains of the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, first bishop of Louisville, who was born in France on the 7th of November, 1763; and having been ordained came here, exiled for the faith, A. D. 1792; was consecrated bishop on the 4th of November, 1810. As he lived, so he died, holily in the Lord, the 11th of February, 1850, full of days and labors undergone for Christ, at the age of 87, and of his episcopate the 40th. His successor, with the help of the faithful people, erected this cathedral as a monument over his ashes. May he sleep in peace!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The conventual establishments for women already noticed had their origin in Kentucky. One of them, to be sure, was affiliated from the first with an organization centuries old, and as long known to Catholic christendom. But neither for it nor the others were there brought to the country *nuclei* of conventual life from established societies in Europe or elsewhere. In the case of each, the plant, so to speak, was indigenous. The fourth organization of the character named, of which mention is to be made, was introduced into the diocese from France, and is an offshoot from a society established in that country as early as the year 1651. The annexed article, written by the author on the occasion of the death of Mother Marie des Anges, first superior of the Louisville institution, contains in brief all that is necessary to be said of an order of religious whose work has been blessed by the Church, and is commended by good men and women wherever it has been localized.

MOTHER MARIE DES ANGES PORCHER.

The recent death of Mother Marie des Anges Porcher, of the convent of the Good Shepherd, Louisville, is an event that is naturally suggestive of comment and retrospection. Catholics are never surprised when they hear or read of men and women who have exhibited in their lives a high degree of sanctity. They know that the grace of God is exhaustless, and that it is the mission of his Church on earth to build up such lives to His honor and glory. Just eulogy of the dead cannot affect those who have run their course; but it can, and often does, affect beneficially the living. It is for this precise reason that the Church presents for the veneration of her children those whose names she has been led by the Divine Spirit to place upon her calender of saints. These are her trophies gathered out of all nations, and she never tires of pointing out to her faithful children the means whereby, under her guidance and blessing, they not only conquered heaven, but have had given them power to help, through their intercession, their struggling brethren of earth.

Mother Marie des Anges was little known outside the sphere in which lay her tasks of daily duty. That sphere was her world, and in it she found exercise for all her faculties of mind and all the strength of

her hands. She found in it, too, room for her affections and all her heart's aspirations after that love which is above the stars of heaven, and which has only God for its subject. She brought with her into convent life, and to the service of the most contemned and hapless of her sex, no divided heart. What was it to her that she was daily and hourly brought into contact with those who had made of depravity a trade; that she found at times her efforts to raise these unfortunates from their degradation were met by stubborn resistance; that the path she had chosen was a thorny one, and that it led to no earthly haven of rest? Had she not given herself to God and vowed herself to His service? And did she not know that she was circled by His charity who came into the world to call, not the just, but sinners to repentance; that His sacred feet had preceded her own in the rough ways she was walking, and to ends that were identical? Should she close her ears to the voice that had called her to her work and to the import of His blessed words that had from that day been ringing in her heart—"Wherefore I say to thee, many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much!" And again, "neither will I condemn thee; go now, and sin no more!"

The entire scheme of redemption as it was present in the divine mind from all eternity had and has for its object the lifting up of the fallen and the resuscitation of the dead in sin. It was for this that the cross was raised on Calvary and the life-blood of the God-man stained its sacred wood. It was for this that Christ established His Church and appointed representatives of His authority to forgive in His name all repentant sinners. But, from the whole context of God's revelations to men, it is plain that there is no exemption from labor in this precise direction for those who call themselves christians. Each one in his sphere and according to his lights and opportunities, is appointed of God his "brother's keeper." Whatever he may do for the relief of his corporeal wants, or for the assuagement or cure of the more dreadful maladies that afflict his soul, he is to regard as of absolute obligation.

But it is so little, under either circumstance alluded to, that is possible to individual lay Catholics, that the Church of God, pitiful of human misery as was her Divine Head when He walked the earth in the flesh, has established associations of men and women, bound to her service and to the relief of human misery in each and every one of its distressful forms. Notably among these associations that are blessed by the approval of the Church, is that of the sisters of the Good Shepherd, first established in France in 1651. Up to the year 1829 the establishments of the order were few in number, and they were confined to the kingdom of France. From and after that year their multiplication was rapid, and it is now years ago since their benign influence has been felt in most of the continental governments of Europe.

In the spring of the year 1835 the saintly first bishop of Kentucky, Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, was privileged to see his native land for the first time in a quarter of a century. During this visit, which was extended to the term of four years, he traveled over many parts of France, preaching and lecturing in the interests of the society then and

still known as that of the Propagation of the Faith. His way led him to Angers, where was established the mother-house of the sisters of the Good Shepherd, then under the immediate direction of that venerable servant of God, Mother Marie of St. Euphrosia Pellétier. He was filled with admiration of this self-sacrificing body of religious, and of the efforts they were making to lift from the very mire of degradation the most unfortunate, because the least regarded, of their sex. What a blessing, thought he, would the foundation of the order be in his own country, where there were so many of the class sought to be reformed by it; women so shunned and feared by society that, even where there was no lack of will to do better, they were held in their low estate by circumstances over which they had but little control. He was himself ill prepared to defray the expenses that would be necessary to realize the accomplishment of his desire to secure a colony of the sisters for his own diocese; but leaving the question of means to the end he had in view to that Divine Providence in whom he had at no time vainly trusted, he asked for and was accorded by the superiors of the order, a colony of sisters for Louisville.

This colony comprised representatives from France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and Ireland. The names of those selected were: Sister Marie des Anges (Rosalie Porcher), superior, who died April 20, 1883; Sister Marie of St. Aloysius Gonzaga (—— Baligaud), at present superior of the house of the order in the island of Ceylon; Sister Marie of St. Joseph (—— Looney), now of the house of the order at Yorkville, N. Y.; Sister Marie of St. Raparata (Deleuse de Blausazeopris) now of the house of the order in St. Louis, Missouri; Sister Marie of St. Marcella, now attached to the mother-house of the order in Angers, France.

It was not until October 16, 1842, that the sisters embarked at Havre for New York. On the first of December following they reached Louisville, where they were met and provided with temporary accommodations by the then Vicar-General, Rev. I. A. Reynolds. There was much delay in providing for them a house in which to commence their work of charity; and for several months the five sisters named were the guests of the Lorettine sisterhood at their convent of Cedar Grove, near the city. Eventually a lot was secured and buildings erected on it that are still occupied by a section of the community as now established in Louisville. It would be interesting to refer to the early experiences of the sisters in their new home, the first in America to open its doors to the fallen daughters of Eve. Their trials were many and long continued. They suffered, and they complained not; they were tabooed by their neighbors, all non-Catholics, who affected to believe that their establishment cast a shadow of reproach upon the neighborhood; they were subjected to quasi-official espionage and annoyance; but they patiently labored on, and in time they conquered distrust, and, in not a few instances, won confidence where they had expected disdain. Looking back in the face of the intervening years, one cannot but wonder that their courage was found equal to the strain

that was made upon it, and that, with so little help, and so little encouragement, they were enabled to found an institution out of which has grown no fewer than twenty-four houses of their order, scattered over the United States, in Canada, and in the West Indies, all working in concert and for a common end, and bearing filial relations to the establishment begun in Louisville just forty years ago. The parable of the mustard seed is here repeated, and in a way so practical that he who runs may read. From a seed as little significant, there has developed in our day a tree of many branches, beneath which hundreds on hundreds of hapless women, before hopelessly lost to society, and almost as hopelessly lost to themselves, are finding shade and shelter, and also a dissolvent of the stains of their smirched womanhood.

Very much of the credit—her humility would be shocked at the expression had not death intervened to close her eyes and ears to all mortal encomium—for the great good that has followed upon the establishment of the order of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in this country is due to the energy and foresight displayed by the good Mother Marie des Anges Porcher. She was of that stamp of women among whom are to be found perfect faith and great charity; and combined with these prerequisites to successful christian and charitable endeavor, there were in her case intelligence of the highest order and a power of will that was contemptuous of supervening obstacles. She neither spoke nor acted without a motive that commended itself to her reason and to her delicate sense of propriety. She rarely blundered, for the reason that she thought deeply, and earnestly prayed for light and guidance. Only in an inferior degree to her humility, her leading characteristic was firmness. This latter quality, every one will be ready to acknowledge, is absolutely necessary to the exercise of just authority. In the world, it is too often allied to arrogance, to unevenness of temper and abruptness in manner and speech. It was not so in the case of Mother Marie des Anges. Her inflexibility, born of principle, was so supported by interior grace, that it had not in it the least quality that was calculated to wound susceptibility. Her rule was of the intellect and heart so evenly balanced that her associates and "the children" of the house controlled by her from time to time, appeared as if unconscious of the fact that they were being directed by her in certain lines of duty, and that they had not been themselves self-prompted to the performance of these duties.

Never was natural mother more ardently beloved by her children than was Mother Marie des Anges by her daughters of the community over which was poised her directing hand. In the Louisville establishment, where she was best known, and where the example of her daily life was to all around her a continual incentive to renewed efforts in the race after perfection, it may be said that she was almost worshiped by both her associated sisters and the penitents of the house. Here it is that she will be most sorely missed, and here it is that, by reason of her death, the local sisterhood finds itself crushed to the very earth by the direful dispensation. Let them take courage! The Father's

kindly eyes are not closed to their tribulation, nor to their needs. He who has given "sleep to His beloved" after so many wakeful years of solicitude in His service, is able to fill her vacated place, both in the community and in their own now sorrowing hearts.

In April, 1847, Mother Marie des Anges was invited by the late Most Rev. Francis P. Kenrick to establish a house of the order in the city of Philadelphia. She accepted the invitation, went in person to the city named, where she remained for eight years, and where the object of her mission was fully accomplished. She returned to France in 1855, where she was placed successively over two houses of the order in that country. She afterwards filled the position of mistress of novices in the house of the order in London. In 1863 she was returned to the United States, and filled for five years the position of mistress of novices in the house of the order established in St. Louis. From 1868 to 1881 she was superior of the house she had established in Philadelphia in 1847. Her last removal was to Louisville in 1881; and her last office in the community was that of Mother Provincial over the houses of the order in Louisville and Indianapolis.

There is here presented to the reader the outlines of a life that was filled from its beginning to its end with mortifications and trials, with long and wearisome journeyings by sea and land, with labors that were all repugnant to self-love, with absolutely nothing that is suggestive of ease or comfort as those words are understood by humanity in its aggregate—and all ending in the sleep of death and the hiding away of the mortal temple in which once dwelt an immortal spirit. Look at the picture, you who imagine that you were born into the world to seek and discover the means of self-gratification! Look upon it and wonder, you whose aspirations are of the level of the earth and not above it, and whose ideas of existence are narrowed to the consideration of the things that concern the body; how you may the more directly add to its enjoyments and lessen its pains! Will you be able to see in the life upon which we are commenting anything admirable? Alas, no. Its grandeur and beauty lie beyond the range of your darkened visions, and its deep philosophy is unfathomable to your equally darkened minds. It is only by the aid of supernatural light that is to be seen of men the true worth of such an earthly existence.

Worldly notions of conventual life and of labors undergone for the welfare of others, are but misconceptions of ethical verity. The instinct of pity is natural to most men, and experience teaches that incapacity to labor is a real misfortune. It teaches, too, that indolence is subversive of both individual health and happiness. Even when looked on from a standpoint no higher, the orders of charity in the Catholic Church are for their members schools for the cultivation of their better gifts from nature. Are we to suppose that they derive no pleasure from their acquisition of knowledge?—that to them fruitful and accomplished labor carries with it no reward of gratification? There is more unalloyed happiness to be found in convent-life than in the palaces of kings. Hence it is that it is so rare a thing to find

among religious a man or woman of a morose and cheerless disposition. For them the great reward of their fidelity, looked forward to in hope, has its droppings of incipient comfort while their hands are yet busy with their Master's work.

Just such a joyous worker was Mother Marie des Anges. She found pleasure in lifting her frail sisters from the slough into which they had fallen, and in building them up anew to the measure of virtuous womanhood. It delighted her to see them day by day becoming more and more assimilated to their former selves, when self-respect had not vanished out of their lives, and when there had been none to point at them the finger of scorn.

Mother Marie des Anges was in the 66th year of her age when her beautiful soul winged its flight heavenward. Tuesday, the 13th of April, 1883, she appeared to be in the enjoyment of the best of health; and she spent the entire morning in directing the labors of a number of her associates and certain "children" of the house, who were employed in preparations for seed planting in the garden of the convent. At noon she was seized with indisposition, headache and fever constituting its most alarming features. She grew rapidly worse, and it was thought advisable at length to administer to her the last sacraments. This was done by Rev. E. M. Bachman, chaplain of the institution, and they were received by her with not only a perfect understanding of their significance, but with a resignation to the divine will that was regarded by the lookers-on as a pledge of sanctification vouchsafed her by Him in whom she had trusted, and whose earthly sufferings she had sought to share. She lingered on until Friday the 20th, when at 9 o'clock, P. M., her gentle agony ended in an apparently painless death.

Most singularly, Mother Marie des Anges, only a short time before her death, remembered a promise she had made the then aged Count de Neuville, a benefactor of the house of the order, at Angers, on the eve of her first departure for America; and the fulfilment of that promise was engaging her attention when she was called out of life. The pious Catholic nobleman referred to, who had given almost his entire fortune to the support of the order, learning that a colony of the sisters were about to start for America, immediately proceeded to the Home, and for an object that will sufficiently indicate the strength of his faith and the depth of his humility. He asked to be granted the privilege of kissing the feet of the five sisters who had been selected for the American mission. In vain did they plead with their great patron to be excused an ordeal that argued in their minds the humiliation of one toward whom they felt nothing but veneration. He was persistent, and they were obliged to submit. "At the feet of each," reads the account of the ceremonial furnished the writer, "the pious count left a note for fifty francs." Before leaving, Count de Neuville gave into the hands of Mother Marie des Anges a relic of St Philomena, enjoining a condition to the gift that she should have erected, at such time as was convenient, in the house she expected to found in America,

a shrine to this devoted servant of God. Before her illness, Mother Marie des Anges had contracted for the erection of this shrine, and a few days after her death the sisters were gathered before it, offering their petitions to God for the repose of her soul.

A solemn high mass of *requiem* was celebrated in the chapel of the convent on Sunday morning, April 25th, of which the celebrant was Rev. E. M. Bachman; deacon, Rev. Anthony McHenry; and subdeacon, Rev. P. F. Faunt. The funeral took place in the afternoon, at which, in the absence of the bishop from the city, his vicar, Rev. M. Bouchet, officiated. He was assisted by Rev. Fathers Brady, Bachman, Brandt and Oberlinkels.

In February, 1850, all that was mortal of the saintly first bishop of Louisville, Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, found interment in the garden of the house of the Good Shepherd in Louisville. In October, 1852, his remains were removed to a crypt prepared for their reception under the sanctuary floor of the cathedral of the ssumption. The long tenantless grave in the garden of the sisterhood has now another occupant. Within the self-same walls that once enclosed the form of one to whom had been referred the gift of miracles, so sanctified was his life, rests now that of the consecrated virgin who had given her little all to God and walked in humility after her divine model on His way to Calvary. It is fitting that it should be so. In an honored bed the Savior whom she had served with so much fidelity has given "Sleep to His beloved." B. J. W.

LOUISVILLE, May 1, 1883.

It is but necessary to add here, that the entire support of the establishments of the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd is derived from the labor of their inmates, professed sisters, novices and penitents. Their laundry in Louisville is well patronized; and very many families, Catholics and non-Catholics—through their knowledge of the value of their services to society in the aggregate—consider it a privilege to furnish them with work—sewing, embroidery and the like. Within the order, but not of it, they have an *Order of Magdalens*, formed of those of their penitents who aspire to sanctity, as did the penitent saint under whose patronage they are enrolled. It would astonish the world to know how much nearer heaven are some of these unknown pleaders for pardon for long past transgressions than are thousands who have not so fallen, and who imagine themselves secure of God's favor. The number of penitents, not including the order of Magdalens, attached to the house of the Good Shepherd in Louisville is at present nearly one hundred.*

*Though really but one establishment, the sisters of the Good Shepherd in Louisville have two houses under their charge. The original of these, on Eighth street, is occupied by the sisters who are employed, for the most part, in sewing for private families, and by the members of the order of Magdalens. The larger of their establishments, on Bank street, occupies a square of ground, and here is their laundry. In it, too, are domiciled the penitents of the house. In both houses there are chapels where the Holy Sacrifice is offered up daily.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MISSIONS OF HARDIN AND MEADE COUNTIES.

The county of Hardin, which was formed in 1792 out of a portion of the territory originally attached to that of Nelson, was afterwards subdivided as follows: Ohio county was taken from it in 1798; Breckinridge, in 1799; Grayson, in 1810; Daviess, in 1815; Meade, in 1823; Larue, in 1843, and, in part, Hart, in 1819. The oldest of the many churches now to be found in the original district known as the county of Hardin, is undoubtedly that of St. Clare, near the present town of Colesburg. Writing of this church in 1808, Father Nerinckx thus refers to it; "I hope to finish soon St. Clare's church, the foundations of which I have already laid;" and, under date of June 27, of the same year, he writes: "Came home this evening from St. Clare's congregation. The church is finished up to the roof. I intend to build a steeple in the hopes of obtaining a bell. The church is built on a hill. Many non-Catholics have subscribed for it. God reward them with the gift of faith." He also states that the congregation attached to the church "comprised seventeen families."

The first church-station at this point was the house of one James French, where mass was said by Father Badin as early as the years 1804–5. Among the old Catholic settlers of the locality may be named, William Cole, from whom the town of Colesburg has its name; Mrs. Adam Wise, married to a non-Catholic husband, and their four children, Willis, Gabriel, Elisha, and Teresa, all born during the last decade of the last century, the last named of whom became Sister Margaret, of the Loretto Society; Mark Beaven; Raphael French; Thomas and Mathew Johnson; William, known as "Bee," Bryan; and Jacob Duffner, one of whose daughters, Mrs. Mary Cole, was surviving as late as the year 1883, at the age of 86 years. This Mr. Duffner is still remembered as a man of extraordinary piety. James Boothe, whose wife was Elizabeth Johnson, came from Maryland in 1812, and settled near the church of St. Clare. One of their sons, Pius Boothe, is still living. Bennet Fowler, married to Nancy Duffner; James Huff, married to Susan Johnson, and Edward Miles, married to Eleanor Forrest, were members of St. Clare's congregation.

In May, 1813, as is still to be seen in an old register preserved in the church, the name of Father Nerinckx is attached to the record therein given of the baptism of Mary Magdalen, daughter of Edward

Miles and Eleanor Forrest. The succeeding entry, made by some other priest, is dated 1818. Between the entries appears the following, translated from the Latin of the record, in the handwriting of Father Nerinckx:

"This jump of five years is the effect of negligence, ignorance, or inadvertence. (See Rom. Rit.)—*Names must be accurately transcribed in the baptismal book by the priest himself. Rit. Angl.*"

"This stricture," writes a correpondent, "is scarcely correct in detail, since we find one baptism recorded in 1817 by Rev. Peter Schæffer."

Among the earlier pastors of the church of St. Clare, was Rev. G. I. Chabrat. Since 1829, the list includes the names of Revs. Daniel Kelly, F. X. Evremond, Linus Coomes, Walter S. Coomes, F. Chambige and Napoleon J. Perché, all anterior to the year 1840. Copied into the record book of the church, is to be found an agreement entered into between the last named pastor and John Brewer, Joseph Ryan, Felix Fowler and James Boothe, the trustees of the church, regularly appointed, by which the former agrees to accept, and the latter to pay, the sum of *forty dollars* a year for pastoral service, which service is thus defined in the handwriting of the future archbishop of New Orleans: "The said M. Perché binds himself to come and visit the congregation, and keep church at St. Clare's once the month, for one, two or three days, according to the wants of the congregation."

REV. CHARLES I. COOMES

From 1841 to 1862, the church of St. Clare was attended by the late Rev. Charles I. Coomes, one of the most laborious of the native priests of Kentucky. It is to his care that is due the preservation of such as remain of the records of this ancient church.

Charles I. Coomes was born near Bardstown, in Nelson county, in the year 1803. He was a son of Walter, and a grandson of William Coomes, supposed by Dr. Spalding to have been the first of the Catholic faith known to the history of the State. His mother, Anna C., of the same family name, was a daughter of Francis Coomes, of the Cox's creek Catholic settlement. The date of the young man's entrance into the diocesan seminary is unknown to the writer; but it could not have been later than 1821. For years preceding the date of his ordination he was an officer of the college of St. Joseph. He was raised to the priesthood, in conjunction with Rev. L. Picot* in the cathedral of St. Joseph, at the hands of Rt. Rev. John B. David, on the 5th of December, 1830.

* The priest here named brings to me no pleasant memories. He was sent by Bishop Flaget to Vincennes, where he got into trouble and, it is said, into jail. He afterwards returned to Kentucky, with an unsavory reputation clinging to him, whence he strayed South. Some one with a like name was going about the country forty odd years ago, giving lectures on the subject of "Popery." I had my opinion of the lecturer's identity at the time, and that has known no change to the present hour.

In 1834, Father Coomes was transferred from St. Joseph's college to missionary work in the county of Daviess; and from that time till he was incapable longer of attending to the exacting calls of priestly duty in a missionary circuit that extended over hundreds of square miles of territory — a period of just forty years — he served the scattered congregations of Hardin, Daviess, Breckinridge, Meade, Grayson, Edmondson and other contiguous counties; and he did this with a promptness and earnestness that won for him the esteem and confidence of his superiors and the abiding affection of the people committed to his charge.

With health impaired and energies exhausted, he was compelled at length to ask his ordinary for such measure of relief as it was in his power to grant. With obliging kindness, Bishop McCloskey relieved him of his onerous mission and appointed him to the chaplaincy of the St. Vincent's orphan asylum, Louisville. Two years preceding the date of his death he was transferred to the hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth, of which charitable institution he was the chaplain until seized with his last illness, toward the latter end of January, 1881.

A fortnight before his death, Father Coomes was visited by his ancient friend and co-laborer, the reverend and amiable Elisha J. Durbin. The meeting between the two affected to tears those who witnessed it. Had an angel of God appeared at his bedside, the dying priest could not have exhibited more unfeigned joy. On the morning of February 14th, the earthly life of this veteran dispenser of the gifts of heaven was brought to a close. The burial took place from the cathedral of the Assumption, after a mass of *requiem* celebrated by Vicar-general Bouchet and an appropriate eulogy by Rt. Rev. William McCloskey. Not far removed from the place of rest of this venerable priest, in the cemetery of St. Louis, near Louisville, four simple monuments mark the graves of as many of Father Coomes' old associates of the Kentucky priesthood, viz.: Fathers Robert A. Abell, Walter S. Coomes, Edward Clark and B. J. Spalding. Rest and peace to him and them for evermore.

The pastors of the church of St. Clare were ordinarily charged also with the congregations attached to the church of St. Patrick in Meade county, and that of St. John in Hardin. Their visits extended also to numerous stations in the counties named and others adjoining. Among the later pastors of St. Clare's congregation were: Rev. P. Fermont, from 1862 to 1867; Rev. T. J. Disney, from that date to 1873; Rev. P. Rock, from 1873 to 1875, under whose pastorate was begun and finished the present brick church; and from that time till now, Rev. J. J. Abell.

The old log-church of St. Clare, which had held its place for so many years in the beautiful cross-shaped valley that lies nestled between spurs of the famed Muldraugh's Hill, gave way more than forty years ago to a structure of bricks and mortar that was scarcely an improvement on its own rude simplicity. There are memories connected with the old church that should make the spot upon which

it stood hallowed ground for Catholics. At its altar had appeared such ecclesiastics as Nerinckx and Badin, Flaget and Chabrat, Kenrick and Perché, Reynolds and Spalding, and from its altar-steps these and others scarcely less entitled to the grateful remembrance of the children of the Church in our own times, had discoursed in the hearing of a willing people, of the admirable ways of God and the things that were for their peace.

The church of St. Ignatius, in Hardin county, is one about which the writer has learned little beyond the fact that it is of comparatively modern construction, built to accommodate a neighborhood of Catholics whose fathers were instructed in christian doctrine by Father Nerinckx himself.

The church of St. John, on Rude's creek, a small structure of logs, was built by Father Nerinckx somewhere about the year 1812. The first Catholic residents of the district are said to have been: Charles Cissell, William Hayden, Barton Roby, William Norris, Samuel Durbin, Silvester and John P. Riney, Henry Alvey and Elias Drury. In connection with this ancient house of worship, it is proper to state, that in its attached grave-yard awaits the resurrection the body of the first priest whose death took place in Hardin county—Rev. Charles J. Cissell, of whom mention has already been made.

Since 1822, the date of the establishment of the convent and school of Bethlehem, now one of the most important of the branch houses of the Loretto Society, the greater number of the churches and stations of Hardin county have been attended from that point. The farm upon which this institution is located, aggregating nine hundred acres, includes the home-place of the late Governor John L. Helm. The convent and school buildings are no less imposing than they are commodious. They include a handsome chapel, known as that of the Immaculate Conception.

The subsequent pastors of the congregations referred to, up to the year 1874, were: Revs. Edward Clark, F. Chambige, A. Degauquier and Charles I. Coomes. Of one of these the writer proposes to speak here somewhat in detail:

REV. AUGUSTINE DEGAUQUIER

Was born in Mourbay, Province of Hainault, Belgium, on the 7th day of September, 1802. His father, a man of influence and worth in the community, and also a pious christian, was burgomaster of the town. Studious, and naturally intelligent, the boy soon became helpful to his father in his office work. When of proper age, he was sent to the college of Ath, with the view of pursuing a course of studies preparatory to that by which he hoped to be fitted for the holy ministry.*

* It is related of him that while at college he went one day to the neighboring village of Mulbaix in order to have his name enrolled as a member of the Society of the Rosary, a confraternity of which had been there established. Never afterwards did his devotion to the Blessed Virgin slacken in the least

His boyhood was passed in a stormy period of his country's history. He was in his thirteenth year when the battle of Waterloo was fought. He witnessed a number of skirmishes during the war, and the roar of the cannon at the great battle fell upon his ear. Many incidents in connection with the war and individuals engaged in it as officers and private soldiers had taken such hold upon his mind and memory, that he was able to relate them in after years with graphic accuracy. When quiet was restored, the young Augustine wished to resume his studies; but William of Orange had in the meantime established government colleges, in which the professors were anything but Catholic, and it had been ordered that no one should be admitted to ordination who had not completed his course in one or another of these institutions. Feeling assured that the whole scheme of education as promulgated by the government had for its object the destruction of the religious sentiment in the minds of the people, and the substitution therefor of ideas based upon the premises that man is a mere creature of destiny, and that he has no power to control his actions, whether for good or evil, the wise youth was given grace to forfeit the educational facilities in which he was able to discover dangers to his heart's peace and to his soul's aspirations.

In the year 1832, the young Levite came to America, and he soon afterwards secured a place among Bishop David's seminarians at Bardstown. Further advanced in both general scholarship and in knowledge of theology than most of his companions, he was esteemed fitted for ordination in a little over two years; and on the 24th November, 1834, he was raised to the priesthood. After having spent a few months at Loretto with the object of perfecting himself in English pronunciation, and a few weeks in Louisville among its German inhabitants, many of whom were suffering at the time from serious sickness, he returned to Bardstown, and there, for a half year, served as assistant pastor of the cathedral.

In September, 1835, the mission he laid down with his life, thirty-five years later, was given him. He was at the time hearty and strong, and he encountered toil with the zest of an athlete at play. His journeys, which were almost of daily occurrence, were all made on horseback. He had often to pick his way for miles through dense undergrowth, swim rivers and creeks, and make wide circuits in order to avoid swamps out of which extrication would have been impossible. Often, too, he found himself lost in the woods, and under the necessity of sleeping with his saddle for a pillow and the sky for covering.* He

degree. When broken down by age and infirmity, and no longer able to make the salutations, he placed his rosary about his neck and there it remained until he ceased to breathe.

* All the old-time missionaries of the State had experiences such as these, but I can readily believe, from all that I have heard of the district of country in which lay his mission forty years ago, that not one of them found himself involved more frequently in troubles of the kind enumerated than did Father Degauquier. He was a philosopher, however, and a christian one; and no one ever heard him complain of things that were irremediable.

ordinarily expended three months of his time in getting around to all the stations and isolated families in his wide circuit of labor; and having arrived at its end, it was but to turn his horse's head anew toward its beginning. At each stopping place his work was cut out for him. He heard confessions, taught catechism, instructed the ignorant, baptized the infants, and at times married waiting couples; assisted the dying and buried the dead. To any other than a priest, calls to the sick, often at distances of forty and fifty miles, and not unfrequently in directions opposite to those traveled in order to meet engagements; would be considered not the least serious of annoyances. But God's minister has his chart of duty ever before his eyes, and he has no difficulty in recognizing his relative obligations when his work is disturbed by any species of complication. He says to himself—It is God's will that I shall here stay my steps, and go whither He has assuredly called me.

During the late civil war there were numbers of Federal troops stationed along the railroad running through Hardin county; and Father Degauquier sought and was accorded (without pay, however) the chaplaincy of those encamped between Muldraugh's Hill and Camp Nevin. For months he gave himself up to this charitable work, and when it is known that he prepared for death many of the sick soldiers, any Catholic will be able to estimate the value of his labors.

And for all he did and suffered in the cause of religion and humanity, what was his earthly reward? On this point, one who had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts, thus writes: "He never sought to enrich himself; indeed, the emoluments he received from all his churches, though no man was more frugal, would not have served for his maintenance." By this, it is presumably to be understood, his paternal inheritance was drawn upon to eke out the meagerness of his salary. The same writer goes on to say: "His purse was open to the orphan and the unfortunate and his sympathy was with all who claimed a father's kindness or a friend's advice."

After thirty-five years of exacting toil and constant exposure, the aging priest found that his limbs refused longer to bear him up, and that his life's work was ended. For months preceding his death, he was barely able to perform his duties as director of the local sisterhood. Feeling that his hour was approaching, he summoned several of the neighboring clergymen to his assistance, and with their help, he arranged both his worldly affairs and those that related to his hereafter. But he had an ordeal yet to pass through that would be inexplicable to christians but for their faith in God's wisdom and mercy, who often subjects His servants to suffering in order to increase their merits.

From the time he had been himself unable to offer up the Holy Sacrifice, it had been his habit, when a priest was in the house, to hear mass while seated in a chair. On the morning of the 23d of January, 1870, his assistant, the late Rev. Charles I. Coomes, left him appar-

ently sleeping, and went to the convent chapel to say mass for the community. Immediately after his departure, Father Degauquier arose, struck a match, and in attempting to light the lamp, overturned it and ignited the oil. In a moment his night clothing was ablaze, and in another, he was himself horribly and fatally burned. For an entire week his sufferings must have been excruciating, and yet no complaint, scarcely a sigh escaped him. Four hours after the accident, fearing that he might lose consciousness, he asked to be annointed; and the last rites of the religion of which he had been so faithful an exponent were administered to him by Father Coomes. At the conclusion of the ceremony, he thanked those present for the kindness they had shown him, and begged them to continue their prayers that the will of God might be fulfilled in his regard. After more than a week of fearful suffering, his gentle spirit passed away at 10 o'clock in the evening of Sunday, January 30, 1870.

For Catholics, whether lay or clerical, admirable lessons are to be drawn from the contemplation of the life of this excellent priest. Filial and dutiful toward his parents in childhood, he was no less so toward God and His Church in after-life. Proof against time-service and worldly blandishments in youth, he was equally proof against every selfish principle in his matured manhood. Called to the priesthood, he had thought for nothing beyond its prescribed and implied duties. Thankful for the strength that God had given him, he expended it freely and cheerfully in God's service. Despising riches and worldly notoriety, he was content to be poor and to live unknown to others than those he had the power to help. What he had, whether of strength or talents or means, he looked upon as God's property, to be spent in His service. Finally, he suffered and was patient, and he went to his rest by the way of the cross.*

In Elizabethtown, the county-seat of Hardin, there were few resident Catholics anterior to the year 1845. As early as 1840, however, Father Charles I. Coomes was in the habit of occasionally celebrating mass in the town, at the house of the late Denton Geoghegan, afterwards sheriff of the county. At that time there were not over four or

* By the older clergy of the diocese, Father Degauquier was regarded with strong affection. Four of these, Fathers Robert A. Abell, M. D. O'Brien, O. S. D., F. Chambige and Charles I. Coomes, all since deceased, assisted at his funeral, and the first named among them delivered a discourse on the occasion that was as full of feeling as it was of praise of the dead. A neat monument has been placed over the grave of this noble priest, upon which appears an epitaph in verse written by Rev. R. A. Abell. One of Father Degauquier's congregations, that of St. John the evangelist, on Sunfish creek, in Edmundson county, was made up principally of families of the name of Durbin. A list of "heads of families of the congregation," in the handwriting of the pastor, has fallen in my way, and the recurrence of the name is at least to be regarded as singular: "John Durbin, Jacob Durbin, Richard Durbin, John Durbin, Jr., Robert Durbin, Daniel Cinter, Joseph Logsdon, Thomas Hill, Simon Sales, Austin Jenkins, Christopher Durbin, Nicholas Durbin, Dr. John Durbin, John Skeis."

five Catholic families in the place. Eight years later, their numbers had so greatly increased that it was determined among them to make an effort to build a church. The most influential and energetic among the heads of families who took the matter in hand, are said to have been John and Andrew Rihn and George W. Warren. They were assisted liberally by the non-Catholics of the town, and eventually they secured subscriptions aggregating $3,300, and put up the present church of St. James. The first pastor of the church, who, also, no doubt, first suggested the effort that had eventuated in its construction, was Rev. Augustine Degauquier. He was succeeded in the pastorate in 1868 by Rev. T. J. Disney, the present zealous pastor of the church of the Sacred Heart, Louisville, who signalized his work in the congregation by the introduction of a colony of the sisters of Loretto, and the establishment by these of parish schools and the St. Mary's academy. Father Disney was succeeded by Rev. J. Ryan in 1874, and he by the present pastor, Rev. J. Cook, in 1875. *

"The church in Elizabethtown," writes a correspondent, "is adorned by a number of fair paintings, brought to the country, no doubt, by Rev. Charles Nerinckx, and afterwards gathered from the neighboring church-stations where he had left them for preservation and brought hither by one or another of its earlier pastors. Two of these are somewhat remarkable. One of them represents St. John in boyhood, with lamb, and is finely drawn and colored. The other is supposed to represent St. Augustine. The head is a study."

In connection with the churches of Hardin county, should be mentioned two other ancient edifices of like character in the adjoining counties of Bullitt and Spencer. The church of St. John, Bullitt county, was built in the year 1812, under the pastorship of Rev. G. I. Chabrat.† The church of St. Benedict, in Spencer county, was built by Rev. Charles Nerinckx, in 1815.‡

There were few Catholics living in Meade county previons to 1820; but there was a church station at Flint Island, or near that point, as early as the year 1810. This was visited occasionally, no doubt, by both Father Badin and Father Nerinckx. In 1818, the last named of these missionaries wrote a diary of a journey made by himself and the then newly ordained priest, Rev. Robert A. Abell, from Gethsemani, in Nelson, to Morganfield, in Union county, in which occurs the fol-

* Among the educational establishments of Hardin county, the Cecilian college, so named from Charles Cecil, of Marion county, the father of the brothers, Henry A., Ambrose, Charles and Thomas Cecil, its founders and, for the most part, its present officers, is deserving of special mention. Though controlled by laymen, it has long been reputed a school in which Catholic youths are in no danger of shipwreck of their faith.

† I have been able to secure the names of but three of the original members of St. John's. These were Christopher Sanders, Col. Valentine Thompson and Walter Blandford, all referred to elsewhere.

‡ Early members of St. Benedict's congregation were: Henry Newman, Benedict Horrell, John O'Nan, Baptist Gough, Harrison Kerrick and Andrew Offutt.

lowing entry: "At St. Teresa's, Flint Island, where Father Abell preached, we were presented with three hundred acres of land for a church, etc." After the appointment of Rev. E. J. Durbin to the missions of Western Kentucky, in 1824, the mission of St. Teresa, next to those of St. Anthony in Breckinridge and the Sacred Heart, in Union county, was certainly the most important in the entire district.

The congregation at the date given was composed, for the most part, at least, of the families of James Mills, Henry Greenwell, Wilfred Greenwell, Anthony Livers, Guy Livers, Ignatius Elder, ——— O'Brien, Noble Wight, Mrs. Henrietta Alvey, John Manning, Cornelius Gough, Joseph Pike, Oliver Burch, Peter Jarboe, Walter Reid, Peter Bruner, Henry Alvey and Caleb Brown. The church station at the time was the house of Oliver Burch.

In 1826, Father Durbin induced the congregation to put up for its use a small log church; and this was attended by him, not oftener than once a month, most likely, until the year 1839, when Rev. Charles I. Coomes was charged with the mission, with residence at Flint Island. He was succeeded, in 1846, by Rev. William Fennelly, and he, in 1850, by Rev. Patrick McNicholas. Than this last named priest, there was not at the time another in the diocese possessing characteristics that better fitted him for exhaustive ministerial labors. He was young, and in vigorous health. He was not only intellectually bright, but he had made such good use of his opportunities as to provide himself with logical weapons with which to define and defend the Catholic faith he had inherited. To the enthusiasm that is natural to youth, was supplemented in him the zeal that has its source in individual consciousness of duty. His pastorate, which extended over a period of twenty-one years, marked an era in the history of the congregation that tells well for its efficiency. The present church of St. Teresa was built under his direction, and mainly through his influence over those for whose use and benefit it was designed.

The church-stations served by Father McNicholas, during his incumbency of the pastorate of St. Teresa's, were many; and the labor involved in the care of these, together with that which was incidental to the charge of a large home parish, proved eventually too great for his physical strength. In 1871, much more by excess of labor than the effects of age, he found himself so utterly prostrated physically as to be incapable of supplying the needs of the then large and still extending mission. Seeking relief from the hands of his bishop, he was given the chaplaincy of the house of the Good Shepherd, Louisville, from which position he was afterwards removed to the St. Thomas' establishment, near Bardstown, and finally to the college of St. Joseph, in the town itself. Here he has since continued to reside, in semi-retirement, and in the performance of such labors as are not incompatable with his weakened bodily energies. *

* The ecclesiastical studies of Father McNicholas were pursued in the diocesan seminary, almost immediately after the direction of that institution had

Father McNicholas was succeeded in the pastorship of the church of St. Teresa by Rev. Eugene Crane, and he by the present pastor, Rev. P. Raoux.

Two other churches in Meade county, St. Patrick's and St. Martin's, have been attended for a number of years by Rev. Martin O'Connor, of Stithton, Kentucky.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MISSION OF GRAYSON COUNTY.

Though the mission of Grayson county is undoubtedly one of the most ancient in the State, it is not even named in the Catholic directories of 1833 and 1834—the two first published in the country. Three years after the last date—in that of 1837—the entry regarding it occupies but a single line: "Grayson county, once a month, by Rev. A. Degauquier." As early as the year 1810, there were neighborhoods in the county in which the settlers were in the habit of crossing themselves before eating, and where there was a tradition of the faith kept up among the people. Father Nerinckx rested not until he had visited all these, and amalgamated them, so to say, into congregations. He formed for them rules, and he appointed for them places of meeting —the most convenient houses in the districts—where they could come together on Sundays and holidays of obligation to recite in common the prayers for mass and to catechise the children, and where, at long intervals, he would himself be present to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in their behalf.

The Catholic directory of 1839, the seventh of the series published and continued to the present day, gives the titles of the churches of Grayson county and names the pastor by whom they were served: "St. Paul's (on Big Clifty); St. Benedict's (on Nolynn river); St. Augustine's (Grayson Springs)—attended by Rev. Francis Chambige." It is supposed that the oldest of these churches, as originally constructed, was that of St. Augustine, and that it, and possibly that of St. Paul, on Big Clifty, were built by Father Nerinckx. All of them were looked upon as old structures fifty years ago, and their renewal in later years was regarded as a necessity. The line of

fallen from the hands of its venerable founder, the saintly Bishop David. His ordination to the priesthood took place, if I mistake not, in the then cathedral church of St. Louis, in the year 1848; the ordaining prelate being the late Dr. M. J. Spalding, at that time coadjutor bishop of Louisville.

pastors of the Grayson county churches, as far back as the writer has been able to trace them, up to the year 1858, includes the names of Revs. A. Degauquier, Francis Chambige. F. Lawler, Thomas Joyce, John F. McSweeny and P. Bambury.

In 1858, an apostle was provided for the Catholic people of the county, of whom it is to be said, he lived a holy and useful life, and died as die the elect of God. The pastor here alluded to, who served his people for fifteen years, was the late Rev. J. B. Vandemergel. Though it is not at all likely that the Catholic people of Grayson will soon forget the saintly priest to whose enlightened direction they were so long subject, it will be for them a melancholy pleasure to read, at times, the annexed sketch of his life, for the details of which the writer is indebted to a friend, himself a priest, who knew him intimately, loved him truly, and venerated him profoundly.*

REV. J. B. VANDEMERGEL.

In its course, the life of the true christian resembles in much that of the sun in the heavens. In it is displayed force as well as regularity, attractiveness as well as warmth. Motion is constant in both, but its regularity prevents our noting it except in its results. Each in its sphere is the dispenser of blessings. Under the radiant smiles of the one, the whole earth teems with fruitfulness. In the humble pathway of the other, the flowers of virtue spring forth, dispensing an aroma that is of heaven. So little conspicuous is ordinarily the life of the true christian, that men are only reminded of its worth when they miss it from their daily walks. These observations are singularly applicable to the late devoted pastor of Grayson county.

J. B. Vandemergel was born in Belgium, about the year 1823. From his earliest years he was devoted to the service of God. When old enough to understand his own heart and its aspirations, he determined to study for the priesthood. This he did, and in due time received priestly orders from the hands of his own bishop in Belgium. It is unfortunate that we are without data sufficiently explicit to present before the reader even an outline of the life led by him in his native land, previous to his entrance into the American college at Louvain in 1855, whither he had gone with the view of applying himself to the study of the spoken language of America, to which country he had resolved to proceed in order to labor upon its missions. It is known that he was engaged in pastoral work soon after his ordination; that he was respected by the people among whom he lived, and that he might have led a quiet and contented life in his own country, had he not felt that in accepting the office of the priesthood he had engaged with the divine Head of the Church to expend the entire sum of his strength in His service.

Out of the far West, and from across the waste of waters that divides his own land from America, came to him the echo of the piti-

*Rev. Lawrence Bax, of St. John's church, Louisville.

ful plaint uttered centuries ago by Him who spake as never man spoke, "the harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." He knew that there was a field in which his labors would be turned to better account than in his own country, and that he would be remiss if he hearkened not to the voice that was whispering to him sleeping and waking, "Go you also into my vineyard."

Having passed a year in the American college of Louvain, then under the direction of the esteemed Father Kindekens, and learned the language of the people among whom he was going, he embarked for America in 1856, and reached Kentucky in the fall of the same year. For nearly two years he labored efficiently on the missions of Union and Daviess counties. In the fall of 1858 he was charged with the pastorate of all the churches in Grayson county; and in the exhaustive labors incident to this position were passed the remaining years of his life. Under his pastorate were renewed the churches of Saint John (Big Clifty), and Saint Benedict (Nolynn river). His nominal residence, however, was at the church of St. Augustine, near the springs. Here, possibly more from choice than necessity, his residence was the sacristy of the church. Here it was, near the tabernacle, his leisure hours were spent—few of them were these, and altogether comfortless would they have been considered by many a one who imagines himself well nigh perfect. Here, night and day, in his own and his people's behalf, were his petitions "made known to God." Some of the stories related of his vigils remind one of what is recorded in the lives of the saints of some of the contemplatives of the desert. Alas, that devotion should have grown so cold in our day as to render it almost impossible to make men understand the true value of a life that is habitually passed in the contemplation of God and His attributes, in prayer for mercy, for enlightenment, for the bestowal of grace, and for the removal from one's pathway of the snares of the evil one.

Father Vandemergel's life was one of toil, of abnegation, of mortifications meekly borne. Bishop Spalding once applied to him the familiar apothegm known to the country—altogether meaningless in the abstract as it is in construction, and yet pithy and easily understood—"he lives upon nothing and cooks it himself." He meant to say, as everybody was saying, that the good priest could be thankful over a crust of bread, and that he could fast with thankfulness if that were lacking. Nothing could be more characteristic of his life. Of his hardships he never complained, and never was he heard to speak of his labors. It sufficed for him that his heart was open to the Master he served, and that His approval was all he coveted. For the rest, he rejoiced that he was able to meet the exactions of his onerous ministry, to suffer something for the sake of Christ, and to lead his willing people into wholesome pastures.

He had no power of eloquence; and though he was suspected of the possession of learning, he was careful to hide from others the extent of his knowledge. That he was an intelligent and capable pastor of

souls, however, is evident from the fact that his people were well instructed, and that there were among them few who were not practical Catholics.

A few years previous to his death, he bought a lot in the town of Leitchfield, upon which he built a handsome Gothic church. In an old frame building beside this church the devoted priest passed the last days of his life. The news of his serious illness had brought to the place several priests, all of whom were edified by the christian patience he exhibited when he was told that he had but a short time to live. On Tuesday, July 1st, 1873, he sank to rest. Having directed that his body should be buried at St. Augustine's, his first home in the county, it was borne thither the following morning accompanied by Revs. C. I. Coomes, Joseph De Vries and James Ryan, together with very many members of the congregation.

On the arrival of the remains at St. Augustine's, a mass of *requiem* was celebrated by Rev. Jas. Ryan, and the funeral ceremony was performed by Rev. Jos. De Vries, who also delivered a feeling address over the coffined body of his departed friend. Before the last absolution, Rev. L. Bax, of Louisville, reached the church, and gave his assistance in the ritualistic observance of the ceremonial.

In the direction of the setting sun, thousands of leagues distant from the land that gave him birth, lies all that is mortal of the brave Flemish priest who had set aside home comforts and home associations in order to labor for the good of souls in inland America. It is meet that his memory should be preserved in the hearts of our people; that, looking at his humble grave in the shadow of the church that was in truth his only home for so many years, the faithful should rejoice that there was given to him strength to leave all things for Christ, and that he was able to bear hence to the feet of his Savior God, so many trophies of his peaceful ministry.

Searching among his papers after his death, it was found that Father Vandemergel had made a will, and that he had left the little he possessed of estate to the orphan children under the protection of the Church in the diocese of Louisville.

The renewal of the church of St. Augustine, at Grayson Springs, was at the sole expense of a pious Catholic lady, Mrs. A. D. Bellchasse, whose husband died at that point in 1852. It was built over the grave of Mr. Bellchasse, and on a tablet in the wall of the church appears the inscription: "D. O. M. . . . John D. Bellchasse, born in New Orleans, Aug. 24, 1814. . . . Died at Grayson Springs, Aug. 17, 1852."* Since the death of Father Vandemergel the churches of Grayson county have been served by Revs. M. Melody, P. Carmen and E. Fahrenbach.

* Since the above was written, I learn that St. Augustine's church has been destroyed by fire. Still later, the report comes to me that the present pastor of the church has been for months engaged in its reconstruction.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MISSION OF DAVIESS COUNTY.

"As early as the year 1808," writes an old Catholic resident of Daviess, "there were nominal Catholics in this county. They married out of the Church, and their children were brought up without knowledge of the precious inheritance that was due them. Some of these latter retained traditions of their faith that afterwards smoothed the way for them to the knowledge of the truth and its joyful acceptance. Others of them are even more inimical to the Church than are those whose Protestant ancestry drifts into the past for hundreds of years. We have here, at least, a good argument against *mixed marriages*. Two of my own cousins thus lost their faith and brought a like misfortune upon their families. One of them was led back to the ark, together with his entire family, when a resident priest was sent to the district. The other still continues to wander. It would astonish you to learn how many there are, even here, who ought to be in the sheepfold, and are not, simply because they were without a shepherd in their youth. The outlook has been brighter since 1833, when Rev. John C. Wathen was sent to the district, of which Knottsville is the center. Abandonment of the Church is now a rare occurrence, and now and then a wanderer of times past is seen to re-enter the fold."

The first Catholic settlers in Daviess county, worthy of the name, were William Jarboe and Mrs. Ezekiel Henning. The husband of the latter was not a Catholic, but he afterwards became one, and it was in his house, as is generally supposed, was said the first mass that was ever offered up in Daviess county. The officiating priest on that occasion was, doubtless, Rev. Charles Nerinckx. In 1820, at least on one occasion, mass was celebrated in the house of William Jarboe by Rev. Robert A. Abell. From 1816 to 1830 there was an influx of Catholic movers, mostly from Nelson county, to the neighborhood from which was afterwards drawn the congregation of St. Lawrence. Among these were the families of John Payne, Charles Jarboe, Leonard Knott, from whom the town of Knottsville takes its name, Thomas Montgomery, John Bowles, Hilary Drury, S. McDaniel, Richard R. Coomes, Ben. All, Peter Higdon, and —— Carrico.*

*The house of John Bowles, named above, was the church station for the neighborhood for a number of years preceding the erection of the church of St. Lawrence. The venerable Mother Bertha Bowles, of the Loretto society, is one his daughters. . . . . Thomas Montgomery was the father of Hon.

Richard R. Coomes, whose name appears in the above list of early settlers in the county, is a grandson of the veteran patriarch of the Cox's Creek settlement, Francis Coomes, who died a centenarian in 1822. The history of the family, as sketched for the writer by its oldest living representative in Daviess, though it may have hitherto been referred to in this history, is sufficiently interesting to be here introduced:

Francis Coomes, from whom one branch of the family so designated and residing in Kentucky has its descent, was born in Maryland about the year 1722. When a young married man, he strayed away from Maryland and went first to Virginia, and afterwards to North Carolina. Here there were children born to him, and these grew up with little, if any, knowledge of their ancestral faith. When his oldest son, Richard, father of the venerated friend whose account the writer is here quoting, reached his majority, he became dissatisfied with his surroundings in North Carolina, and, after wandering from place to place for a number of years, finally came to Kentucky in the year 1790. It is more than likely he fell in with some of his father's former acquaintances of Maryland, then on their way to the settlement on Cox's creek.

Richard Coomes was accompanied to the State and to the settlement referred to by two single sisters, Anna and Rachel Coomes, the first of whom afterwards became the wife of Walter Coomes, favorably mentioned by Dr. Spalding in his "Sketches of Kentucky," and the mother of the late Rev. Charles I. Coomes, referred to in many places in this history; and the last, the wife of William Coomes, who removed from Nelson to Daviess county in the year 1815.

In 1794, or thereabouts, Richard Coomes returned to North Carolina and brought back with him to Kentucky his aged father and mother, and two single sisters. One of these latter afterwards intermarried with Wilfred Wathen, and became the mother of the first resident pastor of Daviess county, the late Rev. John C. Wathen. The other was married to John Speaks. Having still a widowed sister residing in Virginia, Mrs. Margaret Wathen, he went after her a year or two later, and brought to Kentucky herself and her two infant children. This Mrs. Margaret Wathen was afterwards united in marriage with Zachariah Aud, of the Cox's Creek Catholic settlement, and she became the mother of the present venerable chaplain of Calvary convent, Rev. Athanasius A. Aud, still living at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

Zach. Montgomery, of the California bar. . . . . Hilary Drury removed from Maryland to the Cox's Creek settlement, of Kentucky, in 1809, where he afterwards married a daughter of Richard Coomes, to whom reference will be found in the text. Hilary Drury, accompanied by his brother-in-law, R. R. Coomes, removed to Daviess county in 1830. One of his sisters died a member of the Loretto society; his oldest daughter, Matilda, is a member of the same community; his oldest son, J. G. Drury, is a prominent physician residing in Knottsville; his youngest son, Rev. E. Drury, has charge of the church and congregation of St. Francis, Chicago, Kentucky.

Long before these latter passages in the life of Richard Coomes, he had found his way back to the Church in which he had been baptized; and it was through his instrumentality, principally, and under God, that each and every member of his father's family, before estranged from the faith, was led back to the one fold of the one shepherd. The death of Richard Coomes took place in 1868, at the age of eighty-eight years.

After the year 1824, and up to 1833, the Catholic people of Daviess county were visited at long intervals by Rev. E. J. Durbin, from Union county, or by one of his assistants. The first Catholic church put up in the county, that of St. Lawrence, a poor log edifice, was erected in 1831. The pastorate of Rev. John C. Wathen began in 1833, and his mission at the time extended to the counties of Daviess, Breckinridge and Meade. His nominal residence, however, was at the church of St. Lawrence. Nearly two years before his death, which took place on the 19th of October, 1841, he replaced his home church by one of brick.

It would appear from the annexed extract from a letter addressed to the writer by a highly respected priest of the diocese, that the first Catholic settlers in Daviess county were unfortunate in their selections of lands for permanent residence. "The land upon which stands the church of St. Lawrence was a gift from the owner of a great deal of the adjoining property, all of which is poor, and it was given, no doubt, in order to secure sales of the lands near by to Catholic settlers. The hilly lands at St. Raphael's, on Panther creek, were given, I think, with the same design."*

Rev. Linus O. Coomes was pastor of the church of St. Lawrence in 1844, and the following year, Rev. A. A. Aud was named pastor of the entire mission of Daviess county. In 1846 the mission was divided by Revs. Walter S. Coomes and A. A Aud. In 1848 Rev. Michael Coghlan became pastor of St. Lawrence's, in which position he remained for nearly a quarter of a century. He was succeeded, in 1872, by Rev. Charles Eggermont, and he by the present pastor, Rev. P. J. Rock, about the year 1880.

In the year 1844, a church was built on Panther creek, in Daviess county, to which was given the title of St. Raphael's. It was but a plain structure of logs, and, in 1857, it was destroyed by fire. Two years later it was rebuilt under the pastorate of Rev. Ivo Schacht. On the same water course, but a few miles distant from St. Raphael's, was built, in 1859, the church of St. Alphonsus The district in which these

* The annexed items are recorded in a book kept by Father Wathen, and still preserved at St. Lawrence: 1. "Took charge of congregation of St. Lawrence May 5, 1833." 2. "Commenced at Yellow Banks (now Owensboro) May 12, 1833." 3. "Entered upon ministerial exercises at Hardinsburg, Breckinridge county, August 4, 1833." 4. "April 2d, 1840, Rev. Cousin Charles I. Coomes, has come to stay with me; he leaves in October." 5. "February 5, 1839, members of congregation meet and resolve to build a church; they sign eight hundred and twenty-eight dollars."

churches appeared, were settled, for the most part, by families whose ancestral homes had been in Nelson county, the greater number of them having been former members of the congregation of Holy Cross, on Pottinger's creek.* The church of St. Alphonsus was destroyed by fire in 1868, and has since been replaced by one of brick.

The church of St. Mary of the Woods, Whitesville, stands thirteen miles southeast from that of St. Lawrence. It was originally built of logs by Rev. Walter S. Coomes, in 1845. Since that time, however, it has been replaced by a handsome frame structure, put up, as is supposed, by Rev. Michael Coghlan, about the year 1862.†

Under the pastorate of Rev. Ivo Schacht, of St. Stephen's, Owensboro, two other churches, both small, were erected in Daviess county. One of these is that of St. Peter, at Grissom Landing, and the other that of St. Martin of Tours, not far removed from that of St. Raphael's. The first named dates from 1872, and the other from 1873.‡ About the same time was begun and finished the church of St. Joseph, Owensboro, designed and constructed for the accommodation of the German element of the population of Owensboro and the surrounding country.

In the year 1882, the pastorate of the churches of Daviess county comprised seven clergymen. The names of these were: Rev. D. F. Crane, at St. Stephen's, Owensboro; Rev. P. J. Haeseley, at St. Joseph's, Owensboro; Rev. P. J. Rock, at St. Lawrence's, Knottsville; Rev. P. Volk, at St. Alphonsus', Panther Creek; Rev. G. A. Vantroostenberghe, at St. Raphael's, Panther Creek; Rev. Kyran King, at St. Mary of the Woods, Whitesville; and Rev. Dom. F. Croghan, at St. Peter's, Grissom Landing.

In connection with the missions of Daviess, are to be noticed those of Hancock and Hopkins counties, the scattered Catholic populations of which, till 1868, were served from Knottsville and Owensboro. In 1871, the handsome stone structure, known as the church of the Immaculate Conception, was erected in the town of Hawesville, Han-

* Among the earlier settlers on Panther creek were several families of the name of Hayden, three of whom were known by the baptismal name of William. Others of the same patronymic were John, Marcellus and Raymond Hayden. The names of others of the earlier members of the congregations referred to were: John H. Rodman, Reason Cravens, Randal Blandford and William Simms. Both of the churches named above were served by pastors stationed at either Knottsville or Owensboro.

† Among the first members of the congregation of St. Mary of the Woods were: Clark Hagan, Basil Howard, Alexander Hardisty and George Mattingly.

‡ The first Catholic settlers in the neighborhood of Grissom Landing were: Miles Lancaster, David Wade, George Mattingly, E. C. Berry, Bernard Kelly, and Hilary Hagan. In 1878, the number of communicants in the congregation of St. Peter's aggregated one hundred and twenty-five. The older members of the congregation of St. Martin of Tours were: James M. Hayden, Richard R. Coomes, (since removed to Knottsville), Thomas Berry, Patrick Dougherty, Simeon Hayden, Thomas Coghlan, Basil Clark and Gregory Howard.

cock county; and, previous to that date, there had been built at Cloverport the small church of St. Malachy.

In 1874, Rev. A. M. Coenan was charged with the mission of Hopkins county, then becoming important in consequence of the introduction to the county of large numbers of working-men, very many of whom were Catholics in religion, in search of employment in its extended coal-fields. The zealous pastor has accomplished a great work in the district. He was presented by the St. Bernard Coal Company with a lot in the town of Earlington, two hundred feet square, upon which, assisted generously by the company and its employees, he erected the beautiful and commodious church of the Immaculate Conception. He has since erected, in connection with the church, a comfortable parochial residence, and a double school building of sufficient capacity to accommodate the children of the parish of both sexes. He has also built a residence for the sisters (Lorettines), who have charge of the schools.*

Though not so intimately connected with the mission of Daviess as others to which reference has been made, the writer has concluded to insert here what he has to say of that of

HENDERSON COUNTY.

The county of Henderson adjoins that of Daviess on the east, and it has a local history that would be found interesting if it were proper here to pursue it. Before the year 1840, the number of Catholic families residing in the county could have been represented by two numerals. These were visited, however, at long intervals, by either Father Durbin or one of his assistants. It was not until after the year 1850 that any marked increase of Catholic population was observable in the county. With the discovery of this fact by the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese, began the effort on their part to provide in a more adequate degree for its increased spiritual needs.

In the year 1858, urged thereto, no doubt, by the pastors intermittently sent to their relief, and still more by their own sense of religious duty, the Catholic people of Henderson met together and resolved to provide themselves with a church. Happily, a suitable lot for the building had been procured, five years before, through the generosity of three individuals—Francis Millet, Samuel Spalding and Miss Mary Henderson—each subscribing towards its cost the sum of $200.†

By direction of Bishop Spalding, Rev. John Boyle undertook the labor of getting up subscriptions for the building of the church. He

* Among the clergy, not hitherto named, connected at one time or another with the missions of Daviess and the adjoining counties, should be mentioned: Revs. Eugene O'Callaghan, William P. Bourke, Michael Flynn, J. B. Vandemergel, E. M. Bachman, H. J. Brady and H. Westermann.

† Miss Mary Henderson, above alluded to, was a convert to the Catholic faith. She is said to have been a direct descendant of Col. Richard Henderson, from whom the county has its name.

was associated in this work with Messrs. John Pernet and Francis Millet, and without great difficulty they succeeded in collecting a sufficiency of money and material to enable them to put up a church that has since sufficed for the needs of the congregation. Among the most liberal of the benefactors of the church of St. Louis, Henderson, are to be named: Governor Lazarus W. Powell, Archibald Dixon, ex-lieutenant governor of Kentucky and senator in congress; Dr. Richard Garland, George Atkinson, Francis Millet, John Pernet, Mary Henderson, Mrs. —— Reigler, Jacob Schæffer, Peter Fosse, —— Mannion and Frank Livers.*

It was not until 1863 that the church of St. Louis was finished and dedicated. From that time till 1866 it was under the pastoral charge of Rev. William J. Dunn, then the assistant of Rev. E. J. Durbin, of the church of the Sacred Heart, in Union county. About the date last given, Father Dunn was named pastor of the church, with residence at Henderson. He was intrusted at the same time with the charge of quite a number of stations, one of which was in Hopkinsville, Christian county, where he purchased a lot with the expectation of building upon it a church at some future day.†

The writer's review of the missions of Western Kentucky would be incomplete without reference being made to those of

M'CRACKEN COUNTY.

The few Catholics residing in McCracken county previous to a comparatively: cent date were visited occasionally from the church of the Sacred Heart by Father Durbin. About the year 1834, a number of German Catholic families settled at a distance of about twelve miles from Paducah, near the site of the present church of St. John the Evangelist, built in 1869. The names of these families, and of others who afterwards settled in the same neighborhood, were: Adrien and John Greif, father and son, the latter still living at the age of eighty-three years; Nicholas Trost, Stephen and John Roser, John Schneider, Anton Poth, Peter Hopenthal and John Roof. The church of St. John was built under the pastorship of Rev. Peter Haeseley, who had been a school teacher in the neighborhood before entering upon his theological course of studies.

Paducah, at first an unimportant station served by Father Durbin and his assistants, has become in our day a city in which Catholicity is making marked progress. The early Catholic residents of the town

*The four gentlemen first named were not Catholics, though Dr. Garland afterwards became one, as also did several members of his family. One of his daughters is now a member of a religious community in New York.

†The church of St. Paul, Hopkinsville, of which Rev. Thomas Hayes is pastor at this writing—1882—was built a few years later by the Rev. T. J. Jenkins. Rev. William J. Dunn, about five years ago, attached himself to the congregation of the Passionists, among whom he is now known as Father Emmanuel.

were: Sebastian Glauber, ——— Neifs, Ben. Austin, Philip Nurn, William, Joseph and Nicholas Greif, Nicholas Müller, Andres and Augustine Budde and John Daly. The house of one of the Greifs was for many years the church station for the families named. In 1864, a lot of one and a half acres was secured for a church, and mainly through the exertions of Father Durbin, the first church of St. Francis de Sales was built upon it. An ell was afterwards attached for school purposes, and these, original church and all, now constitute the rectory of the present church of the same title, built in 1869–70 by the late Rev. Ivo Schacht, at the cost of about $10,000, and dedicated by him in the latter year.*

In 1858, the sisters of charity of Nazareth established a branch house of their community in Paducah under the immediate direction of Sister Martha Drury.† In addition to the academy of St. Mary's, then established by them, in which they have now for their pupils the children of many leading citizens of the place, these sisters have under

*Rev. Ivo Schacht was either a Hollander or a Belgian by birth. He came to America in priest's orders, if I mistake not, and soon afterwards was engaged in missionary work in the diocese of Nashville, where, in the city of that title, he was for several years pastor of the cathedral under the ordinary, the late Rt. Rev. R. P. Miles. About the year 1859, he removed to Kansas, where he labored with zeal and success until 1861, when he came to Kentucky and offered his services to Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding. He was employed afterwards on the missions of Daviess, Marion, Mercer and McCracken counties, and he was esteemed in every congregation served by him as a laborious and successful minister. I knew Father Schacht, and it is my conviction that a more earnest and faithful priest never labored for the good of souls on the soil of Kentucky. It is said, however, by those who could claim a more intimate knowledge of his character, that he was somewhat self-willed, and apt, at times, to defer too little to the advice of others in his methods of procedure in certain cases. His integrity was never doubted; only his judgment was esteemed at fault. In 1870 he assumed charge of St. Stephen's church, Owensboro, where, four years later, he finished his earthly course. He had been for years an enthusiast on the subject of temperance, and soon after his installation as pastor of St. Stephen's he organized in his congregation a Total Abstinence society. A few days preceding his death, he was invited by the officers of other similar societies established among non-Catholics, to join with them in a demonstration that would indicate to the general public of the county the strength and character of the movement in which they were engaged. He accepted the invitation for himself and the society attached to his church, and though his pastoral duties had been incessant throughout the day—it being Easter Sunday—the evening found him and them at the place of meeting, one of the Protestant churches of the town. Being invited to address the joint assembly, he arose and had spoken about twenty minutes when he was seen to falter and fall heavily backward, as was supposed in a fainting fit. He was borne immediately to his residence, where he was attended by physicians and his clerical co-laborer of the German church of St. Joseph, Rev. E. M. Bachman. He never rallied, and his death took place on the morning of April 10, 1874.

†If there is a living member of the sisterhood of charity of Nazareth who should need no introduction to Catholics in Kentucky, and especially to those living in Louisville and Paducah, that particular religious can be none other than Sister Martha Drury, the oldest representative of the order that has not yet "squared her accounts with time."

their control the parish schools for both girls and boys. From first to last, the line of pastors in Paducah includes the names of Fathers Elisha J. Durbin, Alfred Hagan, Patrick McNicholas, William Oberhulsmann, John F. Reed, J. B. Boyle, J. M. Beyhurst, Michael Power,* Ivo Schacht, James Quinn, the Carmelite fathers, under Rev. P. F. Meagher, and the present pastor, Rev. H. N. Jansen.

* Those who remember the late Rev. Michael Power, pastor of St. Michael's, Louisville, and I am quite sure he is kindly remembered by very many Catholics of the city, will be interested to learn the depth of esteem that was felt for him by his parishioners of Paducah during the troublous times of the late war. His position was a delicate one, and the only question for his solution was how he might best conserve the interests of his people, and not provoke suspicion on the part of either the Federal or Confederate authorities, by whom the town was alternately held. The young men of the congregation were all away, with one army or the other, and his parishioners at the time, though as much divided in political sentiment as were the soldiers in the field, were all non-combatants. They were subjected to many annoyances, however, that were inseparable from their position, and it required tact and prudence on the part of the pastor to reduce these to their minimum. Happily for his politically divided flock, he was deficient in neither particular. He managed to gain the confidence of the army officials, whether they happened to be Federals or Confederates, and, without any compromise of his integrity, he was enabled to secure for his beleaguered people courtesies and favors which would have been otherwise denied them. A friend writes me that "the name and memory of Father Power are enshrined in many hearts in Paducah."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE JESUITS AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE—1848–1868.

The first attempt made by Bishop Flaget to secure for his diocese the services of the Jesuit fathers of the province of Missouri occurred in 1847. Their engagements were such at that time, however, as to prevent their acceptance of his proffer to them of the college of St. Joseph, Bardstown. A year later, negotiations were renewed with a favorable result, and at the annual commencement of the institution in June, 1848, the retiring president, Rev. Edward McMahon, announced the fact of the transfer of the college and church of St. Joseph to the Jesuit fathers, and introduced to the large assemblage present his sucsor in office, Rev. Peter J. Verhægen,* and also the provincial of the order for the province of Missouri, Rev. John B. Elet. The staff of professors and teachers did not begin to arrive at the college until the last of July. From the diary of one of these the writer has been permitted to copy the extracts that follow:

"July 24—Early this Monday morning, Mr. Garesché and myself left the novitiate of St. Stanislaus, he for Cincinnati, and I to be the conductor of five Jesuits to Bardstown, Kentucky. Our ride to town might have been in greater state, but scarcely in a manner more independent of conventionality. A two-horse wagon, driven by a negro, and more than three parts filled with corn in the ear, constituted our running outfit. Reaching St. Louis, I found awaiting me Fathers N. Congiato and A. Ehrensberger, and Messrs. Joseph E. Keller, P. J. Hueck and Brother Casper Wohl. At four o'clock in the afternoon we left together the St. Louis wharf on the steamer Ocean Wave, bound for Louisville. After a trip of three days, without striking incident, we landed at Portland, whence we proceeded to a hotel on Main street, Louisville, which was well known to me from the fact that it had formerly been kept by one Langhorn, and that in one of its rooms a brother of mine had closed his eye to all things earthly. It was situated but a few squares from the episcopal residence, and we went in a body to pay our respects to the venerable Bishop Flaget.

"We were conducted into his presence, and found him seated in a plain arm-chair, from which we soon perceived that it was difficult

*It is due to the memory of Father McMahon to say that the college had unwonted prosperity under his administration of its affairs. He had greatly reduced the debt of the institution during his term of office, and the remainder, only $23,000, was assumed by the incoming officials.

for him to rise without assistance. He was attended by his niece, an elderly maiden lady. When we announced ourselves as Jesuits from Missouri, on our way to St. Joseph's, Bardstown, he made an exclamation of thanks to God, and arose to receive us; but he tottered on his feet. With a voice trembling from feebleness and excess of emotion, now raised to a falsetto or soprano, and now scarcely audible, he proceeded to embrace each one of us. When my turn came I told him I was a Kentuckian, and one of his own spiritual children. 'My Kentucky child,' said he, and this he repeated several times, 'Welcome home! welcome, many times welcome to my diocese be the dear Jesuit fathers!' He went on to say, 'During the last two long years since they left St. Mary's college, I have prayed unceasingly to be permitted to see them back in my diocese before I shall be called out of the world. My prayer is granted. I have lived to see that day. *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace; quia viderent oculi mei salutare tuum.*' He then sank back in his chair, quite overpowered with his feelings. My Jesuit companions, who then saw the saintly old prelate for the first time, were much struck with his simple manners and his evident sanctity, no less than with his love of our society. We knelt to receive his blessing, in giving which so great was his emotion, he could scarcely utter the words of the formula; and then we departed, all of us deeply affected by what had occurred.

"We reached Bardstown by stage-coach at two o'clock on Friday, July 28th, where we found Father Verhægen awaiting our arrival. Ours was the first party appointed to begin the work of actually taking final possession of the college. Father McMahon remained at St. Joseph's for several weeks after this date in order to give his assistance to the new president, and then he left for the diocese of Pittsburg, where were passed the remaining years of his life."

Classes in college were organized about the beginning of September with a fair showing of students, and these steadily increased throughout the session. As had been the case with this institution from a date as early as 1824, a large proportion of the students were from Louisiana, Mississippi and other Southern States. During the first year of their occupancy, and management of St. Joseph's, the fathers were assisted by a number of the secular clergy, viz: Rev. B. J. Spalding, in the pastorate of the former cathedral of St. Joseph, and Fathers F. Chambige and Francis B. Jamison, in the professorships of chemistry and English literature. From 1848 to 1852 the fathers of the society who found employment at St. Joseph's, some for short, and others for longer terms, were: Revs. J. B. Elet, P. J. Verhægen, J. B. Duerinck, F. Di Maria, A. Ehrensberger, N. Congiato, F. D'Hoop, L. Du Mortier, F. X. De Coen, J. B. Emig, Adrian Van Hulst, J. Baltus, F. J. Nussbaum and F. Horstman. Numbers of young attachés of the order, afterwards raised to the priesthood, were connected with the institution in the capacity of tutors or prefects, among whom may be named Messrs. W. H. Hill, F. Beckwith,

J. A. Fastré, Thomas O'Neil, J. M. Converse and others. From the first, the institution was satisfactorily prosperous, and it continued to grow in public favor until the war came on and the Federal authorities seized and occupied the college buildings for hospital purposes.

In 1842, Rev. J. B. Emig being president of the institution, a large additional building was put up, a portion of which was used for an infirmary, and the rest for a museum of natural history and for class-rooms.* Many other improvements, and also additions to the grounds of the institution were made; and all these were paid for as wrought or purchased. In conjunction with all this, the debt of $23,000 originally assumed, had been fully liquidated

In 1854–55, the fathers connected with the institution were Revs. N. Congiato, J. Converse, P. Tschieder, J. De Blieck, F. Nussbaum, G. Watson, J. Coveney, F. Coosemans, T. De Leeuw, G. Mearns, A. Levisse and C. Truyens. The scholastics of the society employed in the college during these years, in addition to those heretofore mentioned, were Messrs. J. Kuhlman, Thomas Miles, J. Hayes, F. Stuntebeck and others. The institution was now in a most flourishing condition, but there had arisen a source of trouble between the fathers and the ordinary of the diocese, that finally led to the withdrawal of the former from the State. †

* The late Very Rev. F. Chambige had given to the institution his large collection of specimens in mineralogy and geology, in which, as his surviving friends will remember, he took no little interest. One day—I have the story from one who was cognizant of the occurrence—an unappreciative lay-brother of the college having use for the tables upon which the specimens were spread, deliberately dumped them together in a box and put them out of the way. When he saw what had been done, the consternation of Father Chambige was complete, and his patience sorely tried. The reassortment of the cabinet, which contained specimens from all parts of the world, was the after occupation of his hands for months.

† As early as 1848, in addition to their charge of St. Joseph's college, the Jesuit fathers had established a classical school in Louisville, and also one that was essentially free. These were placed in the beginning under the conduct of Fathers J. B. Emig and Charles Messea, with four assistant teachers. Afterwards, they were conducted by Fathers F. H. D'Hoop, J. Halpin, P. De Meester, J. Maes, George Watson, A. Levisse and others. In 1850 or 1851, the fathers bought a lot on Fourth street, and erected on it a large and handsome school building. The college of St. Aloysius was an excellent seat of learning, and its patrons were all respectable and many of them wealthy. But the fathers felt that a church in connection with their college was in so far a necessity that it would enable them to secure to themselves and others all the legitimate fruits of their ministry. The bishop was consulted on the subject, but his assent to the proposal was withheld, and for the reason, as he declared, that the church, if built, would, from its proximity, be injurious to the cathedral. He proposed that they should seek a site for both college and school beyond the more thickly populated parts of the city; but the fathers considering such an arrangement impracticable, concluded to close their classical school. This was done, if I mistake not, in 1852, when the college building was let to the Nazareth sisterhood, and sold to the same in 1858. From that day to the present, this has been known as St. Joseph's infirmary. The free school continued under the direction of the Jesuits till the latter named year.

Until 1854, the members the society of the province of Missouri had not perfect knowledge of the terms of the contract for the transfer of St. Joseph's college to the Jesuit fathers, made six years before. They found that the property had been deeded to the society *in trust;* and on conditions making it subject to reversion. It was a general conviction among them that a blunder had been committed by their former officials of the province, and that should the ordinary of the diocese be unwilling to modify the contract made, it would be best for the society to surrender all the advantages it had already derived in the diocese, and to remove themselves beyond his jurisdiction. The bargain made included a number of other provisions which were esteemed onerous by the fathers; but the *trust clause* in the deed of transfer was especially objectionable, because it was contrary to usage in the first place, and in the second because they were hampered by it in making contemplated improvements. A petition was sent by them to the bishop, asking that the property be deeded to them in *fee simple*, but their petition was not granted; nor was it, as is believed by numbers of the clergy of the diocese, absolutely denied. At any rate, it was not till 1868 that the fathers, in obedience to directions from their superiors, redeeded the entire property to the ordinary of the diocese, and left the State. *

It would be interesting, if the writer were competent for the task, to speak here more in detail of the lives of the many fathers of the society, connected at one time or another with our oldest Kentucky college, who are no longer of the living. They were known to him, to be sure, but not in such a way as to give him warranty of exactness in any attempt he might make to portray them as they lived. The list of the dead among them, includes such names as Verhægen, D'Hoop, Truyens, Di Maria, Coosemans, Beckwith, Converse, De Blieck and others, all men of piety and worth, and most of them distinguished for their talents and learning.

Such knowledge as the writer has of the clergymen named is here appended in the form of short personal sketches:

Rev. Peter J. Verhægen was of a highly respectable family, born in Belgium, June 21st, 1800. In company with a number of Belgian youth, all inclined to the priesthood, he came to the United States with Rev. Charles Nerinckx, in 1821, and on the 21st of October of that year he entered the novitiate of the Jesuits at White Marsh, Maryland. In 1823, he went to Missouri, where he finished his course of ecclesiastical studies, and was ordained priest by Bishop Rosati at the seminary of the Barrens in 1826. Father Verhægen was a ready and pleasing

* A member of the society tells me that this transfer was without consideration; that it included lands bought by the fathers after the transfer to them of the college property, together with many costly improvements, and that the college was at the time entirely free from debt.

Among the professors at St. Joseph's college during tbe last year of its occupancy by the Jesuit fathers were the following, not heretofore named: Revs. John Roes, John S. Verdin, F. Masselis, and F. J. Boudreaux.

speaker, sprightly and cheerful in conversation, and amiable in his intercourse with others. He often preached for Dr. Rosati, and always acceptably. Upon the establishment of St. Louis university in 1829, he had principal charge of the institution, and when the school was chartered, in 1833, he became its first president. In 1836, he was named superior of the Jesuits of the western province; in 1845, provincial of Maryland; and in 1848, president of St. Joseph's college. In 1851, he was pastor of the church of St. Charles, in the town of that name in Missouri. In 1857, he was returned to the university of St. Louis, where he taught the classes in moral and dogmatic theology, and for a time, delivered Sunday evening discourses from the pulpit of the church of St. Francis Xavier. In July, 1858, his health having become seriously affected, he was returned to St. Charles', where the remaining two years of his life were given to missionary work, and where he was often visited by those who loved him for his genial qualities, or valued his wise counsels in difficult matters. He was an exact and edifying religious, and specially distinguished for those virtues that spring immediately from christian charity. He died July 21st, 1861, and his remains repose near those of the illustrious Indian missionary, Father De Smet, and the scarcely less remarkable disciple of St. Ignatius, Father Van Assche, at Florissant, Missouri.

My acquaintance with Father Francis D'Hoop began in 1851, when he became president of the college of St. Aloysius, Louisville, and in his death, four years after, I lost an esteemed friend. He was a Belgian by birth, born January 11th, 1813. He came to the United States in 1837, together with Revs. A. Damen and P. De Smet, and under the guidance of the late Rev. David Deparcq.

His novitiate began at Florissant, Missouri, on the 21st of November, of the year named. He did service for the society, first at the college of St. Charles, Grand Coteau, Louisiana; then as pastor of souls at Chillicothe, Ohio; then as president of the college of St. Joseph, Bardstown, and last, as president of that of St. Aloysius, Louisville. He was a learned and able priest, and an impressive preacher, simple in his manners, warm-hearted and generous, and especially remarkable for his goodness and kindness toward the poor and afflicted. While in Louisville, he was the confessor of many pious persons attached to the different congregations of the city, and also of numbers of the clergy. He was a constant sufferer from a chronic complaint that finally caused his death, but so great was his fortitude, and so naturally cheerful was his disposition, that even his most intimate friends were not cognizant of his true condition. His death took place in Louisville on the 23d of March, 1855. His remains were removed to Bardstown, and there buried near the former cathedral of St. Joseph; but they were removed thence to the cemetery of the sisters of charity of Nazareth, in the year 1868; he had been at one time the spiritual director of this community.

Father Charles Truyens was born in Belgium, February 17th, 1813. He came to the United States, and was received into the

society as a novice at Florissant on the 24th day of February, 1837. Before ordination, he was employed for a number of years at St. Charles' college, Louisiana. After being raised to the priesthood, he was employed in duties of the ministry at St. Louis, among the Indian tribes west of Missouri, at Chicago, and finally as pastor of St. Joseph's church, Bardstown, which position he retained from 1860 to the date of his death, December 14th, 1867. Father Truyens was neither intellectually bright nor learned. He was not an interesting speaker, and what he knew was limited to that which enabled him to fulfil his priestly and pastoral duties. And yet one, the reverse of all this, could not have been more successful in his efforts to subserve the spiritual interests of his parishioners. Referring to him, some time after his death, a member of the society, who knew him well, thus spoke of him: "According to a type of goodness, Father Truyens was a good man, and even a saint; but there was in him what appeared to me peculiarity and eccentricity of character. In him was exemplified our Lord's way of choosing His instruments: "The weak things, and the things contemptible, has God chosen, that he may confound the strong." Father Truyens' influence over his parishioners was, indeed, something wonderful; and it is to be said, that it was always exerted in their best interests. Of the world and the world's affairs he took little notice; neither did he of passing events or objects, unless they became related to his one over-ruling purpose, which was to do what was plainly and practically of duty to God. He went as chaplain with the division of the army sent to oppose Gen. Zollicoffer toward the beginning of the civil war, and he was present at the battle of Somerset, in Southeastern Kentucky. He attracted the notice of both officers and soldiers by his attention to the wounded and dying on the battle-field, where he spent the entire night, hurrying hither and thither, as directed by the cries and groans of the suffering, to serve and comfort them in their wretched condition. In after years he often spoke feelingly of a non-Catholic officer who had sought him for several hours of the night in order to guide him to a wounded soldier of the Southern army who had begged piteously to see a priest. Father Truyens was led to the dying christian by this noble officer, and was there in time to see the wounded and forlorn man die in peace, after having received the sacraments of penance and extreme unction.

Father Francis Xavier Di Maria was an Italian by birth. His name first appears in the Catholic directory of the United States in the year 1843, when he was one of the faculty of St. Louis university. He was among the first of the fathers who reached Bardstown in 1848, where he was attached to the pastorate of the church of St. Joseph for the ten succeeding years. He was much respected by his parishioners of Bardstown, many of whom I have heard speak of him in terms of strong affection. His death took place in Philadelphia, on the 23d of July, 1871.

I have no remembrance of having seen Father Coosemans, who was for one or more sessions president of St. Joseph's college; but I

have often heard him spoken of as a man of fine talents and of extraordinary virtues. His death took place at St. Ignatius' college, Chicago, February 7th, 1878.

Father Beckwith was not yet in holy orders when I knew him as a tutor in the college of St. Aloysius, Louisville. He was a great favorite with the students of the institution, among whom were two of my own sons. If I mistake not, his death took place at Terre Haute, Indiana, about the year 1866.

Father James M. Converse was born in Randolph, Vermont, and was of Puritan stock. He became a Catholic in 1842, and entered the society of Jesus in 1845. He was an amiable man and a most useful priest, beloved by his associates of the society and held in high regard by his large acquaintance, Protestant as well as Catholic. He died at St. Louis university on, the 25th of April, 1881.

Father John de Blieck was, possibly, more generally and widely known than either of those whose names have been mentioned. He was a man of popular manners, an excellent preacher, and at one time he was engaged in giving missions in Kentucky and other States of the Union. From St. Joseph's college, where he served in various offices, including that of president, he was sent to the college of St. Ignatius, Chicago, where he passed, if I mistake not, the remaining years of his life. His death took place in the city named, in July, 1883.

In the fall of 1869, the preparatory seminary of the diocese was again removed from St. Thomas' to Bardstown, and the St. Joseph's college buildings were turned over to the occupancy of its professors and students. From that date till the year 1872, the institution was under the direction of a board appointed by the ordinary, of which Rev. P. de Fraine was superior. During these years the teaching force of the seminary was composed of such men as Revs. A. Viala, J. P. Ryan, W. Bourke and Charles Eggermont.

In 1872, the character of the institution was in so far changed as to admit to its course of studies Catholic young men and boys who had no thought of studying for the priesthood; and from that time till the date of his death, March 11, 1877, it was conducted under the presidency of Rev. Michael Coghlan, the former veteran pastor of the church of St. Lawrence, Knottsville. Father Coghlan had for his assistants, at one time or other, Revs. E. M. Crane, Dominic Crane, J. A. Barrett, H. Plaggenborg and James J. Ryan. After the death of the president of the institution, to the close of the session of 1877, the duties and responsibilities of the office were assumed and admirably discharged by the vice-president, Rev. E. Crane.

In September, 1877, by direction of his ordinary, Rev. William J. Dunn, previously of the cathedral, Louisville, assumed the presidency of St. Joseph's. During his occupancy of the post, which was but for a single year, he had for his assistants, Revs. W. P. Hogarty, E. M. Crane, J. A. Barrett and C. J. O'Connell. At the beginning of the session of 1878, the reverend professor last named was appointed by his

bishop president of the institution, and from that time to the present, as had been the case from the foundation of the college to its occupancy as a theological seminary in 1869, all the advantages to be derived from its *curriculum* have been available to young men and boys of good character, whether non-Catholics or of the household of the faith. Under Father O'Connell's administration of the affairs of the college, he had for his associates of the faculty, Revs. W. P. Hogarty, J. A. Barrett, W. P. Mackin, Dom. Croghan, L. Deppen and C. Ohle.

Since 1880, the direction of the college has been in the hands of Rev. W. P. Mackin, supported by an able and efficient faculty, composed of Revs. H. J. Civill, J. A. Barrett, William Bourke, Dominic Crane and J. Culleton. At no time, in the later years of its existence, has the condition of this venerable institution been more prosperous that now, nor more adequate to the educational needs of the youth of the country.*

*Very many of the *alumni* of St. Joseph's college, while that institution was under the conduct of the Jesuit fathers, were afterwards much distinguished in professional and political life. The most notable among these is, undoubtedly, ex-governor A. H. Garland, of Arkansas, afterwards United States senator from that State, and at this date, possibly, the most eminent of the lawyers of the country. While in Kentucky, the fathers of the society of Jesus secured to their own body quite a number of able recruits. Among these may be named: Revs. Michael Driscoll, Walter H. Hill, Thomas H. Miles, J. M. Hayes and Rev. Edward A. Higgins.

CHAPTER XL.

REV. S. T. BADIN—HIS LATER YEARS.

It is something for the American Catholic, in this era of the history of his country, to have personally known the first ordained priest of the United States. It is something more and better, to have heard him speak in terms of praise of parents and grand-parents, toward whom, when these were living, he bore the dual relation of friend and pastor. In a former chapter, I have spoken of Father Badin as he is ordinarily presented in the Catholic history of the State—youthful, untiring, filled with zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls; quick in action, and quick of intellectual impulse, and not a little eccentric in both manner and speech. It is my purpose now, to picture him to my Catholic readers as he was presented to my own eyes, after his return to Kentucky, in 1837.

Before entering, however, upon my proposed descriptive review of the life of this distinguished missionary, for the era indicated, it will be necessary to refer at some length to his personal history from the time he left Kentucky, in 1819, to that of his return to the diocese, in 1837. The question has often been asked in my hearing: "Why did Father Badin abandon the mission of Kentucky?" I have no idea that he had any such purpose when, in the early spring of 1819, he entered upon the long journey by land and sea that brought him in time to his native land and the sight of his surviving kindred. His journey had for its nominal objects, first, needed bodily rest and recuperation; and secondly, attention to certain matters connected with his paternal inheritance. That his action was influenced, in some degree, at least, by a consideration that was only suspected at the time, and that by only a few of his associates of the clergy of Kentucky, is now indisputable. He had become ambitious of episcopal distinction; and knowing that Bishop Flaget had appealed to the Holy See for an assistant, he thought to secure the appointment for himself through his personal influence with leading clergymen in France.

The fact here stated should not affect unfavorably the fame of the grand old missionary who was privileged to write after his name, *Proto-Sacerdos Statuum Fœderatorum Americæ Septentrionalis.* Ambition is not always, logically and necessarily, an emanation from man's perverted nature. I have reason for believing that Father Badin's ambition was entertained from reasonable and christian motives, and hence, that it was free from all taint of viciousness. He had made a willing

sacrifice of himself and all his faculties for the good of the Catholic people of the diocese. He had been their father, and he looked upon them as his children. Their faces were all known to him, as were also their dispositions and their necessities. Is it at all wonderful that, under such circumstances, he should have entertained the idea, that he, better than another, would be able to give direction to schemes for their spiritual advancement? I think not.

But there was still another motive which, in the absence of those enumerated, would naturally incline the aging priest to sever, for a time, at least, his relations with the mission he had founded. Between himself and Bishop Flaget, there had ensued divergence of opinion in respect to the settlement of title to certain properties that had been acquired by him for the Church, before the See of Bardstown was created, and which were still held in his own name. The most valuable of these properties was the "Howard" place, near Bardstown, upon which stood, at the time, the church of St. Thomas and the diocesan seminary buildings. It is due to the memory of Father Badin to say that he never had a thought of alienating one foot of this property from the uses to which it had been devoted by the generous donors. He was only anxious in regard to the absolute requirements of the laws of the land, as these affected the bequests and the terms upon which they had been made. Furthermore, he insisted upon his right to hold legal title to the property, until provision was made for the liquidation of debts contracted by him in behalf of the Church, and for the benefit of the mission of Kentucky. With this explanation, the intelligent reader will readily understand the allusions made by him to his disturbed relations with his bishop, as these occur in more than one passage of certain letters of his, from which I propose to quote with becoming historic freedom. The letters referred to are eleven in number, nine of which were written while he was in Europe, and two, shortly after his return to the United States. They are all addressed to his friend, Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, afterwards coadjutor-bishop of Bardstown. The first bears date:

"PARIS, July 4th, 1819.

"*Reverend and Dear Sir:* I am under promise to write to you, and I hasten to fulfil my obligation to-day, since the ship *Marcus*, which I blessed under the name of St. Mark, and which brought me to my native land, is to sail in two or three days on its return to New York. I wrote to my brother* from Havre de Grace, and supposing that he

*Vincent Badin, afterwards a priest. I have no personal recollections of Father Vincent Badin. He could not have been much more than a child when his elder brother came to America. The exact date of his own arrival in Kentucky, I have not been able to ascertain; but it could not have been later than the year 1814. His first instructor was undoubtedly his brother. He afterwards was a pupil of Father John B. David, in the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, where he received minor orders, and possibly those of sub-deacon and deaconship. He was certainly not in priest's orders when, in 1822, with the consent of Bishop Flaget, he offered his services to Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick,

showed you my letter, I need not now be very explicit about my voyage. We had a good captain, a good crew and decent company. We were twenty-one days at sea, as I had been twenty-one days traveling by land. We had two stormy nights, and two days of calm, which excited a French passenger to swear and blaspheme; but I am informed that a seaman gave him a seasonable reproof, by which he was silenced. . . . Through the goodness of Almighty God, we were preserved from accidents, and but two of the passengers were (truly) sick, through most of the voyage. I was treated by all with politeness and respect. General Vendome, a gentleman of good principles, who saw Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget in Canada, contracted a great friendship with me, which contributed much to our mutual happiness. I said my first mass in France in thanksgiving, and in the presence of the Catholic passengers, on the anniversary of my first mass in America, in the church of *Notre Dame du Havre.*

"I am now at the seminary of *St. Nicholas au Chardonnet*, but having a number of friends and relations visiting me, I cannot here enjoy the leisure and liberty of making a spiritual retreat, as I wish, and therefore I will go to-morrow, with my professor of theology and former confessor, to the solitude of Issy. My arrival in Paris was known at Orleans, the very day before my family received my letters; and since then, some of my friends are trying to hurry me away from Paris, and others to retain me here. But I am well resolved to listen to a better voice: *Ducam eum in solitudinem, etc.*

"There is here a public paper edited by a friend of mine, under the title of *Ami de la Religion et du Roi.* . . . A statement of the missions of Kentucky will be printed in that paper, and subjected to my revision. The account will be collated from my own notes. I will send you a copy, when opportunity serves.* The state of religion here is not flourishing, though I saw this morning, at the parish church where I said mass, more than a hundred communicants. Some folks work on Sundays, and the churches are not crowded as they were thirty years ago. The processions of the blessed sacrament are per-

the then newly consecrated first bishop of Cincinnati, with whom he left Kentucky, and by whom he was shortly afterwards raised to the dignity of the priesthood. As the priestly ordination of his brother preceded that of any other in the entire country, so his own was the first to take place on the soil of Ohio. Father Vincent Badin was a man of no great talents, learning or force of character. His brother, whose strong affection for him is sufficiently evidenced in the correspondence herewith presented, was never without solicitude concerning him. He appears to have regarded him as one whose constant needs were surveillance and protection. He was an amiable man, however, and a good working priest. He served with fidelity the missions of the Northwestern territory, under the direction of his brother's friend, the late Very Rev. Gabriel Richard. Upon the death of that most worthy priest, in 1832, he became pastor of St. Ann's church, Detroit, and had charge of the entire mission. He returned to France in 1843, where his death took place two years later.

* The New York Catholic *World* for September, 1875, contains a translation of this little *brochure.*

formed with solemnity, but many of the bystanders do not kneel. The president of the seminary of Maux told me last week that he knew of a priest who had thirteen parishes—not such *stations* as we have in Kentucky—to attend. The ancient doctrine is followed in this seminary—dancing and marriages with non-Catholics, viewed as they ought to be. The political horizon does not appear to be yet settled as well as desirable. Many in the chambers and in the administration, have not a particle of faith. The new *concordat* was rejected by the chambers, to whom it should not have been exhibited. The license of the press, of prints and of sculpture is carried to extremes.

"I beg you to present my respects and compliments to all. I name nobody, since the nomenclature would cover pages. Still, respect and particular affection for a brother demand special mention, as also the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Mr. David and Mr. Nerinckx, to whose good prayers I wish to be recommended; also to yours and those of the seminarians, the Dominicans and the nuns. My best wishes to my congregation (that of Holy Cross) on whom I pray Almighty God to pour every desirable blessing for time and eternity, without excepting one single soul. My best compliments to John Rowan, Esq.* With sincere regard in the sacred hearts of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I remain your obedient, humble servant, S. T. BADIN."

The second letter of the series was addressed by the writer to his friend, after the latter had reached his former home in France, whither he had gone for the purpose of soliciting alms for the mission of Kentucky:

"ORLEANS, July 21st, 1820.

"*Reverend and very dear Sir:* I have just had the happiness of performing the spiritual exercises with a friend, one of the best clergymen of this diocese, twelve leagues from this city. I was absent two weeks, returned yesterday and then only received your favor of June 28th. I join you cordially in returning thanks to Almighty God for having brought you safe to the paternal abode. I do easily conceive how you have been overpowered with visits. These are unavoidable in your present situation; but I trust they will have been instrumental in the edification of your friends, and your own sanctification. We have reason to believe that the bishop of this place will encourage a collection for Kentucky; but he has observed to me again that this is an unpropitious season, because of the preceding collections, and because the gentlemen and ladies of wealth and piety are now *a la campagne*.

"The bishop of Orleans continues to request my co-operation in the exercises of the holy ministry in his diocese, where two hundred and seventy-seven priests were wanted last year. Of the whole num-

* Judge John Rowan was one of the most eminent jurists of his day in Kentucky. He represented Nelson county in the State constitutional convention of 1799; was a member of congress from 1807 to 1809; a justice of the court of appeals in 1819, and a senator in congress from 1825 to 1831. He was a man of exalted personal character, and most friendly in his intercourse with the early missionary priests of the State. He died in Louisville, July 13th, 1843.

ber employed (five hundred and sixty-five), two hundred and fifty-one are over sixty years of age, and some of them are mercenaries, wolves rather than pastors: besides, I am compelled, and I am sorry, indeed, therefor, to join you in the opinion that *tres peu ont l'esprit de leur état, etc., etc.* This justifies too much your apprehension that in a few years there will remain in our unhappy country but a spark of religion. Such considerations are all-sufficient to induce me to be useful until I return to America, if God Almighty should manifest that such is His will.

"I cannot dissemble that the harsh treatment, which, contrary to my expectations, I have met with from persons whom I loved and respected more than any friends on earth, has cooled my desire of returning to America, and given room to that of remaining with my countrymen, who are not a little anxious that I should do so. I have bestowed upon Kentucky the best of my life, and I cannot now be as useful, because I daily feel that my memory and other faculties are failing. My unremitted labors, for so many years, and many tribulations, without the relief I might have rightly expected from my clerical brethren, have surely contributed to impair my natural energies. But there is no doubt that my visit to France has been conducive to a necessary rest and comfort, as also to my sanctification, still more desirable. *Unum est necessarium, quid enim prodest homini, etc.*

"At a proper distance of time, place and persons, in the sight of God, who will judge all our actions, and our most secret thoughts, I have examined myself over and over again; I have advised with the most prudent and holy clergymen, to whom I have candidly submitted both my conduct respecting the church property, and the necessary documents relating to the same. Their undoubted opinion is, that I was under no obligation to dispossess myself; but that to have done so would have been more perfect, provided I first secured my debts. In justice to myself I will say that I was willing *a principio* to do this if it could be done properly. I have proved this, since I have freely dispossessed myself, not only of the funds, but of my own improvements, rents, etc. My very first letters to our venerable bishop should have at once put at rest all controversy. One month before his death, Mr. Thomas Howard had made me his sole heir, and it was only at my own request that two others were associated with me in such a manner that, if I were the survivor, I necessarily became the sole and rightful possessor. At his death, I gave my bond and obligation for a pretty large sum of money to secure that property to the Church; and I assumed another obligation besides the interests, etc. I did also divest my heart before Almighty God, who has been the witness of my offering, and who is not fallible like men. But behold, in less than one year thereafter, I was threatened by my friend—*Si inimicus meus maledixisset mihi sustinuissem utique*—with the excommunication of the Council of Trent, as being an usurper!—Whereas it has been questioned by the late Bishop Carroll and many others, both in France and America, whether I could, consistently with the will, and validly, disposesses myself.

"This miserable affair, in which I was on the defensive, has been the cause of many, many sins. The bishop has acknowledged that avarice has at no time controlled my action in this matter. I could not have acted otherwise than I did, and be true to reason and my sense of justice and religion. Motives which were not mine, have been persistently attributed to me. My pride afterwards opposed the crimination to which I had been subjected, whereas I was, and still am, conscious of having been judged wrongfully. Far from deserving their excommunication, I felt that I was entitled to the gratitude of the clergy.* . . . With the grace of God, I would rather give to, than take from the church; and however ill-treated I have been, I have always had the will to do more for that of Kentucky, of which I have been the founder, the father, and the sole pastor for a number of years, amidst labors, afflictions, and the temptations which must necessarily assail a lonely young stranger and inexperienced priest, in a new and wild country, where everything was to be built up, almost without means. But if any good has been done, the praise is due to God, and the confusion belongs to me. I have no hopes but in the merits of my Redeemer, in whose charity I wish to live and die, whose mercy I implore, and in whose bountiful heart we must be all united for ever. I recommend my whole being and future resolutions to your good prayers and sacrifices. *Osculor te osculo sancto, sincere tuus in Domino, frater.* T. S. BADIN."

The third letter, with a few unimportant omissions, runs as follows:

"ROMORAUTIN, DEPARTMENT DU LOIRE ET CHER,
August 22, 1820.

"*Reverend and Dear Sir:* The Right Rev. Bishop of Orleans and his vicars have so often called on me to do work in this populous diocese, where there is half a million of souls, and where more priests are wanting than in both the United States and Canada, that I have yielded at last to their instances. The bishop offered me any place I would like best. He proposed to me a very handsome situation in a little town (Bonny), on the Loire, between Briaré and Corne; but I inclined to be in a solitary place, with poor people fearing God, and more docile

* It is not to be expected that the above will prove otherwise than unpleasant reading for Catholics generally, and especially for those who have learned to cherish reverence for the names of Bishop Flaget and Father Badin. None the less worthy of honor and respect should be the memory of either because of the misunderstanding between them, upon which Father Badin comments in the letter above given. To human weakness, and not to interested design, is to be attributed whatever there was of uncharitableness in their thoughts regarding each other. At no time were the labors of either directed to an end that was selfish. The example of their lives is sufficient evidence of this fact. Bishop Flaget owned no real property in his own right, and when he died, his personality, if turned into money, would scarcely have paid the expenses of his modest funeral. The property held by Father Badin for the Church, was kept by him intact until satisfactory arrangements were made for its transfer; and, long before his death, the little he owned in his own right was given, either to the Church, or to interests that were regarded by him as essential to her prosperity in this country.

than *citadins*. I preferred two parishes in Sologne, Millaney and Mareilly-en-Gault, separated by the Bruardan forest, about seven miles distant from each other, and thirteen leagues from Orleans. I chose these parishes because the two last pastors were men of respectability, and because no opposition will be made to my plans or manner of governing by the constituted authorities. Besides, I am neighbor to an old priest who is one of the best clergymen of the diocese. I was, moreover, led to believe that I would find *un mobilier tout monté* for my use. This is true indeed, but the incumbent asks me two thousand francs. As I had not given up entirely the notion of going back to America, I hesitated for six or seven days as to what determination I should take. I concluded finally that I must work, at least make a trial. A day or two later, I received your letter, which rather confirmed me in my resolution. I do certainly need more rest than I have enjoyed in America. I am charged only with thirteen hundred and eighty-one souls, and having less to do, I shall have more leisure to attend to my own sanctification, to rehearse my past life before Almighty God, and to prepare for eternity, which, perhaps, is near at hand.

"I had flattered myself with the idea of spending all my life with the good bishop of Bardstown, whom I loved more than any other person; but such violence has been made to my feelings, and with such pertinacity and rashness, that . . . (The sentence is thus abruptly closed in the original.) I regret, however, many good friends, and my brother, whose last farewell I took on Pottinger's creek, in the flat-boat that took him to Natchez. He must have suffered much since he returned to Kentucky. Wishing to make him as happy as I can, I have given him, by my last letter, all my movables; and, indeed, I do not despair of seeing him again.

"I hope to have an interview with you before you return to America. I wish to communicate to you a plan which has presented itself to my mind, for the relief of Bishop Flaget, whose zeal in the vineyard I have planted merits well my homage, and which I can still assist, however remote from Kentucky. I have been unjustly treated, it is true, but I am not to conclude on that account, having it in my power to do so, that the Church is not to be assisted . . . I am disgusted to see much parade made in the newspapers of trifling donations or alms, which Americans would be ashamed to offer in similar circumstances. With half a million of diocesans, the bishop of Orleans could hardly do as much, in the same time, as the bishop of Bardstown, with his twenty thousand backwoodsmen, has done in eight years.*

* In the face of the declaration here made by Father Badin, it will appear singular that there should be stories extant of the illiberality shown by the early Catholic settlers of Kentucky in matters affecting the decency of divine worship. It is my conviction that, with rare exceptions, there never was a people less disposed to be niggardly when contributions were needed for any object connected with religion.

"What do you think of this estimate of the Catholic population of the United States?:

"Diocese of Bardstown,	30,000
" Baltimore,	60,000
" Philadelphia,	40,000
" New York,	30,000
" Boston,	10,000
" New Orleans,	50,000
Dispersed throughout the country and unattached to congregations,	220,000
"Total,	440,000

"In union with your good prayers and sacrifices, I remain cordially, Rev. and dear sir, your obedient, humble servant, S. T. BADIN."

The fourth letter of the series is dated:

"ORLEANS, January 7, 1821.

"*Reverend and Dear Sir:* Though the affairs of France wear now a better aspect, I am not surprised at your longing after America. I know as you do, the prevailing spirit of this country, and I draw with you the same conclusions. How different from Flanders, and even from our Kentucky back-woods! . . . I hope that Rev. Mr. Nerinckx will succeed better than both of us together.* We have data to sustain that hope, since he did so well on a previous occasion.

"I have prepared a writing to answer the plan suggested by you in your last letter, and I have communicated it to our best friends, who approve of it heartily. But *nisi dominus ædificaverit domum: in vanum laboraverunt.* This we should have before our eyes, that we may be always kept in the dependence of God, without whom nothing can be truly good, however estimable it may appear in the eyes of men. God grant that I may have always present to my mind, and that I may cherish in my heart the motto of your patron saint, St. Ignatius, prefixed to this scrawl.†

"As I am penning down the name of that venerable saint, who has been so infamously designated by Protestant writers, I am reminded of news I read two days ago in some gazette, to-wit: That the emperor of Austria had become the protector of the exiled Jesuits; that on the eve of Christmas, forty of them were put in provisional possession of the cathedral of Vienna, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mother, their

*Rev. Charles Nerinckx, than whom no more excellent and exemplary priest ever served the diocese, was in Belgium at the time the above letter was written. He had gone thither for the purpose of soliciting among his countrymen aid for the pressing wants of Bishop Flaget, and for the community he had himself founded, under the name of *The Daughters of Mary at the Foot of the Cross.* His earnestness and his saintly character were well known to Father Badin, and it does not astonish me at all that he should have felt that his own and his correspondent's capabilities would be found far surpassed by those of their newly arrived coadjutor.

†*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.* The initial letters of these words precede the date in all of Father Badin's letters herein reproduced.

powerful protector, and that a control or superintendence is given them over all the young men who are to be promoted to holy orders. This information has produced in me such lively sentiments of happiness that I take pleasure in relating it. *Ora pro amico, qui te osculatur, osculo sancto,* S. T. BADIN."

The only points of interest in the fifth letter of the series, which is dated "Paris, February 7, 1821," are contained in the annexed paragraphs:

"I have packed several trunks at Orleans, where I bought forty *tableaux d'autel*, an organ, etc. I advise you to take the bell promised by your friend at Lyons, provided there should not be too great expenditure of cash, which is the thing most needed for the cathedral.*

"My advice respecting *une cuisinière*, is to leave her with the curé of Mauriac, first, because she is not healthy, and the voyage by sea and land, or the climate of Kentucky, might make her more sickly; secondly, because I would rather have a man servant. Besides, in taking her with you, you would expose yourself to the *pasquinades* of the American editors and others. Mr. Chanut thinks we should not even be accompanied by nuns since they are not absolutely necessary in Kentucky. *Tu videris.*"

Among the discomforts of pioneer life in Kentucky, few were felt more keenly by the missionaries from France than the one relating to the cuisine. It was not that the food prepared for their consumption was plain and simple, for they had all been accustomed to such fare in

*This advice was acted upon by Dr. Chabrat, and the identical bell referred to has been swinging for sixty years in the tower of the former cathedral of the diocese at Bardstown, summoning the faithful to church, resounding its admonitions to prayer, knolling over the dead, and keeping count of the fleeting hours. Times numberless, when a boy, I climbed with tireless feet the long flights of stairs that led to its home in the tower, where, as it appeared to me, it kept watch and ward over the town beneath and miles on miles of surrounding country. It is fifty years since I saw it last, but its shapely contour, and above all, its melodious sound, are as present to my fancy to-day as they were then to my faculties of sight and hearing. Around its surface, and preceding the date, "Lyons, 1821," and the holy names, "Jesu. . . . Maria," appears the sentence from holy writ: *Audite verbum Domini, omnes gentes, et annuntiate in insulis quæ procul sunt.* The impression has been general, as well among the clergy as the laity, that this bell was a gift to Bishop Flaget from Louis Philippe, duke of Orleans, afterwards king of France, who desired thus to acknowledge his sense of obligation for courtesies extended to him by that prelate, when he was an exile in the island of Cuba, in the year 1800.

Rev. G. I. Chabrat reached New York on his return trip some time in May, 1821. He was anxious to secure a remission of collectable duties on the church-furniture, etc., brought over by him, and made application to the late Father William Mathews, the veteran pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington, to use his efforts to that end with the officers of the treasury department. Father Mathews' answer to Dr. Chabrat's request is lying before me as I write, and I quote from it a passage that is sufficiently amusing: "Your wearing apparel and vestments will be exempt from duty; but the secretary can admit nothing else free. Several articles were imported for the cathedral of Baltimore—an altar, gilt angels, candle-sticks, etc.—not one article was permitted to pass free *—not even the poor angels!*"

the seminaries of their own country; but that, because of processes of cookery that set at defiance all hygienic laws, it had been rendered absolutely unwholesome. This was especially the case in respect to *bread.* It was often brought to the table still retaining its condition of dough, or what was nearly as bad for digestion, so soured by fermentation before baking as to render it as unpalatable as it was noxious to health. Soups and stews, always wholesome when properly prepared, and never costly, were rarely to be found on the tables of either the poor or the well-to-do, whether among agriculturists or townspeople. It is said that Father Badin did much for culinary reform in Kentucky in his day. An anecdote is told of him in this connection, that will, at least, illustrate the resources of his wit, when his appetite demanded the exercise of that particular faculty. One day, a little before noon, so the story goes, he stopped at the house of a member of one of his congregations, and without explanation or apology, requested that a plate of soup be served up for his dinner. "But, Father Badin," exclaimed the female head of the house, "this is Friday, and soup cannot be made without meat." "Oh! I have a substitute for the meat," returned the priest, extracting from his pocket a small round pebble, and thrusting it into the hand of the astonished woman. "Just put that in the pot," he continued, "and add to it a half gallon of water, one quart of milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, the half of a head of cabbage, six good-sized potatoes, a turnip or a couple of carrots, if you have them, a spoonful of salt, and the half of a pod of red pepper. The pebble will furnish all the other necessary ingredients." It is not likely that the woman was deceived; but that others were, is beyond question, since Father Badin's *pebble soup* is a frequent subject of table-talk to this day with the descendants of those among whom his early missionary life was passed.

It will be seen from the above, that it was not without reason that Dr. Chabrat was anxious to secure the services of a *cuisinière* for his bishop.

The sixth letter of the series contains little that would be of interest at the present time. Indeed, it is only remarkable for the fact that the writer speaks in it of his intention to return to America at an early day. Why it was that he afterwards abandoned the idea can now be only a subject for conjecture:

"PARIS, March 30, 1821.

"*Reverend and Dear Sir:* I received yesterday your letter of the 25th instant. I would be happy to bear to you the answer in person, but that is quite impossible. I had made myself busy in trying to secure for you and for me a passage *sur un vaisseau de roi franc.*; but it will not sail so soon, nor directly for the United States. . . . I have now at Paris an organ, which I bought for Lexington, several members of that congregation having requested me to do so, and to advance the money. Should they fail, those of Louisville might like to have it. . . . I will send it via New Orleans, to the care of M. Gilly, nephew to the Messrs. Tarascon, to whom present my best wishes and civilities. You will not forget to associate the virtuous

Mrs. Tarascon, who deserves as much respect as any Catholic of Louisville. God bless her family.

"I expect, according to your promise, that you will write to me before your departure. I wish you and your good nuns a short and prosperous voyage. *Angelus Raphael comitetur vos.* I hope to embrace you again in America. *Totus tuus, etc.* S. T. BADIN."

For the reason, possibly, that mention is made in it of persons who were at one time well-known to me, I have found the seventh letter of the series extremely interesting:

"SÉMINAIRE DE ST. NICHOLAS,
PARIS, Sept. 5th, 1823.

"*Rev. and Dear Sir*: You must know that I have become pretty well acquainted with your brother, the doctor, who spent some months in Paris, and who has communicated to me your last letter to him, bearing date: Vincennes, Indiana, October 1822. Yours from Scott county informs me that you were settling four sisters at St. Pius. I greatly rejoice at it, and I would rejoice still more, if there was a good, firm, disinterested pastor with them. No single congregation in Kentucky has given more exercise to my weakness. It is too delicate a subject to talk of the causes of the last disturbances. May God have mercy on them.*

"I was happy to hear through your brother that Dr. Harney had become a Catholic. Had this news been sent to me direct, I am persuaded it would have been accompanied with fuller details. God be thanked.†

*Having alluded to these disturbances in a former chapter, it is only necessary to state here that, of all the early Catholic settlements of the State, that of Scott county only has a history that affords no theme of happy contemplation for Catholics.

†Dr. John Milton Harney was a native of Delaware, born in 1789, and his death took place at Bardstown, Kentucky, January 15th, 1825. He married a daughter of Judge John Rowan, of whom mention has been made in a preceding note. He was a physician of high standing, scholarly and accomplished, and a poet of no mean pretensions. He was a dutiful Catholic, from the day of his conversion to that of his death. I cannot forbear quoting here a specimen of his versification, which has long been regarded as of superior merit, and which, I am inclined to think, had for its subject, the first bishop of the See of Bardstown, Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget:

"ON A VALUED FRIEND.

"Devout, yet cheerful, pious, not austere,
To others lenient, to himself severe;
Though honored, modest; diffident, though praised—
The proud, he humbled, and the humble raised.
Studious, yet social; though polite, yet plain;
No man more learned, yet no man less vain;
His fame would universal envy move,
But envy's lost in universal love.
That he has faults, it may be bold to doubt,
Yet certain 'tis, we ne'er have found them out;
If faults he has— as man, 'tis said, must have—
They are the only faults he ne'er forgave.
I flatter not; absurd to flatter where
Just praise is fulsome, and offends the ear."

"I will write to your brother and tell him your wants . . . First an organ, but Mons. Morel, of Bordeaux, wrote to me that he had sent you one, and also certain church furniture, in charge of a priest; but he had no tidings of him. Secondly, a chimney clock; *une horloge*, louder, for your monastery; and a few bells. It appears to me that you have grown fond of noise since you bought the *gros bourdon* for the cathedral. Let me tell you that the sound of that bell is echoed even in Paris, where I lately saw Mr. Rousand. He tells me that you have paid dearly for it, on account of the carriage from Lyons to Bordeaux. I am mistaken in saying you have paid. It appears probable enough, that it will fall to my lot to discharge that debt, or a part of it. Well, it will be no hardship, but a pleasure to me, believing as I do, *beatius est magis dare quam accipere*. But I cannot enjoy the greater beatitude, as may be well imagined, without first receiving the lesser one. . . . Thirdly and lastly, you want two or three hundred dollars! I do easily conceive the distress of a zealous priest in Kentucky, when he has at heart, as it is meet he should have, the welfare of the Church. I foretold you these things, but you would not believe my word. I do not blame, but praise you for it; and be sure it will afford me pleasure to assist you whenever I can do so. A pagan queen once said: *Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco.* How much more a christian to even strangers, *et, a fortiori*, a priest toward a priest. . . . Should any of your family go to America, they may themselves be the bearers of succors.

"Before this reaches you, no doubt, you will know of Bishop Fenwick's safe arrival at Rome, where, I am afraid, he will be detained longer than he thought for, on account of the Holy Father's death. . . . I would be glad to hear of brother Vincent. We have received no letter from him since November or December. . . . How does the poor Ganilh come on? I fear he will grow poorer every day: *Celui qui dèsire être pauvre.**

"Though short, the account you gave me of the family of Mr. Sanders, of Bullitt county, was most acceptable. But why did you not add something of those generous and constant friends Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, of Nelson, Mr. Gwynn, Mr. Gardiner, and others? To these you will give my best compliments.†

"I would be happy to see my friends again, but God only knows when or whether. His holy will be done. . . . You write from Scott county, and yet you do not mention the name of my good hearted friend Judge Twyman. I charge you (you will not object to the service,

* Rev. Anthony Ganilh, a Frenchman by birth, to whom reference has been made. He was generally regarded by his associates of the clergy, as somewhat erratic and shiftless.

† The parties here referred to, with the exception of Christopher Sanders, of Bullitt county, having been previously noticed, it is only necessary that I shall here say a word of that eminently Catholic gentleman. He came to Kentucky with his brother, above named, about the year 1790, when neither was over twenty-one years of age. He settled in or near Shepherdsville, where

nor the expression, I hope) to assure him of my invariable esteem and friendship. * How does J —— T —— come on? Does he continue to agree with ——? But hush! . . . you have named no one in connection with the disorders, and I must not even judge. They may both be in heaven now: indeed, they are not youngsters, no more than I, who appear such a *bad'ne* this evening.† This day thirty years ago, I left Baltimore for Kentucky. *Totus tuus, etc.*,

S. T. BADIN."

The eighth letter of the series was written nearly two years after the preceding. It is dated:

"LONDON, August 22, 1825.

"*Reverend and Dear Sir:* . . . You show your readiness to undertake a voyage to Europe in order to collect. I would advise you to do so if you could show a gold cross on your breast, not otherwise. Had he not become homesick, Bishop Fenwick would have met with better results last winter than I could hope for as a reward of my own efforts in twenty years. . . . We see now very little of the genuine spirit of christianity. The English know nothing of humility, poverty and mortification, and though they despise the convents, in which these virtues are practiced, they are continually sounding the words *Bible* and *Gospel*, wherein they are commended. . . . If it is your wish to be benefited by Flemish generosity, let me advise you to diverge in nothing from the spirit of your venerable predecessor, and the founder of your society.‡

"The system of the Emperor Joseph II. is adopted by the king of the Netherlands. The *petits séminaires* are suppressed, and there is to be a *séminaire général*, where none will be admitted unless they have studied at the *Lycées* under Protestant or Deistical professors. The publication of the bull of the jubilee has been forbidden, and the Pope's nuncio recalled. *Oh! la belle liberté*, granted by evangelical governments! I beg your own prayers and those of your nuns.

"*Totus tuus in visceribus Christi.* S. T. BADIN."

But a single paragraph of the ninth letter of the collection, which bears date, "Douay, June 4th, 1826," would be of the least interest to Catholic readers of the present day. This is appended:

he became in time, a man of mark in the community. Somewhere about the year 1820, he was appointed by Governor Adair magistrate of the Shepherdsville district. He was much discomposed when he found that he was required by his office to perform civil services of marriage. His conscience was quieted by Bishop Flaget, however; but it was noticed that he never sought occasions for the exercise of his functions in the particular mentioned.

* Father Badin took no little pride in the part he had taken in the conversion of Judge James Twyman; and well he might, since his convert was a man of exalted character, a lawyer of distinction, and an upright judge.

† It is well that Father Baden's reputation for wit was already secured when he perpetrated this pun upon his name. Long before, he had said of himself: *Je m'appelle Badin, mais je ne badine pas toujours:* My name is jester, but I do not always jest.

‡ Rev. Charles Nerinckx, the founder of the Loretto sisterhood, was now dead, and Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat had been charged with its directorship.

"I left England on the 12th of January, and I have since been traveling through Flanders *incognito*. Of course, I have done very little for the missions. I have been much exposed on account of the persecution, and I am signalized as *embaucheur*. If caught, I would soon be in jail, and probably sent to New Holland. Let us pray for the good Belgians. . . . I thank you for the news you send me. I was much gratified *en retrouvant dans votre lettre*—names very dear to me—Gwynn, Sanders, Boone, Gates, McManus, Rowan, Twyman, O'Hara. You see, I have placed them as I found them. Please remember me kindly to them all, and to Wm. Hayden, Henry Burch, etc., etc.* God bless Kentucky and your schools, etc. Pray for me, *qui totus tuus in visceribus Christi*, S. T. BADIN."

Father Badin returned to America in the summer of 1828, reaching New York, most likely, about the end of July of that year. Writing to his friend from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, under date of August 16th, he says: "I am on my way to Detroit to see my brother and Mons. Richard. I cannot say at present when I shall visit Kentucky."

The annexed is the last of his letters in the possession of the compiler.

"MONROE, MICHIGAN TERRITORY, April 12th, 1828.

"*Reverend and Dear Sir:*—You say you cannot see what keeps me so long from Kentucky. I may answer with propriety, *Nesciebatis quia in his quæ Patris mei sunt oportet me esse.* If I be not most mistaken, I am where God will have me to be at present, where twelve priests are wanted, with a bishop at their head. If something be not quickly done, religion must soon disappear from the territory. I fare worse here than I would in Kentucky, but selfish considerations are no rule for me. Sure I am that you are mistaken in supposing that I am kept away by *evil reports*. . . . I am no stranger to the Kentucky mission, of which, I may say without vanity, I am the father. I can readily believe, as you say, that my return would be welcomed by all grateful men. For this, as well as other blessings, thanks are due by me to the bestower of all good gifts.

"I have laid some plans, and I see some prospects, and many difficulties before me. . . . Mons. Richard is overwhelmed with labors, fatigues, cares, debts, lawsuits and calumnies. He is a very meritorious laborer, a learned and holy man, but a bad manager of temporal affairs.

*Of Father Badin's friends, named in this letter, Washington Boone, William Hayden and Henry Burch, were members of his old congregation of Holy Cross. Charles McManus and Stephen Gates, the latter a Frenchman by birth, were citizens of Bardstown, true men and devoted Catholics. Kean O'Hara, of Frankfort, was at the time one of the most accomplished educators in the State. A translation by him, of Father Badin's Latin poem, *Carmen Sacrum* will be found in the appendix to Dr. Spalding's "Sketches of Kentucky." The name *O'Hara* has become familiarized to the people of this country, and especially to those of the Southern States, through the fame that is attached to a son of Father Badin's friend, the late Col. Theodore O'Hara. One of his poems, known as the *Bivouac of the Dead*, is recognized of standard merit wherever the English language is spoken.

I love, esteem and admire him. * I read lately Monseigneur David's *Rule of Faith.* I wish the work had been divided into chapters, were free from typical errors, and did not appear in some places exceptionable to our squeamish heretics. With God's help, I shall soon edit a small work for the sunday-schools I have set up, with the title: SCRIPTURAL INQUIRY AFTER THE PRIMITIVE DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST. I beg a place in the mementos of your good Lorettines. *Totus tuus, etc.* S. T. BADIN."†

The stay of Father Badin at Monroe could not have extended much over a year, since we find him in Kentucky in the fall of 1829, and the early months of the following year. If the accounts given in the Louisville papers are to be relied on, respecting the visit paid to Kentucky of the renowned Dr. England, on the occasion of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, preconizated bishop of Arath and coadjutor of Philadelphia, which took place at Bardstown on the 6th of June, 1830, that prelate was accompanied on his steamboat voyage from New Orleans to Louisville by the venerable proto-priest of the United States. These accounts state in effect, that Dr. England, accompanied, among others, by Father Badin, reached Louisville on the steamer Louisiana, direct from New Orleans, on the 30th day of May. The inference is plain that Father Badin visited New Orleans in the Spring of 1830.

At the time referred to, though the venerable missionary was in the sixty-third year of his age he was in vigorous health, and not afraid of work. "On the morning of his arrival," says a correspondent of one of the papers then published in the city, "he sang high mass in the little church he had himself caused to be erected nineteen years ago, and his voice betrayed little loss of either strength or volume." ‡

Over what length of time this visit of Father Badin extended is

* Rev. Gabriel Richard was Father Badin's warm personal friend. The two had come to the United States about the same time, and both had exerted the energies of their prime in exacting missionary work, the one in Kentucky, and the other, first in Northern Illinois, and afterwards in Michigan.

† The mission at Monroe was visited in the summer of 1830, by Rev. Frederick Rézé, V. G., of Cincinnati, who, three years later, was consecrated first bishop of Detroit. Referring to this visit, a writer for the U. S. *Catholic Miscellany*, in its number of September 4th, following, says: "Father Rézé found here a commodious church, a zealous pastor (Rev. Mr. Smith), and a good school. While in the town, he met the presbytery of the church, and was astonished to find that all of its members, including the pastor, were converts from Protestantism."

‡ The sermon on this occasion was preached by Bishop England, who also lectured from the same pulpit on that and the following evenings. The local papers of the day notice these lectures with high commendation, and one of them records the circumstance that they were listened to "by the leading citizens of the town, including the mayor, members of the bar, and a number of Protestant ministers." In his sermon of the morning of the 30th, Bishop England alluded feelingly to the circumstance that the celebrant of the mass was one to whom special reverence and gratitude were due, on account of the invaluable services he had rendered the Catholic people of Kentucky.

altogether uncertain. It is reasonable to suppose that he occupied months of his time in revisiting the scenes of his early missionary career, and that for weeks together he was the honored guest of one or another of his French compatriots in the villages of Shippingport and Portland, near Louisville. In August or September, of the year 1830, he went to Cincinnati, where he made some stay with the bishop of that See, Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick. It was during this visit, as is supposed, he arranged with the prelate named to take charge of the Pottawatomie Indian mission, on St. Joseph's river, Indiana.* Hastening on to Michigan, Father Badin was fortunate enough to find in Detroit, a most efficient co-worker, a Miss Campau, who was not only familiar with the Pottawatomie dialect, but who had already spent many years of her life in a nobly sustained endeavor to christianize that particular tribe of Indians. The two reached the seat of their future labors in August, 1830, where they entered at once upon their self-imposed task of christian charity. The abandoned Protestant missionary buildings were transformed into a church and a school-house; and the young and old of the tribe were taught reverence for God and His commandments and precepts, and the first named to speak and read both their own tongue and the language of the country.†

Father Badin's connection with the Pottawatomie mission, interrupted by occasional visits to the surrounding settlements of whites in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, extended from the summer of 1830 to the spring of 1836. Logansport, South Bend and Fort Wayne, Indiana, were regularly visited by him during the entire term of his pastorate among the Pottawatomies. ‡

* During a tour made by Rev. Frederick Rézé through Michigan and the Northwest Territory, in the spring of 1830, he visited several tribes of Indians, whose reservations were situated immediately south of the great northern lakes. This visit of his to the Pottawatomie tribe is especially worthy of note from the fact that it was made the occasion of the withdrawal of a Protestant mission, that had been vainly endeavoring for years to alienate the Indians from the Catholic and only form of christian faith of which they had any knowledge. They were promised by Father Rézé the services of a priest, and hence the arrangement referred to in the text, between Father Badin and the bishop of Cincinnati.

† A writer for the *Catholic Miscellany*, of December 4th, 1830, thus speaks of Miss Campau: "She acts as the pastor's interpreter, and she is justly entitled to the praise of piety, zeal and heroic courage in the cause to which she has devoted herself for the honor of religion."

‡ "On one of his visits to Fort Wayne," writes a clerical friend of the diocese of Vincennes, "Father Badin induced a Mr. Colerick, afterwards a well-known lawyer of the city named, to accompany him on a visit he proposed making to an Indian encampment, most likely of the Ottawas, immediately south of Lake Michigan. Arrived at their destination, they found that the males of the tribe were out hunting. These soon returned, however, bringing with them as many pigeons as they could well carry. A large kettle was placed over the fire, and into it went the pigeons, feathers, viscera and all. When portions of the mess were set before the visiting strangers, Father Badin began to eat with apparent indifference to the primitive mode of cooking to which the food had been subjected. Not so his companion, whose more fasti-

In March, 1835, about a year before his final withdrawal from the Pottawatomie mission, Father Badin visited Cincinnati, where he was the guest of Rt. Rev. J. B. Purcell for several weeks. The *Catholic Telegraph* of the 20th of the month named, contains an extended notice of an address delivered by the aged priest in the cathedral of the city, in which he took occasion to point out to his hearers the shameful slanders by which the impersonated bigotry of the day was seeking to cast doubts upon the patriotism of the Catholic population of the United States. Fanaticism, it will be remembered, was already rife for destruction in several of the eastern cities, as in Boston, where it had led its unhappy votaries to set fire to a convent occupied by defenseless women, and as in Pittsburg, where, for a trivial offence against courtesy at most, because the hat of a boorish looker on at a church ceremonial had been struck from his head by an indignant witness of his ill manners, it had caused the secular papers of the city, and the occupants of its non-Catholic pulpits to characterize Catholicity as aggressive upon religious liberty, and Catholics as dangerous citizens of the republic. A single paragraph from the newspaper report of the missionary's address will give the reader a fair idea of its spirit:

"Never shall we forget the small, white figure of the preacher, the uplifted hands, the tone of his voice, and the look of sincerity and candor with which are associated in our mind his spoken words. Said he: 'I have been forty years a priest, and I can say to-day what I could have said every day since my ordination: *I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not!* Soon, in the ordinary course of nature, I must be gathered to my fathers. My ashes may be mingled with those of the good Bishop Fenwick, and the pious Father Munos, *who sleep* in the vault under this church. What is reserved for me, I know not; but I must say to you here, as I hope to be saved by the Just Judge, and as I certainly shall be damned by Him if I speak not the truth, the statements I have read to you are all calumnies. I have taken an oath of allegiance to the government and constitution of the United States. I was an American in feeling and conviction, long before I became a naturalized citizen of the republic. I would die with a devotion next to that I owe to my God for the country of my choice. Far from being obliged, as some of these lying statements assert, to swear fidelity to any foreign power at his ordination, the Catholic priest fully understands that it is his duty, natural, civil and religious, to be true to his country."

Of the details of Father Badin's labors among the Pottawatomies little is known at the present time. That his ministrations were effective of manifold blessings to his charge is beyond question. That his own bodily energies were correspondingly weakened by the

dious stomach was in open revolt against the part he was expected to take in the performance. Observing his hesitation, Father Badin said to him: "Do not irritate and insult the red men; we might suffer from it. Strip the feathers from the legs and you will find them eatable." Mr. Colerick took the priest's advice and managed to escape censure for breach of savage etiquette.

excess of his labors is equally certain. After five years of unremitting toil, he found himself in such a state of physical prostration as to render him incapable of performing his pastoral duties with any degree of efficiency. Under the circumstances, he could but ask to be relieved, and his ordinary could do no less than sanction his retiracy.

It was more than ten years after his withdrawal from the Pottawatomie mission that Father Badin was again given charge over a congregation. It is not to be inferred from this fact, however, that he was idle in the interim. His history during these years is that of a chartered peripatetic, free to go whither he would, to labor whenever and wherever there was work to be done, and to nurse his infirmities when he needed rest. Now Ohio was the theatre of his spasmodic missionary efforts, now Kentucky and now Indiana. By the clergy everywhere, both bishops and priests, he was treated with marked consideration and respect. The same is to be said of the laity, and especially of such among them as had formerly profited by his instructions. Restless by nature and restless by force of habit, he was at one time to be seen taking charge of a congregation in the temporary absence of the pastor; at another dividing the labors of an over-taxed parish incumbent, and, at still another, rejoicing the hearts of a community of religious by making it possible for its members to hear daily mass, for a brief while at least. He had no need for an introduction, whether to priests or people, to the superiors of conventual houses or to the heads of establishments of learning or charity. No matter where he was led by the spirit of unrest that seemed to govern all his movements, he found personal recognition from some, and hearty welcome from all. This was especially the case in Kentucky, where many were still living to whom he had formerly borne the relation of pastor.

For the greater part of the year 1836, and, most likely, for the early months of 1837, Father Badin's nominal residence was Cincinnati. Among his voluntary labors for the period indicated, was the inditing of a series of controversial papers addressed, "To an Episcopalian friend," which appeared in the columns of the *Catholic Telegraph*.*

Some time during the year 1837, through the solicitations, most likely, of Bishop Flaget and his coadjutor, Dr. Chabrat, Father Badin renewed his connection with the diocese of Bardstown, and accepted at their hands the position of vicar-general. This office was proffered him, no doubt, with no idea that he would be able to attend to its duties, but out of regard for him as a most deserving priest, and in

*One of the papers referred to is dated: "Louisville, June, 1836." I infer from this fact that he was at the time a guest of the then pastor of St. Louis, church, Louisville, Rev. I. A. Reynolds. Looking over the papers mentioned a short time ago, I found myself involved in wonder, first, in respect to the author's knowledge of the genius of the language in which he wrote, and secondly of his felicitous manner of conducting the controversy between himself and his real or suppositious friend. The style is clear and forcible, and not the least verbose. The manner is suggestive of both charity and courtesy.

recognition of his past services to the Catholic people of Kentucky.* Up to the date of his relinquishment of the office, two years later, his nominal residence was Bardstown, but it is doubtful if, whether during the period named or the six years of his after connection with the diocese, he considered himself or was considered by others a resident of any particular locality in the State. Constantly moving from point to point, he visited all the prominent congregations of the diocese, and before most of them, recounted interesting incidents connected with their organization and first membership. Pastors of souls, everywhere, were pleased to do him honor. They invited him to preach, to sing high mass and to visit with them the leading members of their congregations. It was to be noticed, however, that he rarely appeared for a second time in any pulpit. His eccentricities were too palpable, thought his clerical entertainers, to admit of further experiences of their effects upon the minds of their parishioners.

The anecdote that follows, which came to me several years ago, from the lips of an aged priest of the diocese, since deceased, will give the reader an exaggerated idea of Father Badin's pulpit eccentricities: Soon after his return to Kentucky, he was called upon to officiate at a month's-mind mass of *requiem* for an aged member of the congregation of St. Thomas, in Nelson county. To this request was superadded the expressed desire of the relatives, that the missionary should recount on the occasion, and in their hearing, the virtues which had distinguished the patriarch when living, whom he had known when the oldest among them were but children. Having accepted the invitation and appointed a future day for the service, the missionary is supposed to have afterwards conceived the idea that the motive which had actuated the relatives of the dead man to have him pronounce his eulogy was family pride, and that such being the case, it was his duty to rebuke them for its exhibition. On the day appointed for the service, the church of St. Thomas presented a more crowded appearance than it ordinarily did on Sundays. When the mass was finished, the celebrant turned to address the assembled people, not one of whom had other thought than that he was about to hear a pleasing tribute to the memory of the dead from one who had known him intimately in his youth and prime. Imagine the surprise of all, and the mortification of many, at hearing him begin. "And so, my friends, old B——ky —— B——k is dead! He had not much sense, to be sure; but we are not to forget that he had all the sense that God gave him."

The most annoying of Father Badin's eccentricities was a habit he had of interrupting the thread of his discourse while speaking, by allusions to something or other that was taking place in his sight, or that had been previously noticed by him as being out of place in the house of God. The coming into the church after the service was begun, or

*This is apparent from the fact that an assistant was named for him in the person of Rev. H. C. de Luynes, than whom there was not in the diocese a more profound theologian.

the leaving before it was ended; the crying of a child, or the frivolous fashion of a dress; anything, in fact, that appeared to him offensive to good manners or decorum, was seldom permitted by him to pass without words of rebuke that were calculated to disturb individual sensibility. The act that was offensive to his sense of propriety attracted his attention at once, but he appeared to have no consideration for circumstances and motives which, if properly weighed, would have been its excuse, if not its absolute justification.

I have no recollection of having heard but one sermon from the lips of Father Badin. That one was delivered in the former church of St. Louis, Louisville, of which Rev. John McGill was then pastor, sometime in November, 1841. The weather was about as bad as it well could be. A cold rain had been falling from early morning, and now, as the last bell for last mass was calling the faithful to church, a driving wind added to the discomfort of the few plodders on the streets, whose sense of duty was superior to their love of ease and their fear of rheumatic pains. Moist and chilled, and wholly uncomfortable, fifty persons, all told, heard mass that morning in a church that had seating capacity for twenty times that number; and these afterwards listened to a sermon that must have appeared to some of them interminable. I will never forget the opening sentences of the old missionary's discourse: "My dearly beloved," said he, "dainty service is not pleasing to our Divine Lord. Christian men and women who are not willing to suffer something for the sake of Him who suffered so much for them, are practically little better than heathens. This church stands almost at the very doors of five hundred Catholic families, and I am called upon to-day to preach to a meagre audience of fifty persons! Why such a thing never happened to me, when my people had to ride or walk from three to five miles to church, and then come fasting. But never mind! You who are here have proved yourselves worthy, and I am not going to abate a jot of your privileges. The sermon I had expected to preach to the entire congregation, I am going to preach to you." And this he did, little to the profit of his hearers, most likely. As for myself, for the reason, possibly, that my physical discomfort was superior to any appreciative sense I had of either his complimentary allusion or his after discourse, I am obliged to acknowledge that the subject-matter of the latter has wholly escaped my memory.

We have heretofore seen that by his own acknowledgment, expressed in writing twenty years before, Father Badin had reason to distrust his memory and other superior faculties. What was at that time suspected by himself, was now apparent to his Kentucky friends. It was clear to these that he had reached that stage of mental decay in which sensibility usurps the place of reason. Whereas he had been formerly confiding within the bounds of reason, he now betrayed a tendency to unnatural suspicion. His ideas of pastoral efficiency were all based on the primitive experiences in the field of missionary enterprise, and when the clergy of the diocese, with their knowl-

edge of the changed conditions of Catholic society and its needs, found themselves unable to accept his suggestions as to what was proper for them to do in order to bring down God's blessing upon their ministry, he was in the habit of manifesting his displeasure by abruptly changing his quarters. It was the misfortune of pastors of souls at the time that they were very generally misunderstood by the very man, who, as they all knew, notwithstanding his pronounced eccentricities, was justly entitled to their profound respect and veneration.

After his return to Kentucky, the first appearance of Father Badin in the district of country which, forty years before, had furnished the greater number of his parishioners of the church of St. Ann, on Cartwright's creek, Washington county, was on the occasion of the dedication of the church of St. Augustine, Lebanon, of which Rev. Robert A. Abell was first pastor. The function of the day, together with the general understanding that Father Badin was to be present, brought to the town an immense concourse of people, mostly Catholics, many of whom had their homes from five to twenty miles away. Among these latter was an aged widow who, when she was a young and unmarried woman, had notably exemplified her respect for the tabernacle of her Lord, pitched in the wilderness, by devoting her leisure hours to its adornment. In those days, the sanctuary floor of the little church of St. Ann was covered by a carpet of her own weaving, and under the manipulations of her deft fingers its altar linen was made to shine with something of the immaculateness that should characterise whatever approaches Deity. Mrs. Juliet Beaven,* though her residence was distant fifteen miles from Lebanon, was unable to resist the impulse with which she was seized to look once more upon the face of her ancient pastor. The journey was made on horseback, and when she reached the church she not only found it filled to overflowing, but that there were great crowds about its doors who were vainly striving to effect an entrance. Excited as she was, the energies of her youth appeared to revive in her, and partly by dint of struggling, and partly, no doubt, through the politeness of those who, equally with herself, were anxious to witness the ceremony of dedication, she managed at length to set her feet inside of the body of the church. Tired after her long ride, and wedged in between obtruding elbows, her discomfort was trying enough, but there she stood until the ceremony was finished, the mass begun, and from the organ loft came to her listening ears and heart the words of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. At that moment she was attracted by the swaying of the crowd immediately in front of her, and this did not cease until she was confronted by her old pastor in person. How he had seen and recognized her from his place in the sanctuary, she could never understand, but that he had done so was evident from the words he addressed to her. "Jooly," said he, "come up higher." "The

*Referred to in a former Chapter as Miss Juliet Janes.

crowd is too great, Father," she answered in a whisper. "We will manage it, Jooly," returned the priest: "do you take hold of the tail of my cassock, and I will lead you to Heaven." The crowd opened before the pair, and just as the commanding form of Father Abell was seen ascending the stairs of the pulpit, she found herself comfortably seated in full view and hearing of the most eloquent of the divines of his day in Kentucky. She afterwards liked to tell the story of that day's trials and triumphs, and her recitals always ended with the remark: "Ah, child, it was a sermon I heard that day." *

The seat of diocesan jurisdiction was removed from Bardstown to Louisville in the year 1841, and with that date began the writer's better knowledge of Father Badin and his peculiarities. The Episcopal household at the time was composed of Bishop Flaget and his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat; Very Rev. I. A. Reynolds, vicar-general; Rev. John McGill, pastor of the congregation; Revs. Walter S. Coomes and John Quinn, assistants, and Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the bishop's guest. The latter was then in his seventy-third year, and to those who had known him in his prime, he looked but the shadow of his former self. His once lithe and upright form was now bent with age, and his body appeared to have outgrown his extremities. His gait was shambling and uncertain. The muscles of his face had lost their natural rigidity, and the flesh around his jaws hung in flaccid masses. His nose was sharp and pinched, and beyond a moderately thick and snow-white fringe around the base of the skull, his hair had all disappeared. He was suffering, too, from a partial paralysis of the right forearm and hand, and he generally appeared with his left arm and hand caressingly thrown around the diseased member. But a single one of his features was unchanged. His eyes had lost none of their brilliancy. Ordinarily cast downward, and shut in by the inclosing lids till scarcely seen by the observer, it needed but a signal from the brain power to cause them to expand and to speak, as was their wont, of what was passing in his mind. At times, and especially when conversing with persons of known intellectual capacity, and upon certain favorite topics, he betrayed little weakening of the intellect. He had always been given to jesting with his friends, and there was now no indication that he had conquered the propensity. †

* Father Badin had been dead for several years when Mrs. Beaven was called to a better life than this. One of her last acts was to send a small sum of money to be expended under the direction of a friend at a fair then being held in Bardstown, for the benefit of the orphans of St. Thomas' asylum. Then, as now, small articles were disposed of by raffle on such occasions, and it so happened that her friend was enabled to secure for her a small sun-picture of Father Badin. When this was first shown to her, she contemplated it for some moments with absorbed interest, and then she exclaimed: "Yes, it is Father Badin; and he is come to take me to Heaven."

† As illustrations of the character and quality of his jests, the following will serve as specimens. Shortly after Bishop Flaget had taken up his residence in Louisville, I called to pay my respects to the venerable prelate after whom my parents had named me. I was scarcely seated before Father Badin entered the

For the greater part of the year 1841, I was most favorably situated for observing the character, habits and eccentricites of Father Badin. With my then small family, I was living at the time in a house that was the property of the diocese, not sixty yards removed from the Episcopal residence. From his lease to me of this house the coadjutor bishop had excepted a single room, which was designed by him for the occupancy of such of his guests as he might not be able to accommodate with lodgings under his own roof. This reserved room was occupied by Father Badin for the greater part of the year named. He often took his meals with us, and it was our habit to await his leisure of evenings in order to have him give out family prayers before retiring.*

Reticence of individual opinion was certainly not the most distinguishing of his characteristics in those days. On the contrary, he was in the habit of giving free utterance to his thoughts, without uncharitable intent, I am sure, but with a blunt candor that was not always effective of happy results. As the reader has already seen, there had been a time when Dr. G. I. Chabrat and himself were trusted friends of each other. They had labored together for the good of the people and the welfare of the Church in Kentucky, and it was well known that the Gallic heart of each had at one time gone out to the other in throbbings of mutual affection. Which of them was responsible for the change, or whether both and equally, is a point that is not now determinable; but it is quite certain that they had become very much alienated. Their personal intercourse was marked by what might be called official reserve on the part of the coadjutor bishop, and of complaisance, that had in it little of warmth and no servility, on the part of his ancient co-laborer.†

room; and forgetful, no doubt, that I could not but be well acquainted with his visitor, the bishop undertook to introduce us to each other. Looking at me for a moment, he turned to the bishop and said: "I know Mr. Webb very well! Why, I married his father;"—and then pausing for a moment, he naively added, "and his mother too!"

One day, when talking to me of my parents, and especially of the girlhood of my mother, whose maiden name was Clotilde Edelin, he closed his speech with the somewhat enigmatical sentence: "Yes, Cloe was a good girl, but in those days, she gave me a world of trouble." Seeing that I was shocked, he added with a laugh, "Yes, she troubled my confessional every time I went to the Creek (Pottinger's); it would have been well if all the rest had been as troublesome."

*On one occasion, I remember, he had been out to tea, and on his return, at about 10 o'clock, he found us still up and waiting. "I have but just said night prayers with Capt. Rudd's family," he remarked, "but I do not suppose it will hurt me to say them over again." [Capt. James Rudd was a leading Catholic citizen of Louisville at the time. Eight years later, together with Hon. James Guthrie, afterwards secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of President Pierce, he represented the city and county in the Kentucky constitutional convention of 1849.]

†An incident that took place in 1841, a few days after he had become a lodger in the home occupied by my family, as heretofore mentioned, will give the reader a fair idea of Father Badin's notions regarding Bishop Chabrat. He

As has been stated in the sketch heretofore given of the life of Dr. Chabrat, there had been opposition to his appointment to the office of coadjutor-bishop on the part of the greater number of the clergy of Kentucky. After his consecration, it is not to be denied that his intercourse with more than one of his priests was marked by no little arbitrariness, and that the relations between these and himself were far from cordial. It is not unlikely that Father Badins' sympathies were with individual members of the clerical body who were complaining at the time of grievances suffered by them at the hands of their ordinary. This circumstance, taken by itself, would explain the breach of mutual affection which had formerly characterized the intercourse of the two. By some, however, it was attributed to their divergent views respecting the proper disposal of a remnant of real estate, situated in Louisville, and still owned by Father Badin. It was the belief of these that Dr. Chabrat had tried to induce the aged missionary to give title to this property to the diocese, and that the latter, taking offence at his persistency, had answered him *nay*, in terms that were more peremptory than polite. This was regarded as speculative at the time, and is still so regarded. Years afterwards, and long after Dr. Chabrat had resigned his office and returned to France, the property alluded to was deeded by Father Badin to Rev. E. J. Sorin, for the benefit of Notre Dame college, South Bend, Indiana.

My personal recollections of Bishop Chabrat are all pleasant. At one time, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing his manner of address and bearing towards individual members of his clergy; and, saving in a single instance, I can bring to mind no occasion upon which discourtesy or unkindness in their regard could be laid to his charge, even by implication. The excepted case may point a moral, and for that reason, it is here given. In January 1841, in order to be near the then newly appointed editor of the *Catholic Advocate*, Rev. John McGill, who was pastor of St. Louis church, Louisville, I transferred the office of publication of the paper from Bardstown to that city. Dr. McGill was my wife's elder brother, and between the two an arrangement had been made whereby the latter had agreed to take temporary charge of the pastoral residence, and to provide whatever was needful for the comfortable maintenance of the household. Dr. McGill's church assistants at the time were Rev. Walter S Coomes and Rev. John Quinn, both long since deceased. The last named, though then fully forty years of age, had been but recently ordained.

came into the hall one day, dragging after him a tow-linen bag, tightly packed with shavings. "What are you going to do with that, Father Badin?" asked my wife. "With your assistance," he answered, "I am going to convert it into a pillow for my bed. I cannot sleep with my head on a level with my heels, and his little Lordship has furnished my couch with only a thin affair that amounts to nothing." My wife easily induced him to transfer to her keeping his acquisition of wooden fiber, and she had but to hint of the affair to the bishop's housekeeper to secure for her independent lodger a pillow of more suitable material.

He was a conscientious, pains-taking priest, and I never knew another who was more prompt in the discharge of his pastoral obligations. On Ash-wednesday, of the year named, Father Quinn signified, in the presence of Mrs. Webb, that it was his intention to refrain from animal food during the entire lenten season. My wife well understood that this announcement meant for her no little of extra trouble, and a modicum of extra expense. She said nothing, however, and did thereafter what she could to prevent evil consequences from following the good priest's whim of supererogation. On Saturday of the second week of lent, Bishop Chabrat reached Louisville, and became a guest of the house. Without other knowledge of the case than he was able to draw from his own observation at the table, he soon appeared to be familiar with the least and greatest of its merits. On the Monday following, while seated at dinner, the dialogue that ensues, in substance, at least, took place between the bishop and his subaltern:

Bishop.—"I noticed yesterday, Mr. Quinn, that you ate no meat at dinner; and I observe that you are abstaining again to-day. Does your stomach rebel against animal food?"

Fr. Quinn.—"Oh! no, Bishop, I am only trying do what so many of the saints have done, and what I have known good people to do in Ireland."

Bishop.—"Ah; I understand! But has it never occurred to you that the virtue of self-denial, to be of any worth to the soul, should be practiced at one's own cost of trouble and expense? Should not your common sense tell you the pastor's sister, here present, must find her woman's work doubly irksome by reason of your self-imposed abnegation in respect to animal food? Mortification is a great virtue, Mr. Quinn, and God forbid that I should discountenance its practice, whether by my priests or people. The saints of whom you speak were all mortified men and women; but the idea is inconceivable that any one of them ever knowingly and wilfully imposed burdens on others by reason of their mortifications. We will have done with this thing, if you please, Mr. Quinn. If you may do so lawfully and without detriment to your health, I will have you eat hereafter of the food that shall be placed before you."

In the spring of 1841, Father Badin's paralyzed arm became to him a source of much uneasiness. He began to fear that the disease would eventually prevent him from saying mass. Eschewing all medicaments, as had been the habit of his life, he sought relief through the medium of friction, applied by rubbing with the open palm. The homes visited by him at this time were principally those in which there were idle hands, and for these he provided labor that many of their owners found sufficiently trying. *

* With that shrivelled arm and hand of his, Father Badin struck hard at the daintiness of many a one of his female acquaintances of that day. His rule for these was, prayer conjoined with labor; an hour's rubbing, lightened by an hour's recitation of the rosary. Some of the delicate young ladies of the time—I have since heard them laugh over the remembrance—were in the

Father Badin was an ardent admirer of the ancient classic poetry, and it is doubtful if another American citizen has exhibited so wonderful a talent in the production of poetical compositions in the language of Horace and Virgil. A number of his compositions are in print, here and there; but, constant as he was to his muse, and regardless as he certainly was of fame, whether contemporaneous or posthumous, it is not to be doubted that he wrote much that was worthy of preservation and has been lost to the literature of the country.

While he roomed in the house occupied by my family, in 1841, he spent many hours over the construction of a poem upon which he was then engaged. The interest he took in his work will appear from the following incident: One night we were awakened by a noisy demonstration at our chamber door, and this was immediately followed by a demand in the easily recognized voice of our up-stairs lodger: "Are you all dead, or so dead asleep that you cannot hear me?" "What is it, Father Badin?" I asked. "I want a light," said he; "I have got an idea and I want to put it down before I forget it."

On the 3d day of October, 1841, Father Badin was present at the solemn dedication of the church of Our Lady, in the town of Portland, which was then a suburb of the city of Louisville. The establishment of a congregation at this point had been considered by him long before his visit to Europe in 1819, and upon his return to the diocese, in 1837, he labored to that end with such zeal as to secure for the people of the town, mostly emigrants from France and their progeny, the appointment of a pastor in the person of Rev. Napoleon J. Perché, late archbishop of New Orleans, to whom was given authority to organize a congregation and to build a church. He had long been the owner of a plot of ground in the town, that was entirely suitable as a site for the proposed edifice, and of this he made a deed of gift to the congregation, providing only, "that no clergyman shall ever officiate in the church to be built on the lot granted, without the approbation of the ordinary having jurisdiction in the diocese of Bardstown, according to the faith and discipline of the Roman Catholic church."

Though he was just as equal as he had ever been to intelligent disquisition on topics that had interested him at any previous epoch of his life, it was now perceptible to his friends that his memory had ceased

habit of hiding themselves away when they saw the good priest approaching. His infirmity never left him, but it did not prevent him at any time from saying mass. As late as 1849, as I learn from a clerical friend of the archdiocese of Cincinnati, who was then one of the servers of mass, at the cathedral of St. Peter, he still had recourse to the only agency he had ever used for the alleviation of his ailment. Says my correspondent: "I was at that time, in some sense intimate with him, from the fact that he employed me, not unfrequently, to rub his diseased arm and to say the beads with him at the same time. Boy-like, I felt that the occupation was rather laborious. I am afraid that the fervor of piety was lost in the fervor of rubbing the old priest's arm."

to take lasting impressions of events that were of recent occurrence. This was to be perceived in his halting manner in the company of newly-made acquaintances, and when subjects were being discussed in his presence, that owed all their significance to contemporaneous circumstance and popular sentiment. His infirmity was as palpable to himself as it was to others, and the annoyance it gave him arose principally from his inability to account for things lost or mislaid. *

From the latter part of the year 1842 to the fall of 1846, though nominally attached to the diocese of Louisville, Father Badin spent most of his time in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. He made long visits to South Bend, and to other towns and villages contiguous to the great northern lakes. It was noticed of him during these years that his most lengthened sojourns were at points where the vernacular of the inhabitants was French. In one respect at least, he had become a child again, and the liquids of his mother tongue formed for him a lullaby. It was for the reason implied, no doubt, that he spent so much of his time during these years in the diocese of Vincennes, where most of the pastors were natives of France, and where many of the congregations were largely composed of emigrants from the same country.

Three years before the earliest date named in the above paragraph, Father Badin had made a lengthened visit to Vincennes, of which See the bishop and his entire household were French. Of this visit an amusing anecdote is told by a venerable ecclesiastic of that diocese, still living, who vouches for the correctness of the recital: At Corydon, Indiana, on his road to Vincennes, Father Badin fell in with General William Henry Harrison, who, a little more than a year afterwards, was elected president of the United States. The old personal friendship that had existed between the two before and after the war of 1812, was here renewed, and as they were both going to Vincennes, the after journey to that point was made in each other's company. On their road, they stopped over night at a wayside tavern, where they occupied the same room. As a preliminary to bed, the general attempted the removal of his boots, but he could not get them off. He called for a boot-jack, but only to learn that there was no such article of chamber furniture in the house. After repeated and ineffectual efforts to disengage his extremities from their leather thraldom, the future president of the country began to curse and swear with a vehemence that caused his companion to shiver with

* The number of the *Catholic Advocate* for October 15, 1842, contains the following notification: "*Stephen Theodore Badin to his friends, greeting:* As old age renders me forgetful, and as I frequently leave at places where I may happen to be, books and various articles of clothing, and as many books which I have loaned have not been returned, I do hereby give such friends an invitation to forward such articles, especially my *cloak*, to the nearest residing clergyman, requesting him to have them delivered to me as soon as will be convenient. Reader, be not surprised at this request; the Apostle made a similar one. See Second Timothy, iv: 13."

affright. "Look here, General," said the priest at last, "you must stop that! If you do not, I won't give you absolution."

On the 25th day of May, 1843, fifty years from the date of his ordination, Father Badin celebrated his golden jubilee in the city of Lexington, where, in the first year of his priesthood, he offered up the holy sacrifice of the mass for the first time in Kentucky.

In September, 1846, the aged missionary again severed his connection with the Kentucky mission, by his acceptance at the hands of Rt. Rev. W. J. Quarter, bishop of Chicago, of the pastorship of the congregation of Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee county, Illinois, composed almost wholly of French Canadians. *

With a frame much enfeebled by age, Father Badin returned to Kentucky some time in the winter of 1848–49. His idea, it is generally supposed, was to pass the remainder of his life where he had achieved the greatest of his missionary triumphs. To the venerable Bishop Flaget, who was now an invalid, and evidently nearing the end of his days on earth, the presence of his ancient friend was a source of great joy and profound thankfulness to God. Both himself and his coadjutor, Rt. Rev. Martin John Spalding, took infinite pains to show how much they felt themselves honored through his coming, and the latter was especially earnest in his endeavors to render his condition altogether pleasant and comfortable. He had a room fitted up for him in the bishop's house, and another in that of his fast friend, Charles Maquaire, Esq., in Portland, and for several months of the winter of 1848–49, his time was about evenly taken up with light labors between the city and that suburb.

Wishing to go to Portland at a very cold period of the winter named, a young priest of the cathedral insisted on bearing him company. The town was reached without accident, and there remained but a street to cross to bring them to the hospitable home which was their destination. But in addition to the fact that the road-way was much inclined, it was one sheet of ice from curb to curb. Before attempting the dangerous passage, the younger priest said to the older, "Take my arm, Father Badin, the crossing looks dangerous." Declining his proffered help with an impatient gesture, the veteran exclaimed: "Go on, Sir! I can get across the street as well as you can!" His young companion did as he was bidden, but scarcely had he reached the sidewalk on the other side before he was recalled by a cry for help from Father Badin, who was now lying on the flat of his back in the middle of the street. Having been lifted to his feet, he wanted to know why the young priest had not offered him his arm. "I did offer it to you," replied his companion meekly, "but you said

* Though Father Badin's pastorship at the point named continued for more than two years, I have not been able to learn any of its details. In 1846, he was provided with an assistant, Rev. M. Courjoult, who succeeded to the pastorate about the close of that year. Bourbonnais Grove is now attached to the diocese of Peoria, and it is the seat of a flourishing institution of learning known as St. Viateur's college.

you could get along as well as I could." "But why did you not tell me that I might fall?" demanded Father Badin. "I did intimate to you that there was danger of that precise contingency," replied his volunteer guide, "but you would not listen to me." Self-convicted of unreasonableness, it is to be presumed, the aged missionary held his peace.

Unfortunately for his notion, if he really entertained it, of remaining in Kentucky to the end of his days, Father Badin's old habit of volunteering advice that was rarely acceptable, followed by exhibitions of displeasure when attention was not paid to his suggestions, very soon raised up between himself and Bishop Spalding, bars of mutual dissent that determined him to escape the scene of their recurrence. The bishop coadjutor was engaged at the time in two projects for the supposed welfare of the church in Louisville, against both of which Father Badin evinced strong opposition. The first of these had reference to the lease for secular uses, of the plot of ground upon which had formerly stood the old (first) church of St. Louis, built under the pastorship of the missionary himself. Involving as this project did the removal and reinterment elsewhere of the dead of a former generation of Catholics, whose bodies had found rest in the shadow of the old church, it will surprise no one to learn that it was regarded by him as a species of profanation.* He was equally opposed to Bishop Spalding's then avowed purpose of building his cathedral on the site occupied by the *second* church of St. Louis. He protested against the destruction of a church building that, if permitted to stand, would long remain serviceable, and he argued that it would be more economical to purchase a site for the proposed cathedral, farther away from the din and hurry of business life and its continually widening theatre. Finding that his protestations were to be disregarded, he made up his mind to leave the diocese.†

* It is but just to the memory of Bishop Spalding to say, that the resident Catholic population of the city at the time, raised no opposition whatever to his action. The plot of ground, hemmed in as it was by unsightly buildings, had become wholly unsuited to purposes that were even remotely connected with religion; there had not been a burial in it in twenty years, and the few still living of the relations of those interred therein were well pleased to have their bones removed to the more suitable grounds of St. Louis cemetery. This was done at the expense of the ordinary, as well for the unknown dead as the known, and since that time, the lots first acquired by the Church in Louisville, have been a source of some small revenue to the diocese.

† Excuses for his action on this and other occasions, when he showed irritability of temper, should not be wanting to those who are the least familiar with the construction of his mind, and the habits formed therein by stress of circumstances. Without companionship in his ministry for many years, he had become habituated to reliance upon his own judgment in every exigency affecting the welfare of the Church in Kentucky. His decisions had been without contradiction and without appeal. Circumstances had made him an autocrat, and when the modification of these took from him all controlling power over them and their results, it is not unnatural that he should have assumed to himself the privilege of giving advice. Disregarded as a counsellor, his susceptibility was wounded, and he felt, quite naturally, that his usefulness as a priest in the mission he had founded was a thing of the past, and that the best thing he could do would be to seek elsewhere the hospitality of a grave.

Except at the funeral of Bishop Flaget, a year later, Father Badin's last public appearance in Louisville was on the 15th of August, 1849, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the cathedral of the Assumption, against the erection of which, on the spot it now occupies, he had vainly protested. He might have been made a conspicuous figure in the ceremonial of the day, but he was not; and for the reason, as is supposed, that he did not wish to be regarded as friendly to an undertaking which he looked upon as a blunder. When the function was over, however, and the majority of those who had witnessed it had left the grounds, another ceremonial took place, that was altogether novel and unexpected, and in this, the *protosacerdos* was the only actor. Bareheaded, surpliced and with book in hand, he slowly paced along the foundations, and in tones that were now a chant and now a mumble, recited as he went the *Miserere*.

A few days later, he astonished his friends, both of the clergy and the laity, by taking leave of them and of the diocese. In his Sketches of Kentucky, Dr. Spalding says of Father Badin that his first journey on the soil of the State—from Maysville to Lexington, a distance of sixty-five miles—was prosecuted "on foot." While the manner of his final exit from the State was even less dignified, it was more independent. Seated upon his box of chattels, which had been placed upon a dray, he was drawn from his lodgings in the bishop's house to the river front, where, so to speak, he shook from his feet the dust of his adopted State, and surrendered himself to the hospitable care of Captain Thomas Fitzgerald, of the Cincinnati and Louisville mail steamer service.*

The last three years of the life of Father Badin were passed in the present archdiocese of Cincinnati, where for much of the term indicated, he was the honored guest of Most Rev. John B. Purcell. With no obligation to labor at all, and incapable, indeed, by reason of age and infirmity, of attending to the wants of a congregation, he showed himself ready, nevertheless, to prosecute any special work that promised in any wise to lessen the burdens of the local pastors. Though he was nominally an *attaché* of the cathedral, his restless nature propelled him often in other directions. Now he was the guest of Father J. H. Luers of St. Joseph's, now of Father Ferneding at St. Paul's, and now of the Jesuit fathers at St. Francis Xavier's. Becoming wearied of the city, it was his habit during these years, to make short visits to the country parishes, more particularly to those of Hamilton, Columbus, Chillicothe, Somerset, Zanesville, and the French settlements of Shelby and Darke counties.†

* Captain Fitzgerald was a liberal and fairly educated Irish gentleman of the old school. He may have been a little off at the time in the matter of practical religion, but he had a warm spot in his heart for the old faith and its ministers. He was not only never known to collect passage-money from a priest, but if such a one happened to have a want, there was no one more ready than he to supply it.

† On one occasion, he made a somewhat extended visit to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where the pastor, Very Rev. J. Benoit, was his warm friend and fellow-

Toward the close of the year 1852, he became the companion, and, in some sort, the assistant of Rev. R. J. Lawrence, pastor of St. Patrick's church. Here he remained until, utterly broken down, he felt that his end was approaching. A room was promptly prepared for him in the Episcopal mansion, where, it is needless to say, everything was done for his comfort that sympathy could suggest. *

The annexed most interesting account of Father Badin's last illness and death is from a distinguished ecclesiastic of the archdiocese of Cincinnati: †

"I have been asked to give the particular incidents attending the last days of Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin. For years before his death, he was a frequent visitor at the house of Archbishop Purcell, where he was always a welcome guest. The last five months of his life were spent there almost continuously. The many years of arduous labor to which he had been subjected had evidently exhausted his physical strength, and though suffering from no disease, he was seen to decline from day to day. To the very last, his mind was clear and even vigorous, in the expression of his great faith in God and gratitude to those from whom he received either favors or attentions. In fact, his death was like that of all the first missionary priests of the West. They were grand old men, and when they yielded to death, it was not in consequence of disease, but of the great labors by which they had been oppressed.

"All who knew Father Badin were more or less acquainted with his eccentricities. When he was in vigorous health, so unusual did these appear to me, that I was inclined to the belief that they were assumed; but the last days of his life convinced me that they were due to the natural exuberance of his character. One day, I remem-

countryman. One day while engaged about the house, Father Benoit was disturbed by sounds of continuous knocking, which appeared to come from the belfry of his little church. Hastily going out and looking upward, he was surprised and not a little indignant at seeing his ancient friend, with hatchet in hand, busily employed in knocking away the lattice work, by which the space occupied by the bell was surrounded. "What are you doing there, Father Badin?" shouted the pastor in a voice that was indicative of his displeasure. "Don't you want your bell to be heard?" demanded the missionary by way of answer; "and if you do," he continued, "why do you crib up the sound with these painted boards?" There was a modicum of both wit and reason in this reply, and Father Benoit was at once mollified. He put an end to the proceedings aloft, however, without absolutely breaking with his friend; but he took good care to keep his tool-chest locked during the remainder of his visit.

* The clergy of the cathedral of St. Peter comprised at the time: Most Rev. John B. Purcell, Very Rev. E. T. Collins, Very Rev. Edward Purcell, Rev. David Whelan, and Rev. James F. Wood, the late archbishop of Philadelphia.

† My surmise may be a mistaken one, but I have strong motives for believing that this account is from the dictation of Archbishop Purcell himself. Saving that venerable prelate and Dr. Wood, then archbishop of Philadelphia, there were none alive at the time it was sent me who could have knowledge of the facts and incidents related, and these two honored dignitaries have since passed to their eternal reward.

ber, he described to me in his inimitable way his journey to Europe in 1819, and his efforts while there to secure for himself the place of coadjutor to the bishop of Bardstown. This was within a week of his death, and yet his recollection was so vivid and his fancy so engaging that he kept those who were sitting around his bed constantly smiling, and sometimes breaking into fits of laughter. 'It was a very good thing, sir,' said he, 'that I did not succeed; had I done so, I would have plagued myself, plagued my clergy, and plagued my people. I thought at the time that I was wise, but'—and this was added with a laugh—'our Lord was wiser than Father Badin!'

"One day, he left his bed for the last time, and to the surprise of the archbishop and those who were at the table with him, entered the dining-room. We all rose to receive him, and he was given a comfortable place. 'I have come, sir,' said he addressing himself to the archbishop, 'to have a last talk with you and your priests.' In the course of the conversation that followed, he alluded to his fondness for the Latin poets, and he and the archbishop quoted from the odes of Horace. All were astonished at the wit he displayed, and they were charmed as well at the happy application he made of the poet's words to what was passing at the moment. At this same time, his appearance was that of a corpse. He concluded by wishing us all farewell; and so feelingly spoken was his short address to the archbishop, that all present were affected beyond measure.

"That same night, it was thought advisable to give him the sacrament of extreme unction, which was administered by Very Rev. E. T. Collins. Father Collins was as slow and methodical as Father Badin was quick and impulsive, and while the former was administering the sacrament, the dying priest sank into, and waked from unconsciousness more than once. The last of these fitful awakenings was phenomenal. Coming to himself, and finding Father Collins still engaged in rubrical work, he exclaimed: 'Is it possible you haven't got through yet!' The attempt to keep serious under such provocation was manifested most ludicrously on the faces of the attendants. 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'the poor Protestants have no such sacrament as this to prepare them for eternity. I told the Kentuckians so many a time, but they did not believe me."

"As was usual with me, since he had been confined to his bed, I called to see him next morning; observing me, he said with a smile: 'Here I am yet, sir! Could you not give me a push around the corner?' Almost immediately afterwards he exclaimed: 'Oh, God, have mercy on us!' and these were his last words on earth. Soon after he fell into his agony, and for five days, he was wholly unconscious. I have seen many die, but not one who struggled so long with death. On the morning of his death, Archbishop Purcell and the priests in his house were summoned to his sick chamber, and while they were kneeling beside his bed, a thunder-storm swept over the city. When the skies became again serene, it was observed that the spirit of the *proto-priest* and great missionary had passed away."

In an address delivered by him in the former cathedral of Cincinnati, a quarter of a century before the date of his death—April 21, 1853—Father Badin had alluded to the possibility that his own ashes might one day rest beside those of Dr. Fenwick, first bishop of the See, beneath the altar upon which he had that day offered up the sacrifice of the mass. What he then referred to as a possible contingency, became now well-nigh a reality. The venerable prelate who had given honor and protection to him living, was pleased to grant an honorable resting-place to his bones under the chancel of his own metropolitan church.*

* The crypts of the cathedral of St. Peter are back of the altars. The body of Father Badin and that of Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick occupy spaces on opposite sides of an archway that leads from the rear of the church.

CHAPTER XLI.

RT. REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING.

The task of reviewing the life of this Kentucky priest, bishop and archbishop of the American Church, has been rendered wholly unnecessary by the thoughtful consideration of his nephew, Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding whose memoir of his illustrious relative has long been familiar to Catholic readers all over the country.

It is only with the gleaner's idea, that something worthy of preservation may have escaped the notice of his biographer, that the writer has been influenced to make here more than a simple reference to the already published "Life of Archbishop Spalding." Martin John Spalding was born in Washington, now Marion county, on the 23d of May, 1810. His father was Richard, eldest son of Benedict Spalding, who removed from Maryland and settled on the Rolling Fork in 1790, and his mother was Henrietta, daughter of Leonard Hamilton, likewise from Maryland, who came to Kentucky a year later. The child was delicate, and in this he resembled his mother, as he did also in the gentleness of his disposition. When not yet six years old, he lost his mother, and from that time he was cared for, principally, at least, by his grandmother, Alethia Abell Spalding, a daughter of Ellen O'Brien Abell, to whom creditable reference has been already made. Not less valorous in the service of God than was her own mother, this grandmother of the future metropolitan of the American Church Catholic, brought to bear upon her young charge every influence for good of which her heart and mind were capable. In his regard, other ambition she had none than that he might become rich in virtue, and thereby sanctified for heaven. At times, to be sure, she called him her "little bishop," but this she did in order to stimulate in him an inclination to piety, and to accustom his mind to the thought that it is only through the practice of virtue that one may hope to accomplish anything in this world that is worthy of God's approval.

Martin Spalding was sent to a country school when he was eight years of age, and he was but ten when he made his first communion. In 1821, being then in his twelfth year, he and two of his brothers became pupils of Rev. William Byrne at his school of St. Mary's, the embyro of the after famous college of that name, which was but that year opened for the reception of learners. He spent five years in this institution, from which he graduated in 1826. In September of the

same year, having determined to study for the priesthood, he entered the diocesan seminary at Bardstown, where, for four years, his progress was such as to crown with fruition the hopes entertained of him by his leading instructors, Bishop John B. David and Rev. Francis P. Kenrick. In April, 1830, in company with James M. Lancaster, he set out for Rome, where both soon afterwards entered the renowned college of the Propaganda. His first year of student's life in Rome was one of peril to himself from serious illness, but he recovered finally, and the remainder of his term of four years at the Propaganda was spent in studious endeavor to acquire that proficiency of knowledge of the divine science which would enable him to labor with greater efficiency in the holy calling upon which his heart had been set from the days of his youth. In the closing scenes of his college career in Rome the part taken by him was in the highest degree creditable to the young ecclesiastic, and it may be said that he left the venerable institution with a reputation already made and already enviable.

Writing to Bishop Flaget, he says: "After my public disputation, I entered into a retreat which lasted two weeks to prepare myself for the reception of holy orders. I was ordained sub-deacon on the 3d, deacon on the 10th, and priest on the 13th of August, (1834) by a special dispensation of the Holy Father, which I asked myself, and on the 15th I started on my journey homeward." His first sermon in America was preached in Philadelphia, where he had for a listener the bishop of the See, Dr. F. P. Kenrick, under whose tutelage he had passed four years of his life in the seminary at Bardstown. On reaching home, he was charged with the pastorship of the cathedral church and congregation, Bardstown, and also with the professorship of philosophy in the diocesan seminary.

He took hold of his work with creditable zeal, and he prosecuted it with laborious earnestness. His greatest danger from the first was from excess of popularity; but happily for him, there were wise and experienced men among his clerical associates of the college of St. Joseph, of which he was himself a trustee, whose influence over him was great, and who feared not to use that influence aright for the preservation of his humility. He could not repress, however, his desire to be useful to the Church as a writer. It was well for Catholicity in the United States that such was the case. The establishment of the *Catholic Advocate* in 1836, opened to him a field of industrious research and of discriminating criticism, of which he availed himself eagerly.*

*The editorial control of the Advocate had been assigned by the bishop coadjutor of the diocese to a committee of clergymen composed of Rev. M. J. Spalding, Rev. George A. M. Elder, Rev. H. C. De Luynes and Rev. William E. Clarke. Of these writers, by far the most prolific was Dr. Spalding. He wrote with astonishing facility, too great, as I thought at the time, for perfection in the use of his own vernacular. In the columns of the Advocate for 1836 and 1837, the discriminating reader will find many articles written by Dr. Spalding in which subjects, there cursorily treated, are now to be found fully elaborated in one or another of his later contributions to the Catholic literature of the country. Even at that day, and still more so at a later period of his life,

After four years, Dr. Spalding's pastorate of St. Joseph's ended with his call to the presidency of St. Joseph's college, vacated in 1838 by the lamentable death of the founder of the institution, Rev. George A. M. Elder. He remained in this position but two years, when he was sent to Lexington to assume the pastorship of St. Peter's church in that city. Upon the transfer of the See to Louisville in 1841, he was brought back to Bardstown, where it was thought that his presence would, in some measure, reconcile the congregation to a change that was singularly distasteful to nine out of ten of its members. Having remained in Bardstown for three years, he was called by Bishop Flaget to Louisville in 1844, to fill the post of vicar-general, vacated by the appointment of Dr. I. A. Reynolds to the See of Charleston. Here, almost immediately, began the administrative work that engaged his thoughts and the greater part of his time for the remaining years of his life. For very much of this work Bishop Flaget was incapacitated by reason of age and infirmity, and his coadjutor being at once ill and absent, the new vicar found that there was little spare time on his hands. This year, 1844, he gave to the public his admirable "Sketches of Kentucky," written and compiled by him, for the most part, at least, as early as 1839. But Dr. Spalding, in addition to the fact that he was at once facile and industrious, was possessed of an orderly mind, and he readily accomplished tasks that others would have regarded as insuperable. Three years before, he had delivered a course of lectures in Nashville, Tennessee, which were esteemed by even non-Catholics as exceptionally interesting. He lectured often in the cathedral of St. Louis, Louisville, and not unfrequently he accepted invitations to deliver lectures in other cities of the country. *

there were those who regarded him as an aspirant for fame. All these, as I think, misjudged him. Men are so constituted as to render it almost impossible to find one who is utterly callous to the good or bad opinions of his fellows. Is it to be supposed that the "valiant-woman" of holy writ was wholly indifferent to the praises of those whom she had benefitted? Whatever a man does, one has to look for the motive that actuates him to discover whether or not he be worthy of praise or blame. Will any one say that a man shall hide the talent entrusted to him by his Heavenly Father because its use and fructification will subject him, in addition to his Divine Master's approval, to the praises of men? And may he not, however honors may fall thick and fast upon him in this life, because of the great public's recognition of the value of his labors, whatever these may be, be really fulfilling, and in all singleness of purpose, the least and greatest of his obligations to God? I knew Dr. Spalding most intimately, and without saying that his judgment was never at fault, and much less, that he was indifferent to human praise, I can here record my conviction that he was singularly conscientious, and that, from first to last, and in everything he did or said or wrote, his primary motive was the greater glory of God and the better knowledge among men of His will in their regard.

*To the present day I have not known another who had a better art of pleasing his Catholic auditors in the special field referred to in the text than had Dr. Spalding. I do not speak here of his powers as a logician, and neither do I of any ability displayed by him in the domain of fancy. I do not remember to have ever heard him even attempt the imaginative or the

CONSECRATED COADJUTOR BISHOP.

In 1847, Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, coadjutor to Bishop Flaget, who had been in France for several years in the vain hope of recovering his lost eyesight, resigned the position he had occupied in the Church in Kentucky, and on the 10th of August, 1848, Dr. Spalding received from Rome the bulls appointing him to the vacated post. One month afterwards, on the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, he was consecrated by Bishop Flaget, assisted by Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia, and Rt. Rev. Richard P. Miles, bishop of Nashville. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rt. Rev. P. R. Kenrick, of St. Louis. From this time to the date of his death, which took place on February 11, 1850, Bishop Flaget concerned himself no more with diocesan affairs. It had been with extreme difficulty that he had finished his last rubrical work, the investing of his coadjutor with power to perform his functions, and now his eyes were fixed on the fast approaching shadow of death, and his mind on the things that concerned his eternity. Whatever was possible, was now done by the coadjutor bishop to consolidate his resources and render them fruitful of benefits to his people. Without unnecessary delay, he set out upon his visitation of the diocese—first its schools for both sexes, and afterwards its widely separated congregations. The subject of christian education interested him above all others. Already he had seen that education without God and religion is as powerless to promote civilization as it is to add anything to the sum of human happiness. On this subject he afterwards wrote: "Education without religion is the body without the soul, the building without the foundation, philosophy without fundamental principles."* In visiting first the educational establishments of the diocese, his leading object, in the opinion of the writer, was to secure the aid of their conductors in the foundation of parochial schools wherever they were most needed. Returning from his visitation, he assembled his clergy in spiritual retreat at the old seminary of St. Thomas, where he was himself the conductor of the exercises. At its close bishop and priests were of one mind, each and all determined to give themselves up to God and to His work among His own people.

rhetorical in any one of his lectures. He dealt in facts, and these were so arranged by him as to present a picture that was to be seen by all. His meaning was never misapprehended, for the terms he used were those with which all were familiar. His personal appearance was much in his favor. He looked the man, and he looked the priest. Fairly tall, and with a good expanse of chest, bearing himself erectly, and withal gracefully; his face healthfully full and of a rounded oval, and with no single feature that was not engaging; informal in manner, and at all times self-possessed, he seemed to personify the expectancy of the auditory before which he stood. Then his voice was of that full and rounded character that men listen to with pleasure the world over. Without the least straining effort, he made himself heard and understood, no matter what were the dimensions of the hall or church in which he spoke. In addition to all this, he was in the habit of choosing subjects for his lectures

Within two years from the date of his consecration, Bishop Spalding, with the assistance of his clergy and faithful people, had established an orphan asylum for boys at St. Thomas', one for boys and girls of German parentage, in Louisville, and had laid the foundations of a grand cathedral in his episcopal city.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

After the consecration of Rt. Rev. John McGill for the See of Richmond, in 1850, Bishop Spalding brought to Louisville his brother, Rev. Benedict J. Spalding, up to that time pastor of the former cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown, and constituted him his vicar-general. To this very able administator of temporalities is due the principal credit for the successful issue of his Rt. Rev. brother's undertaking in respect to the erection of a cathedral in Louisville. Father Ben. Spalding, as he was called, was in those days a man of wonderful determination, and of business capabilities almost as wonderful. Under an exterior that was mistaken by many for stolidity, his resources of mind were not dwarfed by those of another priest in the diocese. He was almost intuitive in his perceptions of truth and accuracy in anything, and no one ever had occasion to doubt the absolute correctness of his judgment in matters of mere propriety. When he took charge of the enterprise to which I have referred, there were those who doubted his ability to carry out the grand design with the limited means at his disposal. But he never faltered in his work, and he was himself never discouraged. Finished at length, solidly and artistically, and in all its grand proportions, he gave to himself a season of rest, and to others a subject of wonder that he should have put up so magnificent a temple at so small a cost of money.

The corner-stone of the cathedral was laid on the feast of the Assumption, 1849, and the ceremony was witnessed by Bishop Flaget from the porch of his residence that overlooked the scene. On the feast of the Holy Rosary, October 3d, 1852, it was solemnly consecrated by Most Rev. John B. Purcell, archbishop of Cincinnati, in the presence of a larger number of bishops and priests than had ever before assembled in Kentucky. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rt. Rev. John McCloskey, then bishop of Albany, and at this writing cardinal archbishop of New York.

CLERICAL AID FROM ABROAD.

From the beginning of his administration of diocesan affairs, it had been plain to Bishop Spalding that the resources of his own little seminary were not adequate to the wants of his diocese in respect to clerical aid. The only remedy for this, as he thought, would be fur-

about which people were naturally curious, Protestants scarcely less so than Catholics. It was for this reason, no doubt, that, wherever he lectured, so many of his hearers were non-Catholics.

nished by the friends of the missions beyond seas, and especially in France and Belgium. With this idea uppermost in his mind, and in company with the late Rev. D. A. Deparcq, he started for Europe in the early winter of 1852–3. He met with little success in either country named, but on proceeding to Holland, he was encouraged by finding there a spirit of missionary enterprise among the young levites of the seminaries, and especially in that of Haaven, in the diocese of Bois-le-duc, North Brabant, that argued for him a fortunate ending to his long continued search for missionary recruits. Bearing a letter from the archbishop of the See, Most Rev. John Swysen, authorizing the acceptance of Bishop Spalding's overtures, should any of his seminarians feel inclined to devote their lives to the foreign missions, he and his companion were warmly received by the president of the institution, and given every facility of intercommunication with the students of the seminary. These were addressed by the bishop, in both French and Latin, and Father Deparcq spoke to them in his native Flemish, which all understood. "Let no one," said the bishop, "suppose that his comforts will be increased, and his worldly interests advanced, by his assumption of the duties of a missionary in America. On the contrary, the priest has there to look for much that is not pleasing to the natural man. He has few luxuries, and his labors are often exacting. But of one thing I can assure you," he added, "he can save souls, and that, you all know, is a priest's mission on earth, and his glory in the sight of heaven."

Eventually, he secured five ecclesiastics in priest's orders, four who were deacons, and one, a subdeacon. The priests were: Rev. John H. Bekkers, Rev. John Van Luytelaar, Rev. Francis Wuyts and Rev. Lawrence Bax; the deacons, Rev. Martin Chazal, Rev. Michael Bouchet, Rev. Francis X. Van Deutekom and Rev. Francis W. Van Emstede; and the subdeacon was Rev. Joseph De Vries. With the exception of Fathers Chazal and Bouchet, all named were natives of Holland. The exceptions were Frenchmen. It will be interesting to the reader to learn something of the after lives of the ecclesiastics named.

Of the late Rev. John H. Bekkers, nothing need here be said, since his remarkable career as a missionary priest in Kentucky has already formed the subject of a sketch in connection with the church at Lexington.

Father John Van Luytelaar, with the consent of Bishop Spalding, and at the earnest entreaty of Rt. Rev. J. B. Purcell, of Cincinnati, remained in the city named, where he served for a while a small congregation of his own countrymen, then but recently organized. He afterwards became a member of the order of the Most Holy Redeemer, and is now attached to the house of the order in St. Louis, Missouri.

Rev. Francis Wuyts was first sent to Holy Mary's, as an assistant to Rev. A. A. Aud. In 1854, he was transferred to Loretto, where, in addition to his chaplaincy over the institution, he was charged with the pastorship of Holy Cross and St. Vincent's churches. He also had care

of the station at Chicago, where he afterwards built the church of St. Francis. Upon the death of the venerable and very Rev. D. A. Deparcq, in 1866, he was appointed superior of the community of Loretto, in which responsible post he is still finding exercise for his rare capabilities as an earnest, enlightened and prudent director. Father Wuyts is regarded as one of the most learned theologians in the diocese.

Rev. Lawrence Bax was first given a position in the preparatory seminary of St. Thomas, where he taught philosophy for three years. He was then transferred to Louisville and to the pastorship of the then newly organized congregation of St. John. This is still his position in this year of grace, 1884, and to all appearance, the energies that have built up one of the most compact and well ordered congregations in the city, show as little strain to-day as when he first began his labors, just twenty-eight years ago.

Rev. F. X. Van Deutekom remained at the cathedral of the Assumption, where he was soon afterwards advanced to priest's orders, and appointed assistant to Rev. Charles J. Boeswald in the pastorate of the church of the Immaculate Conception, Louisville. After the death of that admirable pastor of souls, in 1855, he succeeded to the pastorate of the church. In 1874, owing to ill health, he resigned his position and returned to his native country, where he now holds the office of chaplain in a community of religious. Father Van Deutekom was much esteemed by his clerical brethren, and still more, if possible, by the members of his congregation.

Others of the ecclesiastics above named entered the diocesan seminary, preparatory to priestly ordination, and the younger of the five, Rev. Joseph De Vries, was ordained, together with the late Rev. M. Power, on the 15th of July, 1855, by Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, in the cathedral of the Assumption, Louisville.

Rev. Francis W. Van Emstede, soon after his ordination, became a member of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and he is at present attached to the church of the Sacred Heart in Baltimore.

Rev. Martin Chazal, ordained, together with Rev. M. Bouchet, in the cathedral of the Assumption, Louisville, by Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, on the 23d of September, 1853, was appointed by his ordinary a professor in the seminary of St. Thomas, where he was employed uninterruptedly, and most profitably for the students of the institution, till the year 1866, when he returned to France.

Rev. Michael Bouchet's first mission was that of Union county, where he labored for three years as the assistant of Rev. E. J. Durbin. In 1857, he was removed to St. Gregory's, Deatsville, whence he attended a number of churches and stations in Nelson, Bullitt and Hardin counties. In 1860, he was removed to Louisville and has ever since been attached to the cathedral of the Assumption. For more than twelve years he has filled the office of vicar-general to Rt. Rev. William McCloskey present occupant of the See.

Rev. Joseph De Vries, immediately after his ordination, was

appointed assistant to Rev. Robert A. Abell, with residence at New Haven. He was afterwards removed to Hodgensville, where he built the church of our Lady of Mercy. In 1859 he was appointed to the care of the scattered Catholic people living, or temporarily laboring, along the proposed Louisville and Nashville railroad, beyond Elizabethtown, to the borders of Tennessee. He built the church of St. Joseph, Bowling Green, of which he has been the resident pastor for nearly a quarter of a century.*

THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

In 1854, soon after Bishop Spalding's return from Europe, he established in the cathedral congregation a conference of the organization named above—one of the most meritorious of the many societies blessed by the approval of the Church for specific works of christian charity.† The good bishop had taken note of the admirable results that had followed the establishment of conferences, or branches, of the society in the various cities of Europe, in which he had temporarily sojourned. Everywhere he had been told that the conferences were not only taking care of the poor, but that they were working wonders in the reclamation of the vicious, and in establishing more confirmed habits of practical piety in the families of its members. He found that the aim of those who had given form to the organization was, first, to elevate its individual members; second, to furnish relief to the poor; third, to educate poor youth, and fourth, to diffuse Catholic truth. Naturally, he felt interested in a society that had already been effective of so much good in the old world, and which, he could but see, if established in his diocese, would be the means whereby results equally beneficial would be brought to his own people. The conference of the cathedral of the Assumption was soon followed by those of St. John's and St. Patrick's, after which was organized a Particular Council of the society, of which the writer was first president. ‡

* If Bishop Spalding had done nothing else for Catholicity in Kentucky than the introduction into the State of the ecclesiastics referred to in the text, he would still be deserving of the thanks of thousands who were afterwards benefitted by their ministry.

† The new organization took the place of one that had been established as early as 1841 by Rev. John M'Gill, for the relief of the poor of the parish, under the title of The Catholic Benevolent Society.

‡ The officers elected at the organization of the Cathedral Conference, in 1854, were: Ben. J. Webb, president; Michael Cody, vice president; Patrick M. Kirwan, secretary, and F. X. Marchand, treasurer. The presidents of the Particular Council of the local society have been Ben. J. Webb, Dr. J. C. Metcalf, John McAteer, Richard Slevin, and Daniel E. Doherty, the present head of the Louisville organization. Since the establishment of the conference of St. John, of which B. E. Cassilly was first president, and that of St. Patrick of which James McSorley was first president, there have been aggregated to the society in Louisville five other conferences, viz: those of St. Michaels', St. Louis Bertrand's, St. Bridgets', St. Cecilia's and that of the Sacred Heart. The presidents of the several conferences at the present time are: Cathedral, G. W.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT LOUVAIN.

Bishop Spalding took unbounded interest in the establishment of the American college at Louvain. He was the first, indeed, of the entire body of the American episcopacy, to conceive the idea of the possibility of such an establishment, and from the moment of its inception, he ceased not to labor for its realization. His first steps in this direction were taken in the year 1852, when, as has been related, he visited Europe with the hope of attracting clerical recruits to his diocese. He was fortunate enough to secure to the enterprise the approbation and active influence of the late Cardinal Sterckx, archbishop of Mechlin. It was not until 1857, however, that he was enabled to attract the attention of his episcopal brethren of the United States to a matter that has since served so greatly in providing for the country a well trained and able body of pastors. The establishment at Louvain, begun in 1857, had sent to the missions of the United States, up to the year 1884, no fewer than three hundred and one priests. Of these, one became an archbishop, and five, bishops. The contributions made by the American college to the clerical working force of the Church in Kentucky, as well in their extent as in their character, will astonish Catholics now-a-days who have given no thought to the subject. Let such look over the list that follows, of priests sent thence to the State, and learn to admire the intelligent efforts made by Bishop Spalding to render the institution a source of real blessing for the whole country:

Rev. P. de Fraine.*
Rev. Francis De Meulder.*
Rev. Polydore Fermont.*
Rev. J. B. Vandemergel.*
Rev. W. J. Wiseman.
Rev. Charles Eggermont.
Rev. Leopold Walterspiel.
Rev. P. Volk.
Rev. J. L. Spalding.
Rev. G. A. Vantroostenberghe.
Rev. M. L. Brandt.
Rev. T. J. Jenkins.
Rev. M. Oberlinkels.
Rev. C. J. O'Connell.
Rev. Edward Vantroostenberghe.
Rev. David Russell.
Rev. A. M. Coenan.
Rev. E. M. Crane.
Rev. Dominic Crane.
Rev. H. Mertens.
Rev. P. Carmans.
Rev. T. Kellenaers.
Rev. William Vanderhagen
Rev. B. J. Spalding.
Rev. S. B. Spalding.
Rev. Ferd Brossart. †
Rev. H. Plaggenborg.
Rev. E. Breen.
Rev. H. Westermann.
Rev. William P. Mackin.‡

Smith; St. John's, John Murray; St. Michael's, Cornelius Savage; St. Louis Bertrand, Joseph Cole; St. Patrick's, W. C. Lincoln; St. Bridget, vacant; Sacred Heart, vacant.

*The first four named were priests when they entered the college, and their stay there was for the purpose of studying the English language.

† Father Brossart entered the institution for the diocese of Covington. He is now pastor of the church of St. Paul, Lexington.

‡ Of the thirty priests whose names appear in the above list, one (Rev. J.

THE "KNOW-NOTHING CONSPIRACY."

Up to the year 1854, there was no apparent obstacle to healthful progress in Catholic affairs in Kentucky. But long before that time, in other States of the Union, there had been displayed a devilish popular spirit that argued for the children of the Church a likelihood of coming trouble. For the first time in the history of the government the question of religion was foisted into party politics. Careful observers of this movement, from its inception to its last feeble struggle for existence, ascribe it not so much to popular religious prejudice as to disappointed political ambition. The government and its offices had been in the hands of the Democrats for years, and it became apparent to at least the more unscrupulous of the Whig party, that their only chance of victory in the coming elections would be through the demoralization of their opponents. At the time, and for the most part, the foreign-born Catholic population of the United States was democratic in its political tendencies. There was then, too, much more than now, very great ignorance among the uneducated class of non-Catholics, concerning the church and its adherents. The idea of the political tricksters who inaugurated the movement was to arouse popular prejudice against Catholics, whether native or foreign-born, on the plea that the Church to which they were attached had no sympathy with free government. The implied corollary was, that in attaching themselves so generally to the Democratic party, Catholics were but making choice of a political organization that was most in accord with their fancied hostility to republican institutions. Their idea was to work in the dark through the institution of a secret order, with ramifying branches all over the country, whose leading principle should be hostility to Catholics as such, and whose entire efforts were to be exerted in opposition to the political party then in power. The first lodges of this obnoxious organization are supposed to have been instituted in Louisville in the early months of the year 1854. Their first masters and leaders, though they were known to be intensely partisan, were not without some pretensions to decency, and it was not supposed at the time, nor since, indeed, in respect to a majority of them, that their anti-Catholic zeal was put on otherwise than for the effect it was designed to produce upon the minds of their less enlightened associates. They were merely playing upon the gullibility of the masses in order to advance their own thoroughly selfish purposes. But the "Know Nothing" lodges grew in number until the city was not only filled with them, but the entire State, from one end to the other, was swept by the pestiferous flood.

L. Spalding) is now bishop of the See of Peoria; one, (Rev. S. B. Spalding) was transferred by his ordinary to the archdiocese of Philadelphia soon after his return to America; one, (Rev. W. J. Wiseman) was so transferred, after several years of service in the diocese of Louisville, to that of Newark; two (Revs. B. J. Spalding and William Vanderhagen) are at present attached to the diocese of Peoria. The dead among these number five, viz: Revs. Francis DeMeulder, J. B. Vandemergel, Leopold Walterspiel, Edward Vantroostenberghe and E. Breen.

For months before the general election of August 5th, 1855, there had been ominous threats made by the members of the organization that were calculated to keep from the polls Catholic citizens of whatever nationality, and foreign-born non-Catholics as well. These threats had their effect, to be sure, in the direction intended, but only with the least resolute of the population against whom they were made. The Know-Nothing leaders did not themselves know the extent and strength of the storm of public fury they had raised. They made no account of the fact that the primary controlling element in the lodges had gradually worked itself loose from their management, and that the very worst elements of the population had now full control over the machinery they had invented. They winked at the threat of violence at the polls should a Catholic or foreign-born citizen attempt to exercise his lawful privilege, but they were not prepared for the wholesale slaughter that followed, and which, they were well enough able to see, was the direct result of their own machinations.

The atrocities of "Bloody Monday" in Louisville have never been equalled in this country. The churches were threatened, but happily Bishop Spalding had sufficient influence with the then mayor of the city, Hon. John Barbee, to induce him to make every effort in his power for their preservation. Writing a few days after the outbreak to Archbishop Kenrick, Bishop Spalding said: "We have just passed through a reign of terror, surpassed only by the Philadelphia riots. Nearly a hundred poor Irish and Germans have been butchered or burned and some twenty houses have been fired and burnt to the ground. The city authorities, all Know-Nothings, looked calmly on, and they are now endeavoring to lay the blame on the Catholics."

The party most responsible for the outbreak in Louisville on Bloody Monday, was undoubtedly the late George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville *Journal*. And yet, the writer is compelled to say, there never was a non-Catholic who had less in him of anti-Catholic bigotry. In common with so many others, in everything he did or said in contravention of the rights of the minority, he was governed more by policy than by principle. He was naturally amiable and kind-hearted, and all things being even in his estimation, he would have preferred the advocacy of the right rather than the wrong. There is scarcely a doubt that it was only through selfish interest and the persuasion of party friends that he was induced to join hands with the malcontent politicians of the day, and make with them common cause against those toward whom he felt neither personal hatred nor sectarian prejudice. No one ever heard him say as much, but the writer doubts if there was another man in his party who stood more appalled than himself over the result of his own manipulation of public sentiment. He had taken measure of that sentiment by that which pervaded his own mind, and he waked up to the conviction that his utterances, unrecognized as truthful by himself, had been taken up and held as expositions of abstract verity by thousands of the worst elements of his party, and had, in very truth, instigated these to acts of

murder and incendiarism that were simply horrible in their atrocity. Another in his place, though as little devoted to principle, might have sought to redeem himself from the unenviable position in which he was placed. Not so this singular compound of selfishness and good nature, of generous impulses and weak resolves. He had sold himself to his party for defensive as well as aggressive action, and he was held by them to the compact himself had made. From this time began the decadence of his fame. He was as virulent as ever in his abuse of the Church, of Catholic institutions, Catholic practices and of Catholics themselves. He excused the mob as far as he could, for its excesses, and he sought, as Bishop Spalding truly says, to cast upon the victims of its fury all responsibility for the events which opened for them speedy passage to the grave.*

On the morning of the 6th of Aug. an editorial appeared in the Louisville *Journal* charging that the killing, maiming and burning of the day before had been the direct result of "assaults" made upon peaceable citizens by the foreign-born element of the population, and intimating, too, that these assaults were instigated by the Catholic clergy of the city. In the same journal of the 7th, appeared a card from Bishop Spalding, mildly remonstrating against the editor's published innuendo, and entreating his people, in the then disturbed condition of affairs, to remain quietly at home, and to give to no one occasion for even the supposition that they meditated combined resistance should the mob again gather and proceed to further acts of violence.†

From 1855 to the beginning of what is known as the war of the rebellion, Bishop Spalding's time was divided as exigency suggested, between the labors incidental to his position and those out of which, he had reason to hope, would emanate results beneficial to religion. He wrote and published during these years his *Miscellania;* a book of rare value, and one that was peculiarly applicable to circumstances and needs then existing. He had previously introduced into the cathedral parish the admirable society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which there are at the present day eight distinct conferences, with a particular council for their direction, each and all organized for the relief of the poor of

* On the 27th August, 1855, I communicated to the Louisville *Daily Courier*, over the signature of "A Kentucky Catholic," an article in which I endeavored to draw the attention of Mr. Prentice to the reprehensibility of the course he was pursuing. This was the beginning of a series of letters addressed by me to the editor, the replies to which, written, as I learned at a later day, by the late Judge Caleb W. Logan, but assumed by Mr. Prentice, appeared as editorials in the Louisville *Journal.*

† For the reason, possibly, that I was filled with indignation at the time, and was therefore incapable of appreciating the prudence that dictated it, I remember well that this card was peculiarly distasteful to me, as it was to others. There was not an honest and sane man in the city that gave the least credence to either the charge or the insinuation that had been made by the editor. Then, for days together, one might walk the streets without meeting a single Irish or German citizen. Hundreds of these, having previously seen and felt the insane power of the mob, as soon as they could possibly arrange their affairs, moved away from the city altogether.

their parishes. By his advice, and under his direct supervision, the particular council of this society undertook to print, publish and edit a Catholic journal in Louisville to be called *The Catholic Guardian*, the first number of which was issued on May 1, 1858.* The standing that was soon accorded to the paper was, undoubtedly, principally due to Bishop Spalding's frequent contributions to its columns.

THE CIVIL WAR.

There was no one in the country more anxious than Bishop Spalding to see averted from his country the horrors of war. His counsels were always for peace. But when the carnage commenced, then only mitigation of its miseries filled his thoughts. He soon saw the educational establishments of the diocese either closed or languishing from the effects of the all-pervading disaster that was sweeping the country from the Ohio river to the gulf. He saw his own people divided and warring against each other, as was indeed the case with his separated brethren all over the State. Himself a non-combatant, and regarding, as was becoming to him as a minister of Christ and one having charge by virtue of his office over the souls committed to his care, all alike his children in God, he left nothing undone that it was possible for him to do to assuage suffering and to lessen woes that were irremediable through any human agency. "My diocese," he wrote about this time, "is cut in twain; I must attend to souls without getting into angry political discussions."

Early in the war, Louisville became a rendezvous for the soldiery of the North, and the camps of its regiments surrounded the city. There was much sickness among the recruits, and, one after another, hospitals were improvised for the reception of these and their after medical treatment. Miserably deficient were these hospitals in everything that was conducive to the comfort and care of the hapless men who were first introduced into them. This state of things coming to the knowledge of Bishop Spalding, as it soon did, he waited on Gen. Anderson, then commander of the department, and offered him the services of the sisters of charity of Nazareth as nurses and conductors of the federal hospitals of the city. General Anderson was but too glad to enter into the proffered arrangement, and from that time till the exigency was passed, the more important of the military hos-

*The editorial committee charged with the conduct of the *Guardian* was composed of Ben. J. Webb, chairman; Dr. John E. Crowe, William L. Kelly and Dr. J. C. Metcalfe. The first and last named are still residents of Louisville. Wm. L. Kelly, Esq., is a practicing lawyer of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota. Until his lamentable death four years ago, Dr. Crowe had filled for a long term one of the leading chairs in the medical department of the university of Louisville. *The Guardian* was a success from the start, but owing to the blockade of communication with many of its patrons, occasioned by the war, the society was forced to suspend its publication in July, 1862.

pitals of the city were given over by the military authorities to the custody and care of the sisters. *

During the continuance of the war everything in Kentucky was in such a confused state that progression in church affairs was simply impossible. None other in his place could have done more to conserve Catholic interests than did Bishop Spalding, and in this he was supported by his clergy throughout the diocese. The extreme of his trouble was on account of his slackened resources for the support of his seminary at St. Thomas, and the orphan asylum for boys at the same point. Neither of these institutions could be closed without detriment to religion. Happily, he had at the time as superior of the seminary a man of wonderful energy, and one who accounted as nothing privations undergone for Christ and His church. This admirable ecclesiastic was the late Very Rev. F. Chambige, a former seminary classmate of his bishop, and ever thereafter one of the most beloved of his personal friends. By the use of the most rigid economy, but not without many privations on the part of the inmates, both of those institutions were kept up throughout the war." †

On the 8th of July, 1863, Archbishop Kenrick died suddenly in Baltimore, and on June 11th, 1864, Bishop Spalding received the Papal rescript appointing him to the more exalted office thus vacated. It could not have been without painful feelings that Bishop Spalding accepted a trust that would separate him from friends and lifelong associations. He did not hesitate, however, and on the 31st of the following month he took possession of his new See. The after life of Archbishop Spalding needs be scarcely more than referred to here, since

* Three of the sisters died while they were engaged in onerous hospital services in Kentucky, two in Louisville, and one in Paducah. One of the largest of the Louisville hospitals was under charge of Sister Apollonia McGill, of whom I cannot refrain from speaking a word of reverent praise. Circumstances brought her under my notice more than thirty years ago, when she was charged with the conduct of the St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, and her tall, spare and white-capped figure seems as present to me now as when she was living. Together with a pleasant voice, there was something charming in her manner while engaged in nursing the sick that never failed to inspire hope in the minds of her patients. She was a woman of fine personal traits of character and a true religious, much beloved by her sisters of the community, and held in the highest regard by members of the laity who had been the witnesses of her daily routine of unselfish work for God and suffering humanity. The heavy labors she encountered in the government hospital were too much for the physical strength that still remained to her, and soon after her release from its toilsome exactions, she was called to a life wherein no more forever was she to contemplate either suffering or death.

† I happen to know that several of my clerical friends, who have suffered from ill health for years, are in the habit of attributing their present physical condition to the inadequacy and unwholesome character of the food that was provided for their consumption in those days. While these are outspoken in their praise of their superior, whose privations were no less than their own, they cannot help regretting that circumstances so unfavorable should have confronted them at a period of their lives when the absolute reverse is most requisite to after sanitary well-being.

there was little in it that has direct reference to the Church in Kentucky. It will suffice to say that the short term of life that still remained to him, a little more than seven years, was filled with evidences of his zeal in the cause of religion and charity. Through his appeals to the wealthy of the archdiocese, he secured valuable aid to works of Catholic benevolence at home, and also most important contributions to the American college at Rome. In 1867 he was present in Rome at the eighteenth centenary celebration of the Martyrdom of Sts. Peter and Paul; and again, in 1869–70, he was of the number of the princes of the Church assembled in the same city, from all the nations of the world, at the council by which was declared the Catholic doctrine of Papal infallibility. Among those taking part in the proceedings of the Vatican Council, there were few who occupied a more honorable position than did the archbishop of Baltimore.

In November, 1870, Archbishop Spalding returned to his people, by whom he was received with marked demonstrations of affection. He afterwards made a visitation of his diocese, delivered lectures for the benefit of local charities, and did much to secure to his entire flock the spiritual advantages of the jubilee celebrations authorized by rescript of the Holy Father on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Papacy. Though apparently in good health, the archbishop had been a sufferer from physical disease the greater part of his life. There had been no stage of his existence, from childhood to the present time, in which he had not been called upon to battle against disease in one or another of its forms. So often before his last illness, had he been brought to the confines of the grave, that when it became known to his friends in Kentucky, early in the year 1872, that there was little hope of his recovery from the sickness with which he had been seized, there were many among them who refused to believe that the days of his usefulness were accomplished. There is something that is singularly pathetic, and even more consoling than pathetic, in the account given in his life of the archbishop by the bishop of Peoria, of the scenes that were witnessed by his attendants while he lay, patient and suffering, waiting for his final release. That release came at length, and it was preceded by visions that are only vouchsafed by heaven to those who, having served God with fidelity, have also by their good works made sure their election. His death took place on the 7th of February, 1872. *

* Though I had previously known Dr. Spalding, my better acqaintance with him began in 1836, as elsewhere related. From that time to the end of his life, I may say, he exhibited toward me both consideration and kindness. Having opportunites so favorable, it would be singular if I had not formed and held opinions concerning him that I should now regard as worthy of mention and transcription. What I have here to say has reference altogether to his personal and social characteristics. One of the most charming of these was his unreserve when in the presence of well known friends. Though there was nothing at any time of hauteur or stiffness in his manners, he did not lack for dignity on all proper occasions. But when surrounded by his clergy at his own table, or when visiting the families of his Catholic friends, he appeared to retain

CHAPTER XLII.

VERY REV. B. J. SPALDING, ADMINISTRATOR.

When Bishop Spalding was transferred to the archiepiscopal See of Baltimore in 1864, the administration of ecclesiastical affairs in the diocese of Louisville fell into the hands of his brother, Very Rev. Benedict J. Spalding, than whom there was not at the time a clergyman in the State who was possessed of greater administrative capabilities. "Father Ben," as he was endearingly called by his friends, both of the clergy and the laity, was born in Washington, now Marion county, in the year 1812. As was the case with his distinguished brother, he was primarily educated at St. Mary's college, whence he was transferred, most likely in the year 1828, to the diocesan seminary at Bardstown. In 1832 he was sent to Rome, where he entered the college of the Propaganda, in which his brother was then a student of theology. In 1837, he was ordained priest in Rome, together, as is supposed, with the late Rev. Charles Blank, the first pastor of the church of St. Boniface, Louisville. Returning home in the latter part of the year named, his first service was given to the theological seminary, where he remained as a teacher for a number of months. His next position was that of agent, or *économe*, for the college of St. Joseph, Bardstown. Here it was, most likely, that he acquired his acknowledged talent as an administrator of temporalities. After the death of Rev. E. W. Powell in 1830, he became associated with his friend, the late Rev. John B. Hutchins, in the conduct of the collegiate school of Mount Merino, in Breckinridge county. He was recalled to St. Joseph's college in 1842, where, for two years, he filled the responsible position of vice-president of that institution. From 1844 to 1849 he was pastor of St. Joseph's church and congregation,

just as little of this quality as was consistent with his position and existing surroundings. No one ever had a better faculty for putting at ease the company in which he found himself. He was no monopolizer of conversation, but rather sought to induce others to talk; and through their trust in him the most timid were led to trust in themselves. He was fond of children, and it was a common thing to see him surrounded by small coteries of these, even on the street. He was open to all manner of service for his friends, and where encouragement was needed, he was constant in endeavor to give strength to the flagging will. In more than one instance was I indebted to him for sterling advice in matters wherein, if I ever did anything worthy of the remembrance of my Catholic brethren, I had failed altogether but for his earnest commendation of my work. I allude to the controversy engaged in by me with Mr. Prentice in 1855, and to my editorial conduct of the *Catholic Guardian*, in 1858-61.

Bardstown, some time during the year last named he was transferred to Louisville, where, upon the accession of Dr. John McGill to the episcopacy, he was named rector of the cathedral and vicar-general.

Bishop Spalding, possibly better than any one else, knew wherein lay the stronger capabilities of his brother, and never did he evince better judgment than in this appointment. He was engaged in an undertaking—the building of a cathedral—that demanded for its success, time that he could not spare from still more important objects, and talents which there had been no opportunity for him to cultivate. Father Ben, on the contrary, aside from the fact that he was practical of his very nature, had experience in matters of business that had been forced upon him since he became a priest, and which were absolutely necessary to the successful issue of his enterprise. Never were the temporalities of a diocese more wisely and economically administered than were those of Louisville under the direction of Father Ben. Spalding. In his hands there was neither waste of means nor parsimony in necessary expenditure. And neither was there submission to exactions, no matter by whom presented.

Upon the accession of the late Rt. Rev. Peter Joseph Lavialle to the bishopric in September, 1865, Father Spalding was retained in the office to which his brother had appointed him, and upon the death of that pious prelate in May, 1867, he was again charged by his superiors with the administratorship of the diocese. Never had been Father Spalding more equal to the duties incidental to his position than he was at this time. He was in robust health, and there was nothing so complex in diocesan affairs as to give him cause for worry, or even uneasiness. For the nearly fifteen months of the second term of his administratorship, there was neither complaint that he had exacted from the clergy under his authority other than rightful and reasonable service, nor from the laity that he had failed to subserve their interests and needs to the full extent of his power. His death was a truly tragic one. While in deep sleep, the furnishings of his bed were swayed by the air from an open window against a burning gas-jet, and in a moment these were all in a blaze. When he awoke to his situation, it was also to the painful consciousness that he had been burned in a horrible manner. This happened on the night of the 2nd of August, 1868, and on the evening of the 4th, death relieved him of his sufferings. The writer's estimate of the character of Dr. Ben. Spalding was given to the public through the columns of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in the issue of that paper of August 6th, 1868. A few extracts from this article are here appended:

"The time when I first knew Dr. Spalding has been swallowed up by so many intervening years that it is difficult for me to say when we were strangers to each other. The dear coffined head, with its scattered and whitened hairs, was then, I well know, black and glossy, and the staid and deliberate step with which, but a few days ago, he trod the streets of our city, was as elastic as were his own hopes. For thirty years he has been to me as a brother, a dear, confiding, trusting

brother. This I had still remembered, though I had forgotten all else that concerned him and was far more creditable to him as a man and a priest. . . . Nature gave to him a mind that was at once clear and comprehensive, and a heart that was never out of accord with those social virtues which ennoble humanity. It was his lot, doubtless, as it has been that of all who are guided by principle in their intercourse with their fellows, to be often misunderstood. He may have regretted this, but he never complained of it. None that truly knew him ever misunderstood him; in whatever he did or said, they never distrusted him or the purity of his motives. In the service he rendered to the Church his usefulness was as great as it was widely acknowledged. He was not only a sound theologian, but he was filled with that *amor ecclesiæ* which looks to whatever is calculated to give character to the christian ministry. . . . In the many local councils of the clergy of Kentucky, whenever were deliberated questions pertaining to the wants of the diocese and the inadequacy of the means in hand to the supply of these wants, no mind was so potent as his in devising measures that were best calculated to sustain and protect the interests of religion. He had a peculiar talent for finance, and for this reason he was kept, for the greater part of his ministerial life, engaged in overlooking and directing the temporalities of the Church in Kentucky. This fact led many to suppose that he was more taken up with worldly concerns than was consistent with his priestly character. All these, I am convinced, overlooked considerations they should have remembered. Churches cannot be built without money; neither, without it, can seminaries be endowed, or school-houses, hospitals and orphanages be built and kept up. He was industrious always in striving to accumulate means, but in this he pandered to no selfish motive. He was guided and controlled habitually by the motive that had led him to the priesthood, the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. He may have blundered often. Who has not? But whatever his errors, they were errors of judgment; and I can say of him truly, a less selfish man I have never known. . . .

"Father Ben. Spalding inherited from his father a handsome estate, and this, notwithstanding the fact that his benefactions have been liberal, has no doubt tripled in value through his careful management. It is now many years since he informed me that it was his purpose to devote his estate to a charitable use."*

* By his will, his entire estate was left to his brother, Archbishop Spalding, in trust, to be used for charitable objects in the diocese of Louisville.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RT. REV. PETER JOSEPH LAVIALLE.

The third bishop of Louisville, Right Rev. Peter Joseph Lavialle, was of the nationality of the first, a Frenchman by birth.* He was born in the village of Lavialle, near Mauriac, province of Auvergne, in 1820. He studied for the ministry in his own country, but before he had reached the age required by the canons for priestly ordination, he was persuaded by his relative, Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat, to come to Kentucky. He reached Louisville in 1841, and soon afterwards entered the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, near Bardstown. He was ordained priest in 1844, and from that time to the year 1849 he was attached to the pastorate of the cathedral of St. Louis, Louisville. In the year last named he was given a professorship in the seminary of St. Thomas, Nelson county, in which position he remained for several years, and until, in 1856, he was induced by Bishop Spalding to assume the presidency of St. Mary's college, Marion county. The bulls for his appointment to the then vacant See of Louisville, received by him in 1865, found him still occupying this position. His consecration took place in the cathedral of the Assumption, Louisville, on Sunday, September 24th, 1865.

Of few men can it be more truthfully said than of Bishop Lavialle, *the measure of his usefulness was as the measure of his strength strained to its utmost limit.* Whatever was his position, the fulfillment of its duties absorbed his every faculty. Circumstances brought him directly under the notice of the writer when, in the 22d year of his age, he was for a few months domiciled with his relative, Dr. Chabrat, in the episcopal residence adjoining the then cathedral church of St. Louis, Louisville. There was then something in his appearance and ways that was irresistibly attractive. He was seeking at the time to overcome certain difficulties he had met with in his study of the

* Of the five prelates, who, up to the year 1868, when the present occupant of the See, Rt. Rev. William McCloskey, was consecrated, exercised spiritual jurisdiction in the diocese, four were Frenchmen, and one a Kentuckian. These were, in the order of their consecration and of their demise or resignation, first, Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, consecrated in 1810, died in 1850; second, Rt. Rev. John B. David, coadjutor, consecrated in 1819, died in 1841; third, Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, coadjutor, consecrated in 1834, resigned in 1847; fourth, Rt. Rev. Martin John Spalding, coadjutor, consecrated in 1848, succeeded to the bishopric in 1850, transferred to the archiepiscopal See of Baltimore in 1864, died in 1872; fifth, Rt. Rev. Peter Joseph Lavialle, consecrated in 1865, died in 1867.

English vernacular, more particularly in respect to pronunciation. He was an apt and willing pupil, but he had contracted a habit of speech that was irradicable, and to the end of his days Gallicism clung to him as a vesture out of which there was no withdrawal. He was then a slightly built, smooth-faced youth, diffident in manner, and wearing a cast of features that was suggestive of purity and truth, and no less of piety and humility.

When he returned to Louisville, two years later, clothed with authority to speak in the name of the Divine Master to whom he had pledged his life and all his faculties, he entered upon his pastoral duties with an enthusiasm that was well calculated to win souls to the practice of virtue, and that knew no abatement during the five years afterwards devoted by him to ministerial work. His seven years of service in the diocesan seminary were equally fruitful of good results. So, when he took upon himself the difficult task of raising to its old-time standard of usefulness and renown the college of St. Mary's, the effects of his admirable management were as plainly to be seen as they were suggestive of a renewed career of prosperity for the venerable institution. Twice before had the name of Father Lavialle been presented to Rome as that of one worthy of episcopal honors, and once the bulls for his consecration were placed in his hands. Wholly unambitious of prominence in the church, and singularly distrustful of his own merits and capabilities, he was filled with dismay when this appointment came to his knowledge. Upon what plea it was that he sought and was accorded relief from the responsibility he dreaded, the writer does not know. But he did succeed in averting what he must have feared would be a calamity to the Church in his adopted country. It was different a few years later, when he was called to a like position in the diocese of Louisville. Now, so at least it is said, his appointment was coupled with a command that it should be accepted. This command was received by him as the revelation of God's will, and his consecration followed, taking place in the cathedral of the Assumption on the 24th day of September, 1865.

The episcopal life of Bishop Lavialle covered but a short space in time, barely one year, four months and seventeen days; but rarely in the history of human endeavor has any one so circumstanced, filled its equivalent with labors that were more beneficial to his people, or more demonstrative of the idea, *all for God, nothing for self.* Catholics, to their praise be it spoken, are always ready to accord to their spiritual rulers the homage that is presupposed to be their due, not merely from immemorial usage, but from bounden duty as prescribed by Christ Himself, and as held of christian obligation by the Church He established on earth. But there have been prelates in the past, as there will undoubtedly be in the future, to whom has been and will be accorded a less or greater share of this homage because of accidental circumstances. It is a tendency of human nature to seek and take pride in that precise character of representation that most accords with its natural desires and inclinations. Catholics, no less frequently than

others, would appear to be forgetful at times of the fact that the criterions established in worldly affairs are in no wise applicable to Church government. Men are rightly called upon, in this country, at least, to use both judgment and discretion in their choice of civil rulers. Not only does a different rule apply in the economy of God and His Church, but of right, and out of simple consistency, it is meet that it should be so. Our rulers in spirituals have their commissions from God Himself, and from Him is derived all their sufficiency. Shall Catholics murmur when they are unable to discover in their pastors and spiritual guides those attributes of mind that ordinarily lead to pre-eminence in worldly callings? Those of them who think they are justified in doing this, are not only blind to reasonable inference, but they are blind likewise to the teachings of revelation.

Bishop Lavialle was a man to whom no one accorded the possession of extraordinary natural talents. He was not eloquent in the pulpit, and neither was he forcible as a writer. Judged by the standard of the world, he was a plain man with practical ideas. But he was in reality much more than all this. He was a man of God, and he labored, not with dependence upon his own strength, but with the assurance that what was lacking to him therein would be supplied by Him from whom was derived his commission.

Referring to Bishop Lavialle a few days after the date of his death, the writer thus expressed himself in an account he then gave to the press of his life and labors in the diocese of Louisville:

"It is scarcely necessary, in the presence of the Catholics of Louisville, that I should refer to his labors since he was charged with the episcopacy. The results of these are everywhere before them. . . . Not even the smallest congregation in the diocese has failed to receive the benefits of his personal attention, and there is not a religious house or educational establishment under the jurisdiction of the See that he has not visited, some of them more than once, and where his presence has not brought renewed spiritual life. It would seem as if he had taken for his motto the words of his Divine Master as recorded by St. John: 'I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.' Certain it is that he allowed himself no rest until his physical condition, broken down with unceasing toil, became too delicate to admit of further drafts upon its strength. On his return, a few months ago, from his last visitation of his diocese, it was apparent to every one, even to himself, that nature could no longer bear the strain, and that he must, at least for a time, retire from the unequal contest. After remaining for several weeks at the St. Joseph's infirmary, Louisville, he was induced by his friends, who were hopeful that the change would prove beneficial, to place himself under the care of the sisters of charity at Nazareth, near Bardstown. At first he appeared to rally, but it was soon seen that his disease was too deeply seated for eradication. He continued gradually to sink until, on the evening of the 11th of May, he calmly expired. . .

"The evidences of one's vocation are generally of easy recognition. In the case of Bishop Lavialle they were apparent to all who had opportunities to observe his manner of life. The responsibilities he had assumed were as objects that were ever present to his sight and to his understanding. With him, body and soul, heart and mind, were as holocausts freely offered to the Divine Head of the Church for his own sanctification and that of his people. He had proposed shortly to visit Rome with a number of his episcopal brothers of other sections of the Union, and he often spoke of the pleasure he was looking forward to when he should again be privileged to look into the face of his aged mother in far-away France. This fond mother, so he had been told, was even then busily employing her hands in making preparations for the reception of her honored son and expected guest. Even had he recovered from his illness and been privileged to revisit the home of his childhood, he would have found there no maternal greeting. She had preceded him by a few weeks to a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The obsequies of Bishop Lavialle took place in the cathedral of the Assumption on the Thursday following the day of his death. There were present in the sanctuary at the time two archbishops, Most. Rev. J. B. Purcell, of Cincinnati, and Most Rev. R. P. Kenrick, of St. Louis, and five bishops, viz: de St. Palais, of Vincennes; Luers, of Fort Wayne; Carrell, of Covington; Rosecrans, of Cincinnati, and Feehan, of Nashville.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CATHOLICITY IN SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.

Previous to the year 1850, the number of Catholic families residing south of the Green and Barren rivers, and along the line of the present Louisville and Nashville railroad, could have been counted on the fingers of one's hands. In Bowling Green, the chief city of the section referred to, there were certainly not over a half-dozen families at that day, and it is known there were but two living in Franklin, Simpson county, the next most important place in the section referred to. At this latter point, years before, the earlier Catholic missionaries of the State had found hospitable entertainment at the houses of Lawrence and John Finn, Irish Catholics, who had settled in Franklin as early as the year 1830. These two were not only men of energy and worth, but they were Catholics in practice as well as in name. They were exemplars of a principle in ethics that deserves the consideration of all Catholic young men living in communities almost exclusively non-Catholic. They were not weak enough to suppose that the respect of these was to be purchased by any species of time-service. Their position in the religious world was at no time a matter of question, whether publicly asked or privately whispered. On all proper occasions, they were as bold to declare their faith as they were to explain and defend it. They lived their religion, and it was but natural that the observers of their manner of life should have contracted habits of respect for the faith which, they could but see, had not only made of them men of honor and probity, but had habituated them to gentleness and courtesy in their intercourse with their fellow-citizens. It was to these two, primarily, that was afterwards due the respectable position of Catholicity in the county of Simpson.

John and Lawrence Finn were brothers. The former represented Simpson county in the State legislature from 1836 to 1838. Of him, the writer had little personal knowledge, but his acquaintance with the elder brother was long and intimate, beginning in 1836, and ending with his death, only a few years ago. Lawrence Finn was a man of much force of character, popular in his manners, and of more than ordinary culture. In matters referring to dogma in religion, he was especially well-informed. Among his personal friends of the county of Simpson, was the late Hon. Beverly L. Clark, afterwards minister of the United States to Guatemala and Honduras, with whom he had many conversations on religious subjects. These, it is generally conceded, had their later fruits in the conversion of Mr. Clark while on

his death-bed at the seat of his distant mission, and subsequently, in that of several members of his family. Another of his converts, similarly influenced, was the late R. D. Salmon, Esq., a man of great intelligence and influence in the county.*

Forty years ago, when he was in his prime, Lawrence Finn was personally known to almost the entire clerical body of the diocese, and not another in the State had a greater share of their confidence and respect. An observer all his life, and an incessant reader, he had treasured up in his mind much that was of general interest, and few men were better able to attract attention by his fine conversational powers. His epitaph might read: An Irish gentleman who adorned American society; a Catholic christian who illustrated his faith by his works.

The building of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, in the latter half of the decade ending with the year 1860, brought to the section of country indicated hundreds of Catholic laborers, whose position in a religious point of view was pitiable in the extreme. Up to that time, the few Catholic families living in the district had been visited at long intervals by Rev. E. J. Durbin; but now so greatly had their numbers increased, that an effort was made to secure for them a pastor. Early in the year 1856 a delegation of Catholic residents of Bowling Green waited on Bishop Spalding and implored him to send them a priest, in order that themselves and their families might be enabled to fulfil their religious obligations. This delegation was composed of Maurice Higgins, John Barry and Daniel O'Sullivan. In answer to their petition, and with as little delay as possible, the prelate named sent to Bowling Green the late Rev. Patrick Bambury, a zealous priest, whose missionary life in Kentucky, previous to that date, had been passed in Western Kentucky. † There being no church at the time in Bowling Green, his chapel was the parlor of the house occupied by Daniel O'Sullivan, still living, and now a resident of the city of Louisville. Father Bambury did what he could for the Catholic people of his extended mission, and when he was forced by physical ailments to resign his charge, there was lamentation throughout its borders.

Early in the year 1859, Bishop Spalding appointed a pastor for Southern Kentucky whose name has since become familiar to its Catholic population. In that year Father Joseph De Vries was removed from

* From a clergyman who had exceptional opportunities of acquiring knowledge of Mr. Salmon and his manner of life, I learn much that has greatly enhanced my former respect for his memory. In the words of my informant, "in becoming a Catholic, Mr. Salmon surrendered his whole being and faculties to the service of God. What he could do to lead other minds to the knowledge of the truth, that he did; and the exactness and regularity by which was marked his daily existence, caused men to feel that the sincerity of his convictions was beyond question."

† Father Bambury's health was poor at the time. Two years later, he returned to Ireland, where his death took place some time in the year 1859. The few of his still living friends with whom I have conversed, speak in unstinted terms of praise of his fidelity to every trust reposed in him.

his pastorship of the church he had erected in Hodgensville, and given charge of the entire mission of Southern Kentucky, with his headquarters at Bowling Green. At the time named, the principal Catholic residents of that town were: Daniel O'Sullivan, Maurice Higgins, John Barry, James Dugan, Frank Keister, John McNamara, Patrick McNamara, Richard, Michael and David Sullivan, Patrick Nolan, Peter Kelly, James Flynn, Michael and P. H. Sohan, Michael McCauliffe, Daniel and Bartholomew O'Reagan, Thomas Hyland, John Welsh, William Warren, John, Timothy and William Hogan, George Lehman, Patrick Guinan, John Burke, John Moran, John Galvin, Daniel O'Reilly and Jas. Donaldson.

The outlying mission, attached to the pastorate, covered at the time the counties of Warren, Simpson, Christian, Logan, Barren and Allen, in each of which there were resident Catholics. During the first months of his residence in Bowling Green, Father De Vries contiued to say his daily mass, when at home, in the parlor of Mr. O'Sullivan's house. Soon, however, he was enabled to put up a temporary chapel of boards, which sufficed for the needs of the congregation until, with the assistance of his faithful people, he caused to be erected the first church of St. Joseph, dedicated to the service of God in the summer of 1862, by Rev. P. J. Lavialle, afterwards bishop of Louisville. *

The lot upon which the church of St. Joseph was erected was a gift to the congregation from a liberal non-Catholic, Euclid Covington, Esq.

Bowling Green was a strategetic point at the beginning of the civil war, and at no time during the long continued strife was it free from the presence of soldiery. While this fact could not but have filled the pastor's days with anxiety, and sometimes with real distress, the very arduousness of the labors it entailed was not without its consolations. It is precisely under such circumstances that the good priest finds himself strengthened to do his Master's work and to serve his people.

The year immediately preceding the war had brought to both Bowling Green and Franklin a marked increase in the numbers of their Catholic residents. Many of those who had accumulated something by their labor expended in the service of the railway company, settled down in one or the other of these towns and began the construction of their individual fortunes in business life. After the war, there was a still more decided influx of Catholics to both places.

As early as 1863, Father De Vries was fortunate enough to secure for Bowling Green a colony of the sisters of charity of Nazareth. Under the wise and judicious management of their local superior, Sister Constantia Robinson, lately deceased, the sisterhood had soon in operation a most excellent school, to which was given the name of St. Columba's academy, and this institution is now one of the most

* My informant tells me that the liberality shown by the Catholic laborers employed on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, from the day the church of St. Joseph was begun to that upon which it was opened for divine service, was most praiseworthy. On pay-days, they thronged the pastoral residence, all eager to help along the work to the full measure of their ability.

flourishing of the numerous branch establishments of the mother-house at Bardstown.

In 1867, Father De Vries built a comfortable presbytery adjoining the church of St. Joseph; and he began the same year the erection of the church of St. Mary, at Franklin.*

Catholicity in Bowling Green has shown much development since 1867. Three years later, the zealous pastor undertook the erection of a much larger and better appointed church edifice, of which he was then enabled only to make a beginning. This new church was finished this present year, and its solemn dedication, at the hands of Rt. Rev. William McCloskey, took place on the 30th of April, 1884.

*This church was afterwards finished under the pastorate of Rev. James Ryan.

CHAPTER XLV.

REV. ROBERT A. ABELL—1834–1873.

In 1834, as the reader will remember, Rev. Robert A. Abell was removed from Louisville to Lebanon, Marion county, Kentucky, where a more commodious church edifice had come to be a necessity. Born within a short distance of the town, known to everybody, and held in deserved respect by the entire population of the county, it would be no difficult task for him, so his bishop supposed, to raise whatever aid was needed for the accomplishment of the work. The times were hard, however, and though the pastor was at once industrious and persevering, it was not till 1837 that the new church of St. Augustine was ready for dedication. It presented a handsome appearance, and both pastor and people entered upon its occupancy with grateful hearts.*

Father Abell's pastorate in Lebanon continued to the year 1840, when he was named by his bishop, vice-president of St. Joseph's college. With the college youths, he was a popular official, but it is regarded as doubtful if his employment was pleasing to himself. He had been too long engaged in the performance of missionary work to take kindly to that which was purely administrative. Be this as it may, he resigned his place in the college in the fall of 1844, and was returned to missionary labors. A few months later, he was given charge of the congregation at New Haven, Nelson county.

New Haven was not then a new town by any means; and though having in the village and its immediate neighborhood a considerable number of Catholic residents, it was without a church. Forty years before, it had been a shipping point of some importance to the trade

* The pastorate of St. Augustine's after 1840, went into the hands of the late Very Rev. D. A. Deparcq, who held the position for ten years. During the greater part of that time, his pastorship extended also to the churches of Holy Mary's, on the Rolling Fork; St. Bernard's, on Casey creek, and St. Patrick's, in Danville. Later pastors of St. Augustine's were: Rev. James Quinn, the Jesuit fathers of St. Mary's college, Rev. Daniel Cull, Rev. A. A. Aud, Rev. John B. Hutchins, Rev. Patrick Cassidy, Rev. Ivo Schacht, Rev. D. I. O'Donovan, Rev. J. F. Reed, Rev. Dominic Crane and the present occupant of the post, Rev. P. de Fraine. The late Joseph Spalding, Esq., a half-brother of Archbishop Spalding, left at his death, the present year, a handsome legacy to the congregation of St. Augustine. In the fifty years that have elapsed since the death of Father Nerinckx, the congregation of Holy Mary's, Marion county, one of the older of the churches of the State, has been served by Fathers Deparcq, Quinn, Aud, Abell, Cull and others. The present pastor of the church is Rev. P. J. Lacoste.

of the country; and, at about that period, there had been erected there, immediately on the bank of the little river that skirts its borders, a large warehouse, designed for the storage of commodities previous to shipment South during the spring and autumn freshets. Busy scenes were to be witnessed from the banks of the Rolling Fork on these occasions. Where there had before been a diminutive stream was now to be seen a flood of waters capable of bearing up flat-boats of many tons burden, all deeply laden, and ready to begin their passage-way through the little and great rivers of the State, on to the majestic "father of waters," and down his mighty torrent to the commercial marts of the South.

The proprietor of the warehouse referred to above was one Sam. Pottinger, a notable character in his day, of whom the late Rev. John B. Hutchins used to relate the anecdote that follows:

For fully three parts of the year, Mr. Pottinger's warehouse was unused for storage purposes; and at such times its owner was in the habit of granting its occupancy to one or another of the Protestant ministers of the day for local preaching. Among those to whom he had most frequently accorded this privilege, was a preacher named Downs. Minister Downs was an enthusiast. He had grown tired, it is to be supposed, of preaching to sinners the gospel of repentance, and he longed for an opportunity to break a lance with the Pope, or, at least, with one of his representatives. No sooner had this idea taken possession of his mind, than he addressed a challenge to Father John B. David to meet him at Sam. Pottinger's storage-house on a given day, and there to discuss with him the relative credibility of their distinct forms of religious faith. Brother Downs' theological knowledge was very limited; but, as is usually the case with the least proficient in the science, his self-confidence was measureless. Father David, on the other hand, was not only a profound scholar, but he was by far the ablest expounder of the science of theology then in the State. He accepted the preacher's challenge very willingly; for it is to be remarked of him that he very rarely failed to respond favorably to cartels of the kind. He was excusable in this instance, as in others; for if there ever was a priest in Kentucky who allowed himself little time for recreation, that priest was the founder of the seminary of St. Thomas. It was about his only amusement to lead to their discomfiture the aggressive and self-poised enemies of his religion.

The day of trial came at length, and the warehouse on the bank of the river was packed with people from rostrum to doorway. Before the speaking began, the proprietor of the warehouse thus addressed the preacher: "See here, Downs! if you are going to let the priest get ahead of you in this fight, you can look out for another place to preach in; for just as sure as that happens, I am going to let the Catholics keep church here as often as they want to."

The discussion began and proceeded; but it was one-sided from the first. Brother Downs very soon came to the conclusion that he had committed the blunder of his life. His unsupported assertions

were met by proofs of their falsity from standard authorities, both Protestant and Catholic; his quotations from the Bible were shown to be either meaningless or irrelevant when applied to the points under discussion; he was made to contradict himself; and finally, involved in a labyrinth of incongruities from which there was no escape, he threw himself upon his dignity and refused to continue the discussion. Mr. Pottinger was as good as his word; and from that day, the Catholics of the vicinity were privileged to hear mass, at least once a month, in the warehouse on the bank of the river.

Formerly the resident Catholic population of New Haven district had been served from Holy Cross church, but for years before Father Abell's successful attempt to put up a church in the town, it had been under the pastoral charge of the reverend gentlemen of the seminary of St. Thomas. This arrangement had been found inconvenient in many respects. As the Catholic body increased in numbers, calls to the sick had become more frequent; and these, owing to the distance to be traversed between the town and the seminary, were sometimes delayed until there was danger of death before the presence of a priest could be secured. Between the Catholic people of the town and the bishop coadjutor consultation was held, and this eventuated in the appointment of Father Abell to the pastorate, and the subsequent erection by him of the fairly commodious church of St. Catharine, the dedication of which took place on the 24th of September, 1848.

If the writer has not been misinformed, Father Abell's connection with the parish of New Haven ended about the year 1860. For years previously he had been suffering from a painful form of sciatica, and this had now grown so serious as to interfere with his locomotion. Fully aware of his condition, Bishop Spalding, sorely in need as he was of priestly service in many congregations of the diocese, felt that the venerable priest was entitled to a rest. For nearly ten years after his retirement from St. Catharine's, Father Abell made his temporary home with one or another of his relatives, mostly with those living near the church of Holy Mary on the Rolling Fork, almost within sight of which was the spot upon which he was born. Before following up the story of his remaining years, however, the writer would refer here, very briefly, to the after history of the parish of St. Catharine's in which had been past the last years of his missionary life.

The second regular pastor sent to the Catholic people of New Haven was the late Francis de Meulder, a priest whose laborious and sanctified life was a wonder of edification to all who were fortunate enough to come within the sphere of its influence. He was of the number of Flemish priests first introduced to the country through the American college at Louvain, and the second of these to lay down his life while serving on the missions of the diocese. If there ever was a priest in Kentucky who was absolutely regardless of self in the prosecution of his ministry, such a priest was Father de Meulder. Simple as a child, humble as a saint, filled with zeal that was truly apostolic, and bearing with cheerful resignation the afflicting ailment

that pursued him to his grave, the writer is unable to recall a single one of the many priests by whose friendship he was honored, whose entire character was more consistently upright, christian and sacerdotal. After the war, Father de Meulder established a school for colored children in New Haven, which is still conducted by sisters from Loretto.

In the fall of 1872, Father de Meulder was removed by Bishop McCloskey to Louisville, and given charge of the then recently constructed church of St. Augustine, put up for the special use of the large colored element of the Catholic population of Louisville. On the 18th of March, 1873, wishing to be present at the celebration of the patronal feast of the church at New Haven, of which he had been pastor for so many years, he left on the train of that day for the place named; and either on the evening of the 18th, or the morning of the 19th, he was stricken with paralysis. He lived for several years, a confirmed invalid, and died at the hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth a few years ago.*

Returning to the subject proper of this chapter, we find Father Abell thus alluded to in several of the directories published previous to the year 1870: "Rev. Robt. Abell, retired from the active exercise of the holy ministry, in consequence of age and infirmities, resides near the church, (that of Holy Mary's), and preaches occasionally." This note scarcely represents in their integrity the labors that engaged much of the venerable missionary's so-called season of rest, during the term of its continuance. He was in the habit, throughout this long interval of years, of answering calls for special service, not only from pastors of souls stationed not far distant from his temporary abode, but from others having charges in Louisville and other parts of the State. Some time previous to his retirement from active duty, he had sold to Bishop Spalding, in consideration of a small annuity that barely sufficed for his maintenance, the only piece of property he was ever known to possess—a house and lot in the city of Louisville, in and

* On one or two occasions I was happy enough to have Father De Muelder for my guest. Remembering now his life of unselfish devotion to the interests of God's people, I feel as if, in very truth, I had entertained an angel unawares. By his will, he left to Dr. McCloskey, bishop of Louisville, a lot of land in New Haven, "in trust for a chapel and school-house to be used forever by the colored Catholic children" of that parish. The remainder of his little property he left "to the use of the hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth," and to "the Nazareth sisterhood."

Since 1837, the Catholic people of New Haven have been served by their present pastor, Rev. A. Viala, under whose energetic pastorate the congregation has become noted throughout the diocese for its Catholic spirit, and its faithful observance of religious duty. Aided by a member of his congrgation who has always exhibited most wraiseworthy interest in the Catholic charities of the State, Father Viala is now engaged in constructing a new church. When finished, as it soon will be, St. Catharine's will be not only one of the handsomest church edifices of the diocese, but its dimensions will be ample for the comfortable accommodation of the Catholic people of the parish for many years to come.

upon which he had lived while occupying the position of pastor of St. Louis' church and congregation. It was not of his nature to live idly; and when it so happened that his means were equal to the costs of a jaunt to the city, where he was sure to find something to do, or to the parsonage of some disabled or overworked parish incumbent located elsewhere, he rarely failed to take advantage of the opportunity to make himself useful.

For the reason, possibly, that the greater number of his friends of the clergy were stationed in Louisville, or because he was naturally inclined to renew the interrupted associations formed in his early ministry with numbers of persons who were his parishioners when he was the only priest in that city, it was to Louisville most frequently his steps were directed when he felt inclined to peregrination.

Father Abell was a poor physiognomist; and, as a consequence, he was often victimized by persons who carried in their faces the indelible marks of their inborn roguery. On the other hand, he would fancy, not unfrequently, the existence of evil traits in a man from some peculiarity in the conformation of his visage that reminded him of one or another species of animal for which he had an aversion. Judgment of character so formed, was, of course, much more likely to be erroneous than truthful. He was at times, too, outspoken in telling men what his impressions were concerning them; and he did not seem to feel that there was any impropriety in such revelations of his thoughts. When told by his friends, however, that he had pronounced rash judgment, or wounded sensibility, no one ever went to greater lengths to eradicate the wrongful impression he had made. The following anecdote will illustrate this peculiarity of his mind:

On a certain occasion, Father Abell, after a long absence from the city, came to Louisville and stopped with his old friend, the late Rev. Walter S. Coomes, then, and up to the day of his death, chaplain of St. Vincent's orphan asylum. Between the two, as has been hitherto observed, there was a bond of friendship commensurate in its duration with their long service in the sacred ministry. They were much alike in their reverence for truth, and in their contempt of riches; in their zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls, and in their incorruptible integrity; but they were very unlike in intellectual activity and force of character. Whilst Father Abell, in manner, action and utterance, was always bold and demonstrative, his friend was retiring in manner, cautious in speech, and forbearing to the verge of timidity. They loved each other, however, and it was pleasant to see them together in their old age, and to hear them recount passages in their lives that had their occurrence when they were both young in the priesthood. On the occasion referred to, the pair were conversing together in "Father Watty's" room, when they were waited on by a couple of priests of the city, who had called to pay their respects to the oldest living member of their order in the diocese. Deferring an introduction, Father Coomes turned to his friend and said:

"Father Abell, these are friends of mine, priests of good standing

in the city, and before making them known to you by name, I want you to tell me, if you can, from what country or countries they came."

It is necessary to state here that the facial lines of both priests were clearly indicative of their Teutonic origin. Glancing at the younger of the two, Father Abell said: "This diminutive young gentleman is an Italian; he has all the national characteristics, even to the shrug." "As for you," he continued, turning to the elder who was looking at him with a somewhat distorted visage, put on for the moment with the evident design of deceiving his inquisitor's judgment, "I acknowledge myself to be lost in doubt; but I can tell you, sir, that your face reminds me strangely of that of the skunk."

Father Coomes was greatly shocked; and his embarrassment was only mollified when he saw that his city clerical friend was not disposed to resent as an insult the offensive comparison that had been instituted. After his guests had taken their leave, however, he was quick to give expression to his regret that his friend should have been guilty of such a breach of good manners as he had just witnessed; to all of which, Father Abell listened in bewildered astonishment. He had not purposed to wound feeling, and he was unable to see that he had done so. The sequel of the incident recorded was in no wise different from what had ordinarily followed like exhibitions of bad taste, wherein he had unwittingly given offense to others. He never referred to the incident itself, but he took infinite pains to remove any wrongful impression his words might have created in the mind of his stranger clerical brother, by exhibitions of kindly interest, as well in himself as in his special ministerial labors.

It was in 1872 that Father Abell was induced to accept the chaplaincy of the establishment known as the St. Joseph's infirmary, Louisville. At this time, though he was in the eightieth year of his age, his physical condition appeared to be better than it had been for years. He walked erectly, and without any indication of bodily weakness. Mentally, as indicated by his sermons, preached by invitation in one or another of the city churches, and especially in his familiar conversations with his friends, he was as bright as ever, and as equal to the incitement of interest.

There was not a priest in the diocese who took more interest than did Father Abell in the subject of Catholic education. Whenever it was possible for him to do so, more particularly in his old age than in his prime, he encouraged by his presence at their yearly public examinations and exhibitions, the conductors of the diocesan seminary and all the other educational institutions of the diocese. The story of the last days of his life, in this connection, is a remarkable one. Between the 14th day of July, 1873, and the day of his death, exactly two weeks later, he attended the public examinations of that year held at the diocesan seminary, Bardstown, the academies of the Presentation and Mount St. Benedict, Louisville, and the college of St. Mary, Marion county; and but for having missed the train on that occasion, he would have been present at the closing exercises of the session at

Nazareth academy, near Bardstown. Everywhere, of course, he was invited to address the pupils of the schools, and this service he rendered most acceptably and most felicitously in each instance. On one of the occasions referred to, the writer was present, and at no time had he seen him when he gave evidence of being better able to please those whom he addressed.

The death of Father Abell was as sudden as it was unexpected. On the morning of the 28th of June, 1873, he arose in apparent good health, and at the usual hour celebrated mass in the presence of the sisters in charge of the St. Joseph's infirmary. Some time after breakfast he walked out, and did not return till early in the afternoon. The sister superior of the infirmary saw him when he came in, and she afterwards observed that she had at no time seen him looking in better health, or more cheerful. He told her he had accidentally come across an old friend, a colored man whom he had baptized forty-two years before. He had gone into a barber shop for the purpose of being shaved, when the person referred to had recognized him. They had chatted together for some time, and on leaving the shop he had asked the man to call and see him.*

Father Abell, after visiting the room of Father Francis de Meulder, a patient in the institution, with whom he conversed for several minutes in a most cheerful manner, retired to his own apartment, where, a short time afterwards, one of the sisters brought to him his usual dinner, consisting of soup and bread. Suddenly he felt ill and threw up what he had eaten. The sister, noticing that he was in a state of profuse perspiration, advised him to lie down on the bed. This he did, but very soon complained of feeling cold. It was now evident to the sister attendant that he was very ill, and she dispatched a message to Father de Muelder to come immediately. Just as the invalid clergyman reached his bed-side, the dying priest, his face and neck turning almost purple, struck his breast and cried, "Oh, my God!" These were his last words. Father de Meulder immediately pronounced over him the words of priestly absolution; and Father Leander Streber, who came into the room at the moment, proceeded to administer the sacrament of extreme unction. Before this rite was concluded Father Abell had ceased to breathe. The magnanimous heart that had throbbed in sympathy with every phase of human suffering, was stilled forever. The gigantic intellect was darkened that had swayed men's minds as does the gentle wind the bladed grass, bending but to infuse into it more vigorous life. The "grand old man" whom everybody loved had closed his eyes to all things earthly, and human creatures were seen to turn away from the soulless tabernacle he had left behind him, and weep in agony because their friend was not.

Rev. Robert A. Abell was, perhaps, personally known to as many individuals among the Catholic clergy of the United States as any

*Singularly enough, the colored man referred to in the text, did call at the infirmary later in the afternoon, and when he was told of the sudden death of Father Abell, he wept like a child.

other belonging to its ranks. He was not one to be seen and forgotten. There was that in his appearance, in his manner, in his voice, in his intellectual force of character, and most especially in his personal experiences of missionary life, as well as in the interest he was able to throw around his recitals of so many and such varied incidents connected therewith, which never failed to attract and charm his auditors. Without an atom of either affectation or forwardness, he was the life and soul of social converse in whatever company he happened to be. His mind seemed to be filled with poetic images, with grand thoughts, with apt illustrations. Not unfrequently we have witnessed between himself and some of the most accomplished members of the American hierarchy, trials, as it were, of intellectual strength, in which it was seldom that he failed to acquit himself in a manner above mere praise. On no occasion of this kind, nor indeed on any other, did any one ever see him ruffled in temper in the slightest degree. He was always courteous, always affable. In the presence of those occupying high places in the Church, his manner was always deferential, but there was a dignity mixed with his deference that forbade the idea of obsequiousness.

The writer once asked Father Abell to permit him to take notes of his reminiscences, but he could never be persuaded that the record would serve any good purpose. He never affected notoriety in any way. Only a few weeks before his death, while conversing with the sister superior of the institution over which he was acting chaplain, he said to her: "Sister, when I die, I want no demonstration over my remains; let my coffin be a plain wooden box, not to exceed fifteen dollars in cost, and have me buried by the side of Uncle Watty, (Rev. Walter S. Coomes) with just such a little slab over my grave as that which I caused to be placed over his."

The funeral of the venerable priest took place from the cathedral of the Assumption, on Sunday afternoon, June 29th. The church was densely crowded, and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to gaze once more on the beloved features of the dead The funeral rites, both in the church and at the grave, were performed by the rector, Rev. William J. Dunn. At the close of the ceremonies in the church, the body was taken, followed by a long line of carriages bearing the clergy of the city, the sisters of charity of the infirmary, and large numbers of personal friends of the deceased, to the St. Louis' cemetery. There, not far from the grave of the late Very Rev. Father Ben. J. Spalding, and immediately beside that containing the remains of his life-long and bosom friend, Father Walter S. Coomes, the mortal part of Father Abell awaits the day of the resurrection.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ST. THOMAS' SEMINARY—VERY REV. F CHAMBIGE.

At what precise date the theological seminary of the diocese was retransferred from Bardstown to St. Thomas', is a point of doubt with the writer. It is his impression that the removal took place, only in part, however, almost immediately after the consecration of Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick for the coadjutorship of Philadelphia, some time in the fall of 1830. Bishop David was now in the seventieth year of his age, and his unceasing labors had so diminished his energies as to render it absolutely impossible for him to continue as formerly his labors in the seminary. He felt most keenly, as did also Bishop Flaget, the loss he had sustained in the transfer of Dr. Kenrick to another and higher sphere of usefulness in the Church. In the seminary, that learned theologian and conscientious disciplinarian had held up his hand, so to speak, in the performance of specific duties, and of others he had relieved him altogether by taking them on his own shoulders. Now, it became necessary for Bishop David, as far as he was physically capable of doing so, to resume his old position and to assume its duties.

It was under these circumstances, more than likely, that the preparatory seminary was re-opened at St. Thomas', while the more advanced of the seminarians remained at Bardstown under the immediate supervision and direction of Bishop David himself. The Catholic directories for 1833 and 1834, the first of the series published, represent the seminary of St. Thomas as being under the direction of the "Brothers of the Mission"—an organization of which the writer has no remembrance—with Revs. Walter S. and Linus Coomes, attached to the institution. No change appears to have been made in the officers of the seminary until 1838, when these are named: Rev. Walter S. Coomes, superior; Rev. Napoleon J. Perché, professor, and Rev. John Quinn and Charles Blank, assistants.

In 1840 the institution was closed and the students therein placed under the direction of the fathers of the Society of Jesus, at St. Mary's college, Marion county. This arrangement would seem to have lasted but two years, when the seminary, still located in Marion county, was given over to the control of "the Lazarist fathers, Rev. P. Chandy, C. M., superior." In 1847 the Lazarist fathers left the diocese, and the seminary was again transferred to Bardstown, with Rev. John Bruyere, superior. At this time there were but five students in the institution. In 1849, we find the seminary again located in Marion county with

Rev. Peter J. Lavialle superior, and Rev. William E. Clark, assistant. Another change, as well in direction as locality took place in 1850, when the seminary was again opened at St. Thomas' with Rev. Francis Chambige as superior.

Under circumstances such as have been recounted, it was not to be expected that the seminary should not have suffered in repute. Its conductors were good priests and amiable men, to be sure; but, with the exception, possibly, of Rev. P. J. Lavialle, who was afterwards connected with the institution for a number of years, they were at least lacking in energy. The annexed list contains the names of the priests ordained from the seminary between the years 1835 and 1850:

Rev. Joseph Adams,
Rev. John Voll,
Rev. Patrick McNicholas,
Rev. William Oberhulsman,
Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan,
Rev. F. McSweeney,
Rev. John Quinn,
Rev. Michael Coghlan,
Rev. Peter J. Lavialle,
Rev. P. Bambury,
Rev. John Maguire,
Rev. Francis Lawler.

It was a happy thought on the part of Bishop Spalding to place over his seminary his old associate in the ministry, Rev. Francis Chambige. The clergyman named was possessed of those very qualities that are deemed requisite in a position of so much importance. He had a mind to comprehend the needs of the institution, and tact and force of character to supply them. He was fairly learned, deeply pious and inflexible in upholding the right. He was active in both mind and body, but he did nothing without first considering the probable effects of his action. As soon as installed in the position of superior, he conceived the idea of making the seminary subservient to the needs of other dioceses than that of Louisville. He felt that other patronage was needed to enable him to employ teachers of known capacity, and he wisely determined to open the seminary to such as might be sent to it by other bishops than his own. In a comparatively short time, he had large classes of learners, and generally, a capable body of teachers to give them instruction. Except during the dark days of the war, the number of students under his direction averaged fifty.*

The annexed list of priests, afterwards engaged in ministerial work on the soil of Kentucky, all, at one time or another, students in the seminary of St. Thomas while that institution was under the direction of Father Chambige, will indicate the extent and value of his services to the diocese in the important department of clerical culture:

Rev. Thomas Joyce,
Rev. John F. Reed,
Rev. Michael Power,
Rev. Joseph de Vries,
Rev. M. Beyhurst,
Rev. Patrick Cassidy,
Rev. William Bourke,
Rev. John Boyle,

*During his nineteen years of service in the seminary, Father Chambige had many capable assistants. Among these I am able to name: Rev. P. J. Lavialle, afterwards bishop of Louisville; Rev. Lawrence Bax; Rev. Martin Chazal; Rev. E. J. O'Driscoll; Rev. Christian Kauder; Rev. J. F. Reed. Rev. David Russell; Rev. James Martin, D. D.; Rev. John Barrett; Rev. John Creary and Rev. Eugene Crane.

Rev. Joseph Elder,
Rev. E. M. Bachman,
Rev. Eugene Crane,
Rev. J. A. Barrett,
Rev. James Martin,
Rev. David Russell,
Rev. P. J. Haeseley,
Rev. A. J. Harnist,
Rev. T. J. Jenkins,
Rev. James Cooke,
Rev. A. J. McConnell,
Rev. D. O'Sullivan,
Rev. M. Melody,
Rev. J. J. Crowley,
Rev. James O'Connor,
Rev. J. H. Taylor,
Rev. W. P. Mackin,
Rev. Thomas F. Tierney,
Rev. John Redmond,*
Rev. James McNerney,*
Rev. Michael Lawler,
Rev. William J. Dunn,
Rev. T. J. Disney,
Rev. Martin Flynn,
Rev. Dominic Crane,
Rev. D. J. O'Donovan,
Rev. James P. Ryan,
Rev. John Creary,
Rev. H. Plaggenborg,
Rev. P. J. Rock,
Rev. James Ryan,
Rev. Hugh Daly,
Rev. M. Dillon,
Rev. E. Drury,
Rev. W. P. Hogarty,
Rev. J. J. Abell,
Rev. H. Jansen,
Rev. James Smith,*
Rev. William Cassander,*
Rev. Patrick Guilfoyle.*

The writer can only regret that he is not able to furnish his readers with a sketch more worthy of its subject than the following:

VERY REV. FRANCIS CHAMBIGE

Was born at Billom, near Clermont, France, on the 16th of November, 1807. His father was a pharmacist, and a man of repute in his special calling. It was in his office, doubtless, that his son contracted his fondness for the sciences of chemistry, botany and geology; in each of which he afterwards became an acknowledged proficient and expert. Often, as he was afterwards heard to explain, he had journeyed through the mountains adjacent to his home in search of certain roots and herbs, native to the soil, needed as factors in many of the medicinal compounds and distillations wrought in his father's laboratory. His mother was a woman of rare piety and sound judgment, and it was to her judicious influence that her son ever afterwards ascribed the happy course of his life. It was her earnest desire that he should become a priest; but, though of a naturally pious frame of mind, he did not at that time indicate any serious inclination for the sacred ministry. Providentially, he had access to the correspondence of the venerable Bishop Flaget, with whose family he was in some degree related, and the accounts given by that prelate of the country and people with whose interests he had become identified, served to breed in him a desire to visit America. He anticipated the opposition of his mother to this idea, when it at length became fixed in his mind,

* The names to which is attached the asterisk, are those of priests educated at St. Thomas' for the diocese of Covington.

and it was with no little astonishment that he found her quite ready to accede to the arrangement. She explained the matter to him, years afterwards, by telling him of her persuasion at the time that he would certainly become a priest if he went to the United States.

He came to America, as is supposed, in the year 1825, in company with a number of other young men, all candidates for the holy ministry, most of whom afterwards entered with him the diocesan seminary, then under the direction of its founder, Bishop David. He was at once bright and studious, and, in a comparatively short time, he was esteemed fitted for ordination. He was not satisfied, however, with the sum of his knowledge, and it was arranged that, for the time being, he should divide his time between study and teaching certain classes in the college. This arrangement continued until August, 1834, when he was promoted to the priesthood in the cathedral church of St. Joseph, Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat, officiating.

After his ordination, Father Chambige became a member of the faculty of St. Joseph's college, teaching his old classes and attending to the finances of the institution. Occasionally, too, he assisted the pastor in serving the then large congregation attached to the cathedral church of St. Joseph. Wearying at length of the monotony of his position, and believing that it was his duty to apply himself to the service of the scattered Catholic people of the diocese, he sought and obtained the assent of his ordinary to the wished-for change. At this time he was a very active man, straight and tall and full of energy. His voice, afterwards so singularly harsh and wheezy, was now clear and ringing, and few knew so well how to modulate its tones, whether in conversation or preaching, to the precise pitch of effectiveness.

Armed with the authorization of his bishop, Father Chambige took charge of the very extended mission embraced in the counties of Hardin, Grayson and Breckinridge, with residence at Bethlehem, in the first-named county. I have often heard him speak of the labors and fatigues of this mission, and also of the very great consolations it brought him. It is the usual story so familiar to the few missionary priests of the day who have survived to our own times: hard fare, and often necessitated fasting; riding long distances over rough and little frequented roads; camping in the woods at night, or on the open prairie; sick-calls in the night time and in inclement seasons, and often miles and miles away; in the confessional at dawn of day; catechising the children later; and still later, offering up the Holy Sacrifice and preaching; baptizing the little ones in the afternoon, or, it may be, blessing a new-made grave in the church-yard. For five long years such was the life led by Father Chambige, and his earthly reward for it all aggregated—how much, think you, oh, citizen of the world? Just *forty dollars!* This was the exact sum contributed for his support by the poor people for whose spiritual welfare he had been expending his energies, and as it turned out, undermining his health, during a term extending over five years.

Did he complain? Oh, no! Little cared he for money, except for its good uses. A small patrimony, received from France, sufficed for his absolute wants, and the thought that he was able to make sacrifices for the poor of his mission, "the poor of Christ," filled his heart with joy. The true missionary priest, however poor may be his surroundings, is rarely an object of commiseration. Father Chambige, overburdened as he was by the labors of his mission, was vouchsafed by heaven many spiritual consolations. He was comforted by the knowledge that his energies were not being vainly expended; that the sterile fields, cultivated by him with so much labor and so many anxieties, were year by year giving more abundant evidences of improvement; that, here and there, an estrayed sheep had listened to his voice and come back to the fold; in fine, that neither he nor his people were forgotten of God and his mission left desolate of fruits.

His health began to suffer, and it was found necessary, after his five years of toil, to remove him to a less exacting field of labor. It so happened at the time that there was need of an agent in Europe to attend to certain matters of importance in connection with the diocese; and it was rightly considered that there was no more fitting person to be found than Father Chambige to undertake the business. With letters from his ordinary, in which he was named his vicar-general, the good priest set out for the home of his childhood and youth. Beyond the fact that he arrived safely, was eminently successful in the objects of his mission, and that his visit extended over a period of three or four years, I have no data upon which to found an account of either his journeyings in Europe or the special objects for which they were undertaken.

In 1843, we find him again a member of the faculty of St. Joseph's college, Bardstown, and engaged in teaching his favorite branches. If we are not mistaken, his connection with the college did not terminate until the transfer of the institution to the fathers of the Society of Jesus, about the beginning of the year 1849.

In 1850 Father Chambige was directed by his bishop to take charge of the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, near Bardstown. He entered upon the duties of the position at once, and he brought into their performance those precise qualities of mind and heart which were most needful to the successful conduct of the institution. His judgment was rarely at fault, and he carried his heart in his hand that all might see its purity of intention. His duties were as varied as they were arduous; but work was his element, and he seemed the more contented the more he had to do. He taught, and lectured, and kept the accounts of the establishment, and managed the farm, and bought the supplies, and attended to the correspondence, and occasionally preached in the little church, or answered a sick-call in the neighborhood. But this was not all. On Christmas day of the very year in which he took charge of the seminary there had been added to his before sufficiently onerous duties that of superintending the St. Thomas' asylum for male orphans, then newly established. Nor was

even this the limit placed upon his endurance. In 1851 he was charged with the office of extraordinary confessor to the community of sisters of charity of Nazareth, whose establishment was six miles away.

Too much cannot be said of his successful management of the diocesan seminary. Since the retiracy of its founder, the venerated Bishop David, at no time had it seemed to fulfil more nearly the design for which it had been created. For nineteen years, or up to October, 1869, Father Chambige filled the offices we have named and fulfilled all the duties imposed upon him through their acceptance.

On the death of Rev. Joseph Hazeltine, who had for many years previously held the position of superior of the Nazareth community, Father Chambige was nominated for the post by the then occupant of the See, the late Most Rev. M. J. Spalding. He was introduced to the sisters by the bishop in person as their future superior in March, 1861. "He was so overcome with emotion," writes one who was present on the occasion, "that he could not speak. He was heard afterwards to say," the writer continues, "that he was praying that God might give him the heart of a father for each member of the community."

This position only added to his labors, for it was not until eight years had elapsed that he was finally relieved of his duties in connection with the seminary and orphan asylum, and took up his residence at Nazareth. There he remained faithfully performing the delicate duties of his position, and occasionally occupied in missionary work in the neighborhood, until the year 1876.

In August, 1876, Father Chambige made a second voyage to Europe. From this trip he returned a year later utterly broken down in health. He remained at Nazareth for a few days only, and then, in order to be near his physician, he caused himself to be removed to the St. Joseph's infirmary, Louisville. There he remained, tenderly cared for by his daughters of St. Vincent, until about two weeks previous to his death. He evidently felt that the end was approaching, and he prayed to be permitted "to die at home among his children." He bore the short journey to Nazareth better than was expected, and entering his old room, never again left it alive. He was thankful to be with his "children," and for the rest, "he was in God's hands."

It soon became apparent to his indefatigable nurses of the Nazareth community, and a little later to himself, that time for him was being measured out by days, and possibly by hours. He had little need of preparation for the change. His whole life, and especially that part of it which had been wholly devoted to the service of God and his fellowmen, had been one long preparation for death. Fortified and strengthened by the reception of the sacraments, and surrounded by the praying forms of those whom he had sought to lead by the rough ways of mortification and self-denial to the true home of their longings, "the Jerusalem that is above," he ceased to breathe at half-past 6 o'clock on Sunday, December 30th, 1877.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CHURCHES OF LOUISVILLE.

The churches of the city of Louisville number nineteen at the date of this publication. The first of these to be noticed is

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION,

Of which the writer has hitherto spoken in his sketch of the life of Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding. Than this magnificent temple, up to the present day, no edifice of like character has been erected in the State that will compare with it, whether in size or architectural construction. It occupies the site of the former church of St. Louis, on Fifth, near Walnut street. Begun in 1849, its solemn consecration took place in 1852. In providing means for its construction, it may be said that the entire Catholic body of the diocese took part.*

*If that were possible, it would please me to record here, the names of all those whose contributions formed the fund out of which was paid the costs of construction of the cathedral of the Assumption. There was a time when the entire list of contributors was familiar to me; but I now find it difficult to recall even their names, much more the sums set against them. The list appended, I cannot but fear, omits names of contributors just as worthy of praise and remembrance as any that appear therein; that these are not given is due solely to my inability to recall them. The largest contributor to the fund was certainly Bishop Spalding himself, who gave to the object ten thousand dollars out of his paternal inheritance. The larger contributors among the laity were: Capt. James Rudd, Patrick Maxcy, Michael Cody, Thomas and Edward Slevin, Frank McKay, Jacob Keller, J. M. Monohan, Capt. John Coleman, Daniel Smith, Thomas Haynes, John Ryan, John Hayes and Charles Gallagher. Equally liberal according to their means were: W. P. Benedict, Thomas Batman, Richard and Patrick Bannon, Martin Breen, John Byrne, James Burns, Joseph Barrett, William Bannon, Joseph Buckel, Michael Cotter, Frank Corrigan, Joseph Campion, Martin Crowe, Patrick Campion, Pierce Cooper, James Cotter, James Curran, Thomas Carrol, John D. Colmesnil, J. Curtin, Henry, John L. and Joseph Deppen, Dennis Denny, Paul Danelli, John Doyle, James Dooley, Daniel Devlin, Jeremiah Devlin, Henry Dent, Capt. Thomas Fitzgerald, Ben. Griffin, Joseph Garcin, Dr. J. Hagan, Edward Hughes, William Heffernan, J. Indereiden, James Kearney, John Keagan, Patrick N. Kirwan, George Kitzero, John Lilly, Thomas Leahy, Joseph B. Lilly, Dennis Lincoln, Dr. J. C. Metcalfe, John McCrory, Charles Maquaire, William and James McDermott, J. B. McIlvain, Anselm McGill, William Maxcy, Michael Murphy, James McSorley, James McGrath, F. X. Marchand, E. B. Nugent, N. Nicholas Martin Nippert, Augustin and John O'Bryan, Christopher O'Connor, James and William O'Connor, Henry O'Neil, Michael J. O'Callaghan, James O'Neil, Dr. D. J. O'Reilly, James W. Osborn, Peters, Webb & Co., Francis Reidhar,

Under the immediate supervision of the ordinary of the diocese for the time being, the rectorate of the cathedral, including assistants, has been exercised by Very Revs. B. J. Spalding and M. Bouchet and Revs. John Quinn, John M. Bruyere, Francis J. Reed, P. J. Lavialle, John J. Joyce, Philip McSweeney, Edmond O'Driscoll, John H. Bekkers, H. J. Brady, J. L. Spalding, David Russell, Alphonsus Coenan, William J. Dunn, John Baxter, Henry A. Connolly, Louis G. Deppen, M. Whelan, D. O'Sullivan, Louis C. Ohle, Patrick Walsh, Thomas Hayes and Joseph Hogarty.

THE CHURCH OF ST. BONIFACIUS.

This church is situated on Green, above Jackson street. It was built in 1838 for the accommodation of the then rapidly increasing German Catholic population of the city, and its dedication, at the hands of Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat, took place on the 4th day of November of that year. The congregation of St. Bonifacius was organized by Rev. Joseph Stahlschmidt as early as the year 1836. For several months succeeding the opening of the church, it was without a pastor, but the congregation was visited from time to time by Rev. Joseph Ferneding, of the diocese of Vincennes, and by Rev. John Martin Henni, of Cincinnati, afterwards first bishop of the See of Milwaukee.*

In 1839, Rev. Charles Blank, whose education had been prosecuted at the college of the Propaganda, whence he had come to the United States and was ordained from the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, was named pastor of the church by the coadjutor-bishop. This admirable pastor died in 1846, and charge of the congregation was afterwards given to Rev. Theodore Hyman, Rev. John Voll and others, In the year 1850, the church and congregation were transferred to the Franciscan fathers, with Rev. Otto Jair as pastor. Under the wise and careful management of those of the order who have since been intrusted with its pastorship, the church of St. Bonifacius presents to-day a spectacle worthy of admiration. The congregation attached to it is

Michael Rogers, John B. Richy, Peter Riley, James S. Speed, Col. Samuel B. Steele, James Tynan, Richard Usher, A. Vatable, Paul Villier, Louis Weyd, B. J. Webb and Bro., James K. Whelan and Anthony and Jacob Zanone. Among the lady contributors to the fund whose names have not faded from my memory, were: Mrs. Ann Amiss, Miss Ann Coleman, Mrs. Susan Lee, Miss Bridget Miles and Mrs. R. J. Thornton. Of the one hundred and fifteen names included in this list, but thirty are to-day those of living men and women. Truly "man's days are as grass; for the spirit shall pass in him, and he shall not be: and he shall know his place no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from eternity unto eternity upon them that fear him: and his justice unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant."

* Among the German Catholic citizens at the time in Louisville, I am able to recall the names of only the following: Joseph Huber, Theobald Benz, Felix Schneider, George Schnetz, Matthew Fetter, John Hess, Anthony Kampf, Louis Weyd, Joseph Bossung and Jacob Pfalzer. These, and the entire German Catholic population of the city contributed freely of their means toward the erection of the church.

by far the largest in the city, and its parochial schools are alive with children who are not likely to lose their faith through either inadequate culture or contaminating associations.

Of some of those whose names have been mentioned in connection with the church of St. Bonifacius, a few words of personal history will not be found out of place. Rev. Joseph Ferneding, named above, was a priest of the diocese of Bardstown. He came to America and settled in Louisville, supposably, about the year 1828. He was then a young man, fairly educated and blessed with a robust physique. He was poor in respect to means, but rich in respect to virtue. He was dependent upon his daily labor for the supplial of his daily needs, and when these were satisfied, it was rarely the case that he had not something over to make glad the hearts of those who had neither money for their support nor strength to labor. Among the hundreds of laborers then engaged in excavating the channel of the Louisville and Portland canal, a work that has since been regarded as of national importance, there was to be seen from sun to sun the lithe and active form, and the pleasant, truthful features of Joseph Ferneding. By and by, the knowledge of his worth came home to the few German Catholics then residing in Louisville, and these wisely determined to put to a better use the treasure they had found. They set him up in a school, and they intrusted to him the education of their children. Then it was that this admirable Catholic youth sought to repay his benefactors by inducing them to meet together as Catholics, and to a greater extent than any other, was undoubtedly due to him the movement of the German Catholic population of Louisville which led in time to its organization as a congregation. He afterwards studied for the holy ministry, and was ordained, possibly by Bishop Flaget, in 1833. Indiana being at the time a part of the diocese of Bardstown, Father Ferneding was sent into that State to labor among its large and constantly increasing German Catholic population. In 1842, he was transferred to the diocese of Cincinnati, where he was soon afterwards appointed vicar-general, and where the remaining years of his useful life were passed. In Louisville, where Father Ferneding did so much to endear him to his fellow-countrymen of fifty years ago, his memory is only treasured by a few aged people who are looking forward to a happy meeting with their early friend in the near future, when they, too, shall have exchanged their vestures of earth for those of heaven. Father Ferneding's death took place only a few years ago.

Most Rev. John Martin Henni, first bishop and archbishop of the See of Milwaukee, was consecrated March 19, 1844. His long afterlife was spent in labors for the good of his people. His death took place on the 7th day of September, 1881.

The writer was in some sense intimate with the first pastor of the church of St. Bonifacius, Rev. Charles Blank. In person, he was an admirably proportioned man, of a moderately full habit, and with pleasant features and an easy address. He was also an energetic and pious priest, and in every way suited to his position as leader of Cath-

olic sentiment among his countrymen of Louisville, who were already beginning to exhibit their importance as a factor in the city's population. He was a native of Fribourg, Switzerland, and an intimate friend of the late Very Rev. B. J. Spalding, at whose instance, most likely, his resolution was taken to devote himself to the particular mission in which was spent the short term of his life as a priest. He was as much beloved by his associates of the clergy of the diocese, as he was by his own devoted people. He died on the 30th day of August, 1846, and his grave is where every one who enters the church of St. Bonifacius may look upon it as they pass through its portals.

Since their transfer to the Franciscan fathers, the church and congregation of St. Bonifacius have been served by Revs. Otto Jair, David Widman, Dionysius Abarth, Anselm Koch, Venantius Arnold, Lucas Gottbehoede, William Gansepohl, Joseph M. Roesl, Bonaventura Hammer, Agnellus Fischer, A. Bayer, P. P. Gundermann, L. Nurre, Ubaldus Webersinke, Eugene Buttermann, Ignatius M. Wilkens, Alexius Centner, Raphael Hesse, and Nicholas Holtel, all of the order of St. Francis.

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY, PORTLAND.

The history of the congregation and church of Our Lady is an interesting one. The one was organized and the other built when the greater number of the residents of the suburb of Portland were either emigrants from France or the children of these. To the original colony, by whom both Portland and Shippingport were settled as early as the year 1806, the additions from France direct had been numerous up to the year 1837, when they ceased almost altogether. In the year 1838, Father Badin happened to be in Kentucky, and much of his time was spent with his compatriots of the two villages named. It was during this visit of the proto-priest of the country, as is supposed, that he inaugurated the movement which brought about the organization of the congregation and the subsequent erection of the church of Our Lady.*

In 1839, urged thereto, no doubt, by the representations of Father Badin, who was then his vicar-general, Bishop Chabrat nominated a pastor for Portland in the person of Rev. Napoleon J. Perché, previously a professor in the diocesan seminary, and afterwards archbishop of New Orleans. A meeting of the heads of families was called by Dr. Perché for the 16th of July, 1839. The record of proceedings of this meeting, in the handwriting of the pastor, is still preserved in the church. From its examination the writer finds that it was resolved by those assembled to form themselves into a congregation and to take immediate measures for the building of a church. A board of trustees was elected, with the pastor for its chairman, composed of Messrs.

*In 1837, and for three years later, Father Badin was in the habit of passing weeks of his time in Portland, and of saying mass for such as could be brought together, sometimes in the house of Mr. Charles Maquaire, and sometimes in that of Mr. William Bannon.

Charles Maquaire, William Bannon, Eugene Perot and —— Fossi. Subscription lists were prepared and distributed; and, supposably at least, the entire French population of the villages of Portland and Shippingport, as well as that of Louisville proper, of which both now form a part, were contributors to the building fund.*

The lot upon which the church of Our Lady was erected and now stands, was a gift from Father Badin. His bond for a deed to the property, afterwards made good, is a singularly worded document, and worthy of reproduction here: "Know all men by these presents," he wrote, "that I, Stephen Theodore Badin, of Louisville, Kentucky, do hereby bind myself, my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, in the penalty of six thousand dollars, to transfer by my last will and testament, or otherwise, at my option, one hundred square feet of ground, in Portland, near Louisville, to the corporation of St. Mary's college, Marion county, Kentucky, for the purpose of erecting thereon a Roman Catholic church or chapel: Provided, and be it well understood, that no clergyman shall ever officiate therein without the approbation of the ordinary having spiritual authority in the diocese of Bardstown, according to the faith and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. Done this 6th day of May, A. D. 1840, in the village of St. Mary, Jasper county, State of Indiana. (Signed) STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN. (Witnessed) Thomas Piquet and L's. Mertian."

The cornerstone of the church was laid on the 13th of September, 1840, and on Holy Rosary Sunday, October 3d, 1841, it was solemnly dedicated by Bishop Flaget, assisted by Dr. Chabrat, Father Badin and others. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by Rev. John McGill. Dr. Perché removed to New Orleans a few months later, and the church was without a regular pastor until 1843, when the late Rev. J. J. Vital was named to the office.†

* The French resident population of Louisville at the time indicated in the text, together with that of the villages named, including the families of John Adrian, Nicholas Albert, Auguste Bari, T. Blancagnil, Gabriel and Victor Bari, Joseph Barbareaux, Amedius Boudry, John D. Colmesnil, Francis Chamagne, Simon Caye, Francis Cordier, Nicholas Corbin, Dominic Caron, Charles Demouson, Henry Daquet, Louis Fossi, Francis Fossi, Nicholas Fluret, Franz. Jos. Guelot, Giles and John Peter Hubert, Joseph Hoin, Adrien Jacques, Lambert Jacques, Matthias Jacquemin, John B. Lambermont, Charles Laviolette, John B. Lemel, John Nicholas Laurent, Auguste Lallemont, John Richard Lebro, Nicholas Lecompte, Charles Maquaire, Claudius and John Millet, Xavier Marchand, John Masson, Anthony Mangin, —— Marian, Martin and Bernard Nippert, John Peter Novier, John Pernet, Peter Portman, Gabriel Payelle, Francis Reidhar, John B. Richy, Delfin Remmy Hector Raymond, Auguste Raymond, and John, Paul and Nicholas Villier.

† Father Vital served the congregation of Our Lady for eighteen years. My acquaintance with him was such, as it was indeed with all the older clergy of the diocese, as to warrant me in speaking of him as he really appeared in the eyes of all to whom he was known. If I mistake not, he was already in priest's orders when he came to the diocese in 1839 or 1840, and was accorded a place among the professors in St. Joseph's college, Bardstown. He was removed thence to Portland in 1843, where he won from the start the affection of his parishioners. I have known clergymen, and many of them, who were pos-

In August, 1861, the late Rev. John H. Bekkers was appointed to the pastorship of the church of Our Lady. It was during his incumbency that the church was much enlarged and a comfortable presbytery erected on the adjoining lot. The entire square immediately facing the church to the south, is occupied by the buildings and gardens of the establishment begun by the sisters of Loretto in 1842, and known as the academy of Mount St. Benedict; and adjoining the church to the west stands a large and well appointed school building in which members of the sisterhood give daily instruction to the children of the parish.

Much of the progress that is to day observable in the parish of Our Lady is undoubtedly attributable to the presence and earnest labors of the Lorettine sisters. Their boarding-school, still better known by its former title of Cedar Grove academy, was begun in 1842 by a colony sent from the mother-house, composed of sisters, Angelica Green, Theckla Myer, Bridget Spalding, Eulalie Flaget, Angelica Hayden and Clare Casseday. The school soon became a popular one, and it is now second in importance to no other house of the Loretto society. The parish free schools, which are also under the charge of the sisterhood, are well attended, and in them the children are not only receiving as competent instruction in mere letters as is accorded to their pupils by the State school teachers, but the better knowledge that has reference to their interest for eternity. Primarily, the Catholics of Portland are indebted for their present free school building to the charity of an Irish Catholic, Thomas Drew, who died about the close of the year 1847. He bequeathed by will property then owned by him in Portland for the establishment of a Catholic free school. This property was afterwards sold for the sum of one thousand dollars, and this amount, supplemented by private subscriptions, afterwards gave to the parish its present commodious free-school building. The church of Our Lady was once enlarged and twice torn down and rebuilt. The first demolition was under the pastorship of Rev. Hugo Peythieu, and the new building that arose in its place, much larger and much more elaborately finished, was consecrated on the 13th of November, 1870. It was soon afterwards found that the builders had blundered in their work and that it was dangerous to life to hold further services in it. By direction of the present bishop of Louisville the church was again demolished and rebuilt, and on the 14th of December, 1873, as it now stands, though not entirely finished, it was dedicated to divine use and reopened to the Catholics of the parish.

sessed of greater natural talents; and many, too, who were more energetic in pushing their influence for good beyond the line of strict obligation. But I have known few who appeared to me more uniformly observant of religious and pastoral duty. His piety was cheerful, but it was not the less sincere on that account. He inspired no one with fear, but rather incited love by acts and words of fatherly kindness. Lack of energy was the sole defect in his character, and that was so generally regarded as constitutional, that it alienated neither the respect nor the confidence of his parishioners. Father Vital's death took place at the infirmary of St. Joseph, Louisville, in July, 1861.

The church of Our Lady has been served since 1873 by Revs. Alex. T. McConnell, John N. Baxter and A. J. Harnist, the last named for a series of years.*

THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

This church, which is situated on the corner of Eighth and Grayson streets, was built for the accommodation of the German Catholic population of the city residing below Third street. It was erected in 1849, under the pastorate of Rev. Chas. J. Boeswald. The congregation was organized the previous year, and its meetings for divine service were held in the basement chapel of the former cathedral of St. Louis. A part of the funds required for its construction was collected in Germany by the pastor, who visited Europe for that purpose in the winter of 1847–48. The dedication of the church took place on the 8th of July, 1849.

Rev. Charles J. Boeswald, whom it was the writer's privilege to know somewhat intimately, was an admirable man and priest, and a faithful guardian of the interests of religion in his parish. He was a native of Bavaria, where his theological studies were primarily prosecuted. In the year 1843 he determined to devote his life to the foreign missions; and coming to Kentucky he entered the diocesan seminary at Bardstown, where, toward the close of the same year, he was raised to the priesthood by Bishop Flaget. His first mission was that of Newport, in Campbell county, where he was the builder and first pastor of Corpus Christi church. At the instance of his ordinary, he returned to Louisville in 1847, and was charged with the then necessary work of organizing a congregation among his German countrymen residing in the western section of the city, and in the service of these were passed the remaining years of his life. In October, 1855, he was seized with his last sickness, and his death took place on the 2nd of the following month, the feast of All Souls. He was a man of dignified bearing and pleasant address, and as a clergyman he was distinguished for his talents, piety and zeal. At the time of his death, he held the office of chancellor and secretary of the diocese.†

On the death of Father Boeswald, the pastorate of the church was intrusted to Rev. F. X. VanDeutekom by whom the congregation was served to the date of his resignation, November 17, 1872. The present pastor, Rev. M. L. Brandt, who had previously been the assistant priest in charge of the congregation, assumed immediately the duties

*It has been through the kindness of Father Harnist, the present energetic pastor of the church of Our Lady, that I have been enabled to secure most of the facts related in the text.

†Leading Catholics of the congregation of the Immaculate Conception when first established, were: John Dierker, Bernard Dierker, Henry Vogt, Herman Shuckmann, Nicholas Shuckmann, Joseph Buckel, Louis Weyd, Simon Graf, Theodore Pulsford, and others whose names I cannot bring to mind.

that pertain to the pastoral office and was not long afterwards entrusted by his bishop with the care of the congregation.*

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN OF TOURS.

This church is situated on Shelby street, near Broadway. It was begun in 1853, and finished the following year. Its erection has to be referred to the indefatigable labors of the late Rev. Leander Streber, O. S. F., who had previously served as assistant priest at the church of St. Bonifacius. At the time referred to, and previously, it was felt that the last named church was altogether too contracted for the comfortable accommodation of the congregation, then vastly increased, and still increasing year by year by the settlement in Louisville of German Catholic immigrants, and that another was a necessity. The church of St. Martin was no sooner opened than it was filled with worshipers at all the services. At the present day its congregation is one of the largest in the city, requiring the services of four priests to attend to its wants. In 1861 the first pastor of the church secured for the parish a colony of Ursuline nuns, and now the establishments of this order, including convent, boarding and day school buildings, and a singularly beautiful chapel, form a leading feature of the parish. Though under the direction of a Franciscan priest, St. Martin's was a secular church until the year 1877, when it was transferred to the Franciscans of the province of Bavaria.

The acquaintance of the writer with Rev. Leander Streber began in 1841, when he was occupying the humble position of sacristan in the former church of St. Louis, Rev. John McGill, pastor. Though the fact was little known to the members of the congregation, he was even then a lay-brother of the order of St. Francis on leave of absence from his convent in Bavaria. A year or two later, he was missed from his place in the sanctuary, and it was a surprise to many to learn that he was pursuing a course of studies under the direction of Rev. Charles Boeswald, with a view to priestly ordination. He was then over thirty years of age, and he had much to learn before it would be possible for him to acquire that degree of knowledge which is esteemed necessary in so important a calling as that of the sacred ministry. He was at once studious and persevering, however, and he was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding on the 24th of August, 1850.

Father Leander was well liked by his associates of the clergy, and their regard for him was based almost wholly on his recognized zeal and piety. His talents were mediocre, and his learning was limited to the simplest knowledge that was necessary to the intelligent discharge of his priestly functions. Like other men, he had his idiosyncrasies, and, though there was not one of them that affected his honor as a man or his integrity as a priest, it had been well for himself and the

*The present trustees of the church, are: John Dierker, Henry Feilhoelter, Peter Thome, Frank Struck, Louis Block and Ferdinand Lutz.

interests of his parish had some of these been less prominent. It is seen, not unfrequently, that the very knowledge a man has had no opportunity of acquiring, is precisely that in which he imagines himself most proficient. This was the case with Father Leander in respect to affairs of business; and when the knowledge came home to him that he had mistaken his capabilities, it was found that he had seriously compromised the temporal interests of his parish. But the effects of his blunders have been long since repaired, and even had they been greater than they were, condonation was his due on account of his ceaseless efforts to render his ministry a blessing to his people. Father Leander's death took place on the 24th of August, 1882, and the scenes that were witnessed at his funeral were significant of the affection and reverence in which he was held by his people.

Among the leading members of the congregation of St. Martin of Tours, when first organized, were: Frederick Kortmann, G. F. Heim, Franz Fleck, Gerhardt Dolle, George Heckmann, Ben. Brumleve, Ben. Teupe, George Klapheke, John Wahl, Joseph Spicker, Clement Rademacher, Henry Jansen, Anton Moellman, George Winterheld, H. Holsker and P. Mürb. The first four named composed the first board of lay-trustees.

Hereto are appended the names of the pastors and their assistants since the organization of the congregation of St. Martin of Tours: Rev. Leander Streber, O. S. F., from 1854 to 1882; Rev. Maurice Gipperich, secular priest, for the year 1858; Rev. Gabriel Blum, of the order of St. Benedict, from 1860 to 1863; Rev. J. M. Beyhurst, secular priest, from 1860 to 1877; Rev. Ludwig Berger, O. S. F., from 1874 to 1879; Rev. Ludgerus Beck, O. S. F., from 1874 to the present time; Rev. Cornelius Practori, O. S. F., for the year 1879; since which date the pastorate comprises the names of Very Rev. Ludgerus Beck, pastor, and Revs. Jacobus Leitner, Constantin Bahmann and Seigebert Schmelz, assistants, all of the order of St. Francis.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK.

The chapel of St. Patrick, Thirteenth, between Main and Market streets, was built in 1854, and the church of the same title, on the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets, in 1860. The congregation was organized under the pastorship of the late Rev. Thomas Joyce, and both chapel and church, as well as a comfortable pastoral residence, were built under his direction, and mainly through the influence he exerted over the then large, and always faithful Irish Catholic element of the city's population.* The pastorate of Father Joyce lasted for

* Father Tom Joyce, as he was familiarly known to everybody, was a well-meaning and useful priest. Had he been less genial and less trustful, however, both himself and his parish would have escaped serious involvements. Poor, dear Father Tom! It was impossible to know you and not to love you! In you there was nothing of guile, and neither was there anything of suspicion! Let those whom you may have at any time disedified, remember this; and let

thirteen years, and it ended with his death in 1867.* The parish of St. Patrick had become as early as the year 1868, when the efficient pastor, Rev. M. D. Lawler, was called to its service, one of the most important in the city; and it is doubtful if there are not to-day attached to the congregation a greater number of English-speaking Catholics than are to be found in any other in Louisville

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

This church is situated on the corner of Walnut and Clay streets. The organization of the congregation was effected under the pastorate of the late Rev. Joseph Elder, in September, 1855, and a temporary chapel was secured for its use on Jefferson, above Preston street. There were supposed to be in the parish, as first organized, about six hundred Catholic families. For a little more than three years, the congregation occupied its temporary quarters, the lower story of the building serving for a chapel, and its upper rooms for school purposes. After a single year of service, Father Elder was transferred to St. Mary's college, and his vacated place was filled by the appointment of Rev. Lawrence Bax to the pastorship.

In April, 1858, the corner-stone of the present church of St. John was impressively laid by Rt. Rev. Richard P. Miles, bishop of Nashville, and the immense concourse present on the occasion was addressed in a sermon of much power from the lips of Dr. M. J. Spalding, bishop of Louisville. It was not until December 2d, 1860, that the church was solemnly consecrated by Most Rev. John B. Purcell, archbishop of Cincinnati. The sermon of the occasion was preached by the bishop of Louisville; and at night the church was thronged to hear an address from Dr. Purcell.†

At this present writing (1884) the venerable priest whose zeal was exercised so happily in the construction of the church of St. John a quarter of a century ago, is still laboring, as he has been laboring through the intervening years, to make sure his own election by devoting himself and all his powers to the sanctification of his people. A model of churches is that of St. John; and its congregation, as it has appeared to the writer, is one in which robust Catholic sentiment is conjoined with practical ideas of christian duty. There are school buildings for both sexes attached to the parish, a hall for public meetings and a comfortable pastoral residence.‡

them remember, too, that you gave to the Church, freely and without a thought of self, the energies of your manhood, and that you passed away with her blessing resting on your head!

* I have memory of only three heads of families of the congregation of St. Patrick when the parish was first organized. These were James McSorley, John Slattery and Martin Corcoran.

† I have heard it stated that, with the exception of the cathedral of the Assumption, that of St. John is the only *consecrated* church in Louisville.

‡ Among the earlier residents of St. John's parish may be named: Christopher O'Connor and his sons, William and James O'Connor, Michael Harge-

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

This church, which is situated on the south side of Southgate street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, was built in 1855–56, under the pastorate of Rev. John M. Beyhurst, and it was designed for the accommodation of the German Catholic population of the southwestern suburbs of the city. A year or two later, it was transferred to the order of Minor Conventuals, with Revs. Bonaventura Keller and Anthony Muller in charge of the congregation.* Other pastors of the church of St. Peter have been Rev. Alphonsus Zoeller, O. M. C., Rev. Cesare Cucchiarini, O. M. C., and Rev. Vincent Duimovich, O. M. C., who holds the office at the present date.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH.

This church is situated on Washington, between Adams and Webster streets, in the eastern suburb of the city known for fifty years as Butchertown. At the time the church was dedicated, January 6th, 1866, the population of Butchertown was almost exclusively German and Catholic; and owing to the great distance to St. Martin's, the nearest Catholic church, these found it impossible for all the members of their families to hear mass on Sundays and the prescribed days of obligation. Besides, their numbers were now sufficiently great to entitle them to a resident pastor, and for this favor they petitioned the ordinary of the diocese, who was pleased to send to them Rev. F. Walterspiel, one of the first priests sent to Kentucky from the American college at Louvain, by whom the congregation was organized, and arrangements perfected for the building of a church.†

The zealous pastor had little difficulty in securing subscriptions sufficient in the aggregate to pay the costs of construction, and very soon he was enabled to enter upon his pastoral duties with a church edifice of ample dimensions to accommodate his parishioners. He retained his position until removed from it by death on September 17th, 1870. His place was filled by the appointment of Rev. William Vanderhagen, whose pastorate continued until May, 1875, when the parish was

don, Dr. J. C. Metcalfe, Patrick Campion, Thomas Leahy, W. N. Watson, Patrick Carroll, John Costigan, John Murray, James W. Osborne, Patrick O'Brien, James Haines, William Hyde, Patrick Byron, Dr. C. K. Metcalfe and Dominic Bax. The last named, whose death took place but a few years ago, was a brother of the pastor, and he supplied the most of the furniture used in the church.

* The death of Father Mulier took place in Louisville about seven years ago. It may interest some of my readers to learn that Miss Mary Anderson, now so famous as a histrionic, is a grand-niece of the former assistant pastor of St. Anthony's church. Father Bonaventura's death took place only a few years ago, at Syracuse, New York, while provincial of his order.

† Some of the oldest living members, and the building committee of the first church, are: A. Schweiss, C. Kissel, B. Eiling, J. Fried, Wm. Faust, Fred. Horn, Wm. Henkle, A. Klug, P. Leibert, Jos. Specht and M. Weissenberger.

transferred to the Franciscan fathers established at the church of St. Bonifacius. The present pastor, Rev. A. Kurz, O. S. F., who has held the position since October 6th, 1875, is now engaged in the laudable work of building a new church for his vastly increased congregation. When that shall be finished, it will represent fairly the ability of the congregation to erect for God's glory a temple in some degree worthy of the abiding presence of His Divine Son in the adorable sacrament of His love. Early in the ensuing year, it is expected that the new church of St. Joseph will be ready for dedication.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

This church, built for the accommodation of German Catholics living west of Fifteenth street, occupies a site on Market, opposite Twenty-third street. The ground upon which it stands was bought by Rev. F. X. Vandeutekom, and the church was built by Rev. Bonaventura Keller, O. M. C., of the pastorate of that of St. Peter in the south-western suburb of the city then and still known as "California." The church and congregation were afterwards transferred to the Minor Conventuals, by members of which order they have since been served.

The dedication of the church of St. Anthony of Padua took place on Sunday, November 5th, 1867, Very Rev. B. J. Spalding, officiating. The pastors of the church to the present time, have been: Rev. Pius Kotterer, O. M. C., Rev. Bernard Hensperger, O. M. C., Rev. Alexius Rossbauer, O. M. C., and the present incumbent of the office, Rev. Louis M. Müller, D. D., O. M. C.

At this writing, Dr. Müller is engaged in putting up for his congregation, a church which will vie with any other in the city in beauty of design, and will be surpassed by few in capaciousness. When that is finished, the present church will be devoted to school purposes.

THE CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS BERTRAND.

The establishment of the Dominican fathers in Louisville is on a grand scale, and reflects much credit upon their zeal and industry. It includes a large conventual building and what many regard as destined to be the most imposing and elegant parish church in the city.

Soon after the close of the war an arrangement was perfected between Bishop Spalding and the officials of the Order of Preachers residing at St. Rose, whereby a parish was set apart for their care and cultivation in what was then a thinly settled suburb lying immediately south of the centre of the city. The situation was not inviting, but the good fathers conjectured rightly that time would remedy its defects. A number of contiguous lots were soon purchased and the construction of a convent at once begun. There happened to be at the time a number of frame buildings on the ground, put up during the war for the uses of the government. In one of these the fathers took up their temporary abode, and another, larger than the rest, they transformed

into a chapel. In the meantime, the conventual building was pushed to completion, and in 1866, it was ready for occupancy. Then began the construction of the parish church, a labor that required years to complete. Slowly its solid proportions arose in the sight of the interested people of the parish, and passers-by stopped to note the grandeur of the design that was being carried out. Finished at length, it was solemnly dedicated to the service of God, on the 6th day of January, 1873, by Rt. Rev. William McCloskey, bishop of Louisville.*

In 1869, there were of the Order of Preachers attached to the convent and church of St. Louis Bertrand, Very Rev. William D. O'Carrol, provincial; Very Rev. D. J. Meagher, prior and pastor; and Revs. B. Cochrane, F. Cubero, J. V. Daly, M. F. McGrath, J. A. Rooney, P. C. Coll and B. Reville, together with twelve theological students and three lay-brothers. On the first of January of the present year, the priests attached to the establishment were: Very Rev. M. A. McFeeley, prior, and Revs. J. Sheridan, C. K. McKenna, H. J. McManus, H. J. Leonard and J. A. O'Dwyer.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL.

This church, which is situated on Brook, near Jefferson street, was put up nearly forty years ago for a Methodist meeting-house. The building, with the lot upon which it stands, was purchased in 1866, by Rt. Rev. P. J. Lavialle, bishop of Louisville, by whom it was altered, improved and transformed into a church of ample capacity to accommodate the Catholic people of the parish then assigned to it. A portion of the territory of St. Michael's parish, and all that from which were afterwards formed the parishes of St. Bridget and St. Columba, was originally attached to that of St. John the Evangelist. The first priest appointed to the pastorate was the late Rev. M. Power, who served the congregation until the date of his death, January 6th, 1879.† The church of St. Michael was served until 1881, by priests from the cathedral of the Assumption. After that date the present pastor, Rev. H. Plaggenborg, was given charge of the parish.

THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

This church, which is situated on Broadway, corner of Fourteenth street, was built in 1869, under the pastorate of Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, at this writing bishop of the See of Peoria. It was erected

* Two circumstances of the occasion will be long remembered by those who witnessed the ceremony. The dedication sermon was preached by the famous Irish Dominican, the late Rev. Thomas N. Burke, and the day was one of the coldest ever experienced in Louisville.

† I have spoken of Father Power elsewhere. He was a laborious priest and an amiable man; but he was singularly unfortunate in having his trust abused by one who was wholly unworthy of his confidence, and by whom both his own means and those of his parish were squandered and entirely lost.

with a special view to the needs of the colored Catholic element of the city's population. The young priest took hold of his work with becoming zeal, and within a short time after the inception of the enterprize, he had organized a congregation and built a commodious church for its use.

Upon the retiracy of Father Spalding, in 1872, the church of St. Augustine was served for short terms by Revs. H. J. Brady, John Creary, Francis De Meulder and T. J. Disney; and on each Sunday and holiday of obligation two services took place in it—one for the colored people for whom it had been built, and one for white Catholics living in the neighborhood—and this lasted till the church of the Sacred Heart was opened to the latter the following year. Early in 1873, St. Augustine's was transferred by Bishop McCloskey to the control of the society of St. Joseph for Foreign Missions, and it has since been served by members of this order.*

Since 1873, ten priests of the Josephite society, some for longer and some for shorter terms, have been stationed in Louisville. These were: Revs. F. C. Vigneront, J. B. Tardy, R. Gore, J. A. Schmidtz, D. F. Hurly, J. H. Green, William Hooman, F. P. Kervick, Gerard Weissma and J. C. Crowley. †

THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

The chapel, until now used by the congregation of the Sacred Heart, was built by the present pastor, Rev. T. J. Disney, in 1873. It is situated near the corner of Seventeenth and Broadway streets, three squares west of the church of St. Augustine. It was in the last church, indeed, that the congregation was organized, and its future pastor, who had been called to the city from his former pastorship at Elizabethtown, was introduced to its first members by Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey. ‡

* The Josephite society, as it is sometimes called, owes its origin to the late Cardinal Wiseman and to Right Rev. Herbert Vaughan, bishop of Salford, of the English episcopate. The society has for its object the reception, education and training of young men who are willing to devote their lives to missionary work among people of color.

† Father Crowley has been at the head of the Louisville mission for a number of years. It was through his courtesy that I was lately shown through his church, parsonage and school buildings. The first is a model of neatness and good taste. The walls are beautifully frescoed, and the altar is richly and tastefully decorated. The pastoral residence, lately much improved, is sufficiently roomy to accommodate three priests with comfortable lodgings. The school-building is large and airy, and it is ordinarily occupied by one hundred and fifty children, who are taught by sisters of charity from Nazareth.

‡ Father Disney had been engaged at St. Augustine's for a few weeks previous to the meeting of his parishioners referred to in the text, and he was then occupying the parsonage attached to that church. The arrival, soon afterwards, of the Josephite fathers to take charge of the congregation, necessitated his own removal to other quarters. Not knowing where to bestow himself on such short notice, he was greatly troubled. But his embarrassment ended with the knowledge by one of his friends of its cause. While the church of the

After ten years of usage, it was found that the chapel built in 1873, was too contracted for the comfortable accommodation of the largely increased congregation; and it was wisely determined by the pastor that an effort should be made to put up, according to the original design, a commodious parish church. Happily for the realization of his idea, the eminent Jesuit, Father A. A. Lambert, was giving a mission to his people in the spring of 1883, and to him he suggested his wishes. And so the mission was made a means of calling the attention of the congregation to the matter, and indirectly, of causing the erection of the large and stately building, now under roof and soon to be finished, in which pastor and people hope to remove before the winter sets in.

THE CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA.

The corner-stone of this church was laid on the 7th of September, 1873, and its dedication took place on the 24th of August, 1874. It was built under the pastorate of Rev. Theodosius McDonald, of the Carmelite order, and its site is on St. Cecilia street, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth, one square east of the Catholic cemetery of St. John. At the date of its erection, the neighborhood was sparsely populated, and it has only been of late years that, to any great extent, the open lands surrounding it have been put to use for building purposes. The outlook is better now, and it is not likely to be long before the congregation will be in numbers what it has long been in zeal and liberality. Father McDonald was succeeded in the pastorate in 1874, by Father Cyril C. Feehan, and he, in 1876, by Rev. P. J. Rock. In 1879, the Passionist fathers were given temporary charge of the parish, and this arrangement was continued till March of the present year. During the progress of their connection with the pastorate the congregation was served by Rev. Aloysius Blakely, Rev. Joseph Flanagan, Rev. Anthony McHenry and others of the Passionist fathers. The present pastor of the church of St. Cecilia is Rev. Alexander T. McConnell, of the secular clergy of the diocese.

THE CHURCH OF ST. BRIDGET.

St. Bridget's church is situated on Baxter Avenue, between Payne and Ward streets. It was built in 1873, under the pastorate of Rev. James P. Ryan, and its dedication took place on the 19th of October of that year. From 1874 to the present time the congregation of St. Bridget, whose Catholic spirit in what concerns the Church and her charities is worthy of all praise, has been served by Rev. John Creary.

Sacred Heart was being built, and until his own modest pastoral residence was ready for occupancy, he was the honored guest of Mr. Martin Byrne, a generous-hearted member of his congregation. Among the most liberal of the contributors to the building-fund of the church of the Sacred Heart may be named: Solomon McCollum, B. E. Cassilly, John Shelly, Martin Byrne, Christopher O'Connor and William Coonan.

THE CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBA.

This church is situated on the corner of Washington and Buchanan streets. It was built in 1876–7, by the late Rev. M. Breen, and its dedication took place on the 17th of March of the last named year. Since 1880, the congregation of St. Columba's has been served by Rev. D. O'Sullivan.

THE CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

This, the latest built of the city churches proper, was erected in 1877–8, under the pastorate of Rev. H. Plaggenborg. It is situated on Milk street, between Shelby and Logan, in a populous suburb of the southeastern part of the city. The congregation is mostly made up of Germans. Since five years, the church of St. Vincent has been under the pastorship of Rev. John Heising, formerly assistant pastor at that of the Immaculate Conception.

THE CHURCH OF ST. AGNES.

Near the diocesan seminary property at Preston Park, a mile and a half from the city limits, on the Newburg road, there was built, a few years ago, a temporary structure to which was given the above title, for the benefit of the few Catholic families residing in the vicinity. It is served at the present time by Rev. William McCarthy.

PARISH SCHOOLS.

It is worthy of notice in connection with the subject of this chapter, that provision has been made in every parish of the city for the christian education of children. The parish schools of Louisville are conducted by men and women who have given up the world to devote themselves to this special work; and it is undeniable that the culture they are giving to the youth of the congregations is of the precise character best calculated to insure their success in life and their happiness for eternity. As may be seen in the complete table of statistics in the appendix to this work, the higher schools of the diocese of Louisville number 30, the parochial and day-schools with the asylums, 71, in which are educated over 10,000 pupils.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE DIOCESE OF COVINGTON.

Except in so far as relates to the missions of Scott, Fayette and Madison counties, which have been already referred to, that part of Kentucky which now forms the diocese of Covington presents few points, prior to the year 1850, which would now be considered of interest to the Catholic reader. In the "Catholic almanac and laity's directory" for 1837, the fifth of the series published, appears this reference to the city which, sixteen years later, gave its name to the second See established in the State: "Covington—St. Mary's—third and fourth Sundays; attended from Cincinnati." The pastor of St. Mary's church, under whom, most likely, it was built, was the late Rev. Stephen H. Montgomery, of the order of St. Dominic.

In 1841, we find that the time of Father Montgomery was divided between Covington and Maysville. This arrangement was continued till 1844, when the pastor of St. Mary's was relieved of his Maysville charge, and Rev. William Fennelly appointed to that mission. Here the last named pastor succeeded in building the church of St. Patrick in 1845. In 1844–5, the church of Holy Mother of God, Covington, was erected by the joint efforts of Rev. Ferdinand Kuhr, of the diocese of Cincinnati, and Rev. Charles Boeswald, of the diocese of Louisville. Of this church Father Kuhr remained pastor until the date of his death, November 29th, 1870.*

In 1845, Rev. Charles Boeswald was charged with the organization of a congregation in Newport, where he caused to be erected *Corpus Christi* church, which he served until recalled to Louisville in 1847 in the interest of the German Catholics residing in the lower part of that city.

The See of Covington was established by Letters Apostolic bearing date, July 29th, 1853, and Rt. Rev. George A. Carrell was appointed to its occupancy. The prelate named was a native of Philadelphia, born July 13, 1803. He was educated at Georgetown college, then and still conducted by the fathers of the Society of Jesus. He after-

* Father Kuhr was an energetic and faithful priest, and highly esteemed by the clergy to whom he was known. He was born in Esslau, Prussia, August 25th, 1806. His studies were prosecuted at Rome, where he was ordained by Cardinal Reisach, August 10th, 1836. He was a learned man, wholly unpretending in his ways, and deeply pious; and when he died, the congregation he had served for a quarter of a century was overwhelmed with sorrow. He had begun the erection of the new church of the Holy Mother of God, but he did not live to see it finished.

wards entered the theological seminary of St. Sulpice, Baltimore, with the intention of fitting himself for the work of the holy ministry. He finished his course of theology at Mount St. Mary's, Maryland, and, in 1829, he was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Dr. Conwell in the church of St. Ann, Philadelphia. After a service of six years on the missions of the diocese, he attached himself to the Society of Jesus, of which body he was a most useful member until called, eighteen years later, to the office of bishop.

Entering upon his administration of ecclesiastical affairs in his newly created See, Dr. Carrell found a wide field for the display of his energies. There were then but thirteen churches in the diocese, and only twelve priests to serve them. He began by appointing Rev. Thomas R. Butler his vicar-general. This admirable priest had succeeded Rev. John B. Lamy, a short time before consecrated first bishop of Santa Fé, in the pastorate of St. Mary's church, and this position he held till a short time preceding the date of his death.*

One of Dr. Carrell's first undertakings was the erection of the cathedral of St. Mary's, and this he accomplished in less than two years after his installation. It is doubtful if the entire Catholic population of Eastern Kentucky was over seven thousand souls in 1853; and to attend to the spiritual needs of these, scattered as they were over hundreds of miles of territory, the bishop of the See had, as has been seen, but twelve priests. There was then not an ecclesiastical institution in the diocese; and, with the exception of the school of St. Catharine's, at Lexington, no educational establishment controlled by religious. During the fifteen years he was permitted to live after his consecration, the change to be noted was sufficiently marked to give one a competent idea of the extent and character of his labors. The churches of his diocese had increased from thirteen to thirty-eight, and the number of priests employed from twelve to thirty-three. Where there was nothing of the kind to point to fifteen years before, his episcopal city was now provided with a hospital for the care of the sick, and an asylum for orphan children. There had been established there, too, a priory of the order of St. Benedict; a convent of Benedictine nuns, and one of the nuns of the Visitation. Where there had been only four parochial schools, there were several now in which the higher branches were taught, and, very generally, in the city and throughout the diocese, parish schools had been established in connection with the churches built. Not vainly had the good bishop labored, nor unprofitably for his people.†

*The name of Rev. Thomas R. Butler is one to which my ears were made familiar by hearing it repeated in terms of endearment by a number of my most intimate friends of the clergy of Louisville a quarter of a century ago. He was an American by birth, born in 1803, and previous to his removal to Covington, he had been for many years pastor of St. Patrick's church, Fayetteville, Ohio. His death took place on the 9th day of February, 1869.

† I have memory of but a single occasion upon which I was in the company of Bishop Carrell. He was kind enough then to refer to certain letters I had written and published in defence of Catholicity and Catholics at a time when

The death of Bishop Carrell took place in Covington on the 25th of September, 1868. During the vacancy of the See, two administrators were appointed for the diocese, both of whom died while in office. These were Very Rev. Thomas R. Butler and Very Rev. James Madison Lancaster. It was not until January 9th, 1870, that the consecration of the late Rt. Rev. Augustus M. Toebbe gave to the diocese a competent head. The new bishop did not, so to say, find his episcopal couch a bed of roses. The finances of the diocese were in great disorder, a condition of things that had been brought about through the indiscreet use of its funds and its credit by one who had now become his subaltern. It is the same story, before hinted at in these pages, of mistaken foresight and real folly, leading men ordained of God for other and nobler work, into paths abandoned to the world of speculation and trade. In this case, as in others, disaster had followed, of course; and the good bishop was confronted, at the very beginning of his administration, with a spectre of debt that was sufficiently appalling to his sensitive soul. But Bishop Toebbe was a man in a thousand. He shouldered his burden, galling as it was, and he was enabled, while he yet lived, to remove out of his pathway many obstacles to the prosperous course of his administration, for the existence of which he was in no wise responsible.

RT. REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOEBBE.

It was the hope and expectation of the writer to be able to present to his readers a more satisfactory sketch of the life of Bishop Toebbe than the one that follows, which is drawn wholly from his own slight personal acquaintance with its subject, and from the newspaper publications that immediately followed his death, a few months ago. It would seem, however, that not even in the presence of the members of his own clerical household, was this humble worker in the vineyard of the Divine Master in the habit of speaking of himself and his labors.

Augustus Maria Toebbe was born in Meppen, Kingdom of Hanover, on the 17th of January, 1829. His parents were esteemed in the local community, and they were devoted to the practice of the virtues inculcated by their Catholic faith. He grew up a modest and unassuming youth, and when old enough to be sent to school, a place was found for him in the gymnasium of Meppen, from which institution of learning he afterwards graduated. For a while after he had

sectarian rancor had caused men to forget that the principle of religious liberty is the corner-stone of American republicanism. • Complimentary allusions had been before made in my presence to these "Letters of a Kentucky Catholic," so-called, and I had not felt on such occasions that self-conceit was a weakness to which I was specially amenable. But when the good bishop told me that they had led to the conversion of a leading member of his own cathedral parish, I had reason to fear that I was a proper subject of prayer on the part of my friends that I might be delivered from that precise form of delinquency.

completed his collegiate course, he was engaged in a mercantile business, but from this he was soon drawn by his predilection for the sacred ministry.

At the age of twenty-two years, he left his native land and came to America. Reaching Cincinnati in 1852, he sought and was accorded a place in the theological seminary at Mount St. Mary's, from which, two years later, he was ordained priest by Most Rev. J. B. Purcell. In 1855, he was given charge of the church of St. Stephen at New Richmond, Ohio, where he gave such unmistakable evidences of zeal and prudence, that it pleased his ordinary to transfer him to a more important mission—that of St. Aloysius, Cumminsville, where he served the congregation most acceptably for more than a year. In 1857, he was appointed by Archbishop Purcell assistant pastor of the church of St. Philomena, Cincinnati. Eight years later, he succeeded to the pastorship of this church, in which position he was found when called to succeed Dr. Carrell in the bishopric of Covington.*

In 1866, Father Toebbe was a member of the Council of Theologians called together that year in Baltimore to prepare matters for discussion and action in the second plenary council of that Metropolitan city, assembled a few months later. His consecration took place on the 9th of January, 1870, and immediately afterwards he began the onerous and ceaseless labors of an episcopate that was literally crowded with trials. But the life of the good bishop was not all comfortless. From the first, his labors were rewarded with buds of promise, and these in time brought forth fruits of consolation. More and more, as time progressed, his diocese presented to his eyes an aspect that was nearer to his idea of what it should be. The leader of his clergy in every good work, the efforts of these were neither lacking in unity of purpose nor fruitfulness. In the fourteen years and a little more of his episcopate, the number of churches in the diocese was increased from thirty-eight to fifty-two, and of priests, from thirty-three to fifty-five. Especially was he privileged to witness vastly increased facilities throughout the diocese, for the Catholic education of the youth of the parishes. At the beginning of the present year there were no fewer than six thousand two hundred and twenty-five children attending the parish schools of the diocese.

Of the details of Bishop Toebbe's last illness, the writer has heard little beyond the fact, that his ailment was contracted, some years before his death, while he was engaged in ministerial labors among the workingmen employed in constructing the Cincinnati Southern railroad. Having no priest to send to these forlorn people, he went himself to their relief. The exposure to which he was subjected during this visit, proved too great for his physical strength, and he returned from

* While attending the session of the Kentucky Legislature held in 1870, I passed a single evening in the company of Bishop Toebbe. He impressed me at the time as being a man of ability and great energy; a trifle blunt in his manners, but full of the spirit of his calling, and rigidly wedded to his convictions of both right and propriety.

it with tne seeds of serious disease in his system. He is said to have suffered much during his protracted illness, throughout which he exhibited a sublime patience, and a degree of cheerfulness that was surprising to his visiting friends. His death took place on the morning of May 2d, 1884.*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN FRANKFORT.

Outside of the cities of Covington, Newport and Lexington, the progress of the Church in the diocese of Covington presents no more interesting features than those furnished by its history in the capital city of Kentucky. Who it was that said the first mass in Frankfort is a point now difficult to determine. It is not unlikely, however, that it was Father Badin himself. The earliest church-station in the town of which there is any record, was the house of a Mrs. Ellen Barstow, which stood opposite the capitol. Her husband, a non-Catholic, is said to have felt so much interest in "Ellen's" church, that, when the construction of the Louisville and Lexington railroad brought to the town large numbers of Catholic laborers, and it was found that the room provided by his wife for occasional Sunday services was too diminutive to hold one-half of the worshippers, he put up a small frame structure that served himself for an office during six days of the week, and was given over to his wife's co-religionists on Sundays.

It was no uncommon sight in those days to see groups of men kneeling on the pavement that fronted the little building, out of sight of the altar upon which the Holy Sacrifice was being offered up, but in hearing of the tinkling mass-bell, not one of whom, thanks to his

*Since the above was put in type, I have found mislaid notes embodying information concerning two of the churches of Covington, from which I have only room to extract the following: "Upon the retiracy of Bishop Toebbe's first vicar, Rev. J. McGill, Very Rev. E. H. Brandts was appointed to the post. Much of the after success that attended the bishop's efforts to relieve the diocese of its financial troubles, was due to Father Brandts' admirable management of its affairs. The erection of the first church of the Mother of God in 1842, is to be ascribed, in a great measure, to the zeal of the building committee, consisting of Christopher Engert, Franz Kunst, Ignatius Warth and Peter Fuchs, who bought the lot upon which it stands. When the church was blessed a procession of several thousand persons met and escorted Bishop Chabrat to the building. The successor to Father Kuhr in the pastorate of the church was Rev. Ferdinand Raes, and he was succeeded by Rev. F. Teutenberg. In 1879, the pastorate was placed in the hands of Rev. William Tappert, who, assisted by his brother, Rev. H. M. Tappert, retains the position to the present time. In this parish is established a convent of the sisters of Our Dear Lady, the inmates of which were driven from Westphalia and Coesfeld. The institution is under the direction of Sister Modesta, a sister of the late Bishop Toebbe. The parish of the Mother of God has given to the Church no fewer than six priests, viz.: Rev. Dom Meyer, O. S. F., Rev. R. Haese, O. S. F., Rev. Peter Prulagge, Rev. Guido Stallo, Rev. Joseph Feldmann and Rev. H. Holscher, O. S. F. The church of St. John the Evangelist, was dedicated December 27th, 1874, under the pastorate of Rev. Fr. Gezowsky. The present rector is Rev. William Robbers.

inherited faith, cared a straw for the popular ridicule incited by the situation.

As early as the year 1826, it is certain that Rev. Francis P. Kenrick preached occasionally in Frankfort, and that the example he set was afterwards followed by Rev. George A. M. Elder during his pastorate of the not far-away church of St. Pius, in Scott county.

Among the earlier Catholic residents of Frankfort, may be named: William West, Henry Hardy, Kean O'Hara, Capt. John Holton, Benjamin Luckett, Miss Eliza Quarles, the family of the Dearings, and Mrs. Mocha Todd, (second wife of Judge James Todd) whose father was a Fenwick.* At a later day, came David Ryan, Cornelius Callaghan, Lawrence Tobin, Edward Burns, Mrs. —— Marshall and John Carrell. The last named was a brother of the first bishop of the See of Covington, and his death took place, at the age of 87 years, as late as the year 1879.

When the little "office-chapel" was found inadequate to the accommodation of the Catholic people of the town, a dwelling-house, afterwards known as the "tunnel-house" from its proximity to the tunnel through which railway connection is made in the direction of Lexington, was bought and fitted up for a church. This was afterwards sold for two thousand dollars, and that sum expended in the purchase of a building put up some years before by the Presbyterians and used by them for their Sunday services. The sale and purchase referred to were undoubtedly made by the first resident pastor of Frankfort, the late Rev. James Madison Lancaster, not later than the year 1849. Until that year, the still small resident Catholic population of the town and its environs had been served by the pastors stationed at the church of St. Pius, in Scott county.

The adopted church soon proved an eyesore to the devoted pastor. Architecturally speaking, there was nothing Catholic about it; and it was inconveniently arranged for the uses it had been intended to serve. Father Lancaster had it pulled down in 1850, and began on its site the construction of a building to which, when finished, was given the title of the church of the Good Shepherd. Since that day, however, this church has been much enlarged and improved, and it is now considered one of the handsomest in the diocese.

REV. JAMES M. LANCASTER.

James M. Lancaster, born in Washington, now Marion county, Kentucky, in the year 1810, was a son of John and Catharine Lancaster, of the Hardin's creek Catholic settlement. His primary education was received at the school of St. Mary, afterwards known as St. Mary's college, where he had for his fellow-pupils, Martin J. and Benedict J. Spalding, both at a later day distinguished in the Catholic history

* A younger member of the Dearing family bears now the name of Sister Mary Vincent in the Nazareth community; and a daughter of Judge Todd is now known as Sister Gabriella in the same sisterhood.

of their native State. Together with these, he entered the diocesan seminary at Bardstown, and, in 1830, he accompanied the first named to Rome, where both became students in the college of the Propaganda. His ordination to the priesthood took place in the city named in 1836. Returning home, he filled for two years the office of vice-president of St. Joseph's college, for one year that of pastor of the cathedral of St. Joseph, and for a number of years that of president of the college of the same title.

In 1846, for what he and others conceived to be a sufficient reason, Father Lancaster left the diocese and took charge of a parish in that of Pittsburg. In 1848, most likely by invitation of Bishop Spalding, then but recently consecrated coadjutor-bishop of Louisville, he returned to Kentucky and was appointed pastor at the capital of the State. In addition to his duties at Frankfort, he was given temporary charge of the church of St. Pius, Scott county. Of this latter, however, he was soon relieved, and for seventeen years his energies were given to the work of the ministry in Frankfort. The value of his services was undoubtedly great. Year by year his congregation not only increased in numbers, but it developed more and more the spirit whose outward show is practical observance of God's laws.

In December, 1867, he was called to Covington by his bishop, Dr. George A. Carrell, whose health had been rapidly failing for several months, and upon the death of that prelate in September, 1868, he received from his superiors the appointment of administrator of the diocese. At that time he was in need of rest himself; but the affairs of the diocese were in such disorder as to oblige him to give to them constant and laborious attention. Early in January, 1869, he was prostrated on a bed of sickness, and there he remained for four long months, until on the 4th of May following, death relieved him of his sufferings.*

The next pastor sent to Frankfort retains his office to the present day. Of Father Lambert Young and his labors in that city the writer might say much that would be as pleasing to him to write as for others to read; but he is not disposed to risk his friendship by giving publicity to the recital. It will suffice to say, that for sixteen years he has lived in the affection of his own people, and in the confidence and esteem of all classes of non-Catholic society in Frankfort. A single episode

*Father Lancaster was a man of more than ordinary talents, suave and gentlemanly in his manners, and heartily companionable with his friends. There were few of my intimate friends of the clergy thirty years ago, whose conversational powers were more decided and more generally conceded. I have sometimes thought that it was a misfortune for him to have inherited a large estate from his father. His care of this, and its natural increase, had the effect to create in the minds of some, at least, of his friends, the fear that he was thinking more of things temporal than was consistent with his priestly character. On the other hand, I have it on excellent authority, that for a number of years preceding his death, he was seriously thinking of attaching himself to the Society of Jesus. This would imply that he was desirous of acquitting himself of the wealth that had come to be considered by him an intolerable burden.

of his career in that city, however, belongs to history, and for that reason it is here given:

In 1868, a revolting crime, followed by an attempt at murder that was simply horrible in its atrocity, was perpetrated by a negro fiend upon a poor Irish girl of Frankfort. The wretch was arrested and taken to jail. But the story of the outrage provoked a dangerous spirit in numbers of the populace, most of whom were supposed to be Irishmen and Catholics. A mob was raised, the jail surrounded and entrance to it effected. The law-officers were powerless in the face of the demonstration, no one being allowed by the rioters to approach the jail. The commonwealth's attorney bethought him of sending for Father Young, whose influence, he imagined, would be sufficient to prevent the contemplated violence. No sooner was he informed of the illegal demonstration and the wishes of the law-officials, than the priest was on the ground. With no little peril, he did get access to the jail, and to the presence of the passion-governed men who had it in their possession. That he used the limit of his influence to prevent the crime that followed, there were none bold enough to doubt. But vainly did he pray them to desist. The guilty wretch was taken out and put to death by the mob.

Shortly afterwards Father Young was cited before the United States district court, in Louisville, Judge Bland Ballard presiding, to give evidence as to the identity of the parties seen by him in the jail. In answer to this citation he presented his reasons for declining to testify. These reasons, reduced by him to writing and presented to the court, are here reproduced. After detailing the circumstances of the case as related above, the respondent goes on to say:

"I am now asked to inform the grand jury of the names of the persons I saw in that maddened and infuriated assemblage, to whom I went solely because of my priestly character, and but for which I would have been permitted neither to see nor to remonstrate with them. It was because of my office that I was requested to seek admission to the jail, and it was in my character of priest that I was allowed to enter its precincts. Under the circumstances, as it seems to me, and on my conscience, to testify at all on the subject would be to prostitute my office and to bring disgrace upon my priestly character. In doing so, I would stand in the attitude of one who had taken advantage of his office as a priest, and at the instance of the civil authorities, to act the part of a public informer. The submission of my testimony in the case would certainly be a breach of implied faith and confidence, and I am convinced that all the good to be drawn therefrom would be more than counterbalanced by the evil that would result from my betrayal of those who trusted in me as a priest and not otherwise.

"I do not claim that this case, strictly and technically, has features analogous to those presented in sacramental confession; but the principle is the same. The trust, if it was a trust, the forbearance, if it was forbearance, were rendered to my sacred office, and not to my comparatively unknown self. Can I afford to testify? If compelled

to do so, would another of my office dare to trust himself in such a position? Would he be permitted, under like circumstances, to raise his voice? Is it right, is it fair, for the civil authorities thus to use and abuse my office? With all respect for the laws of my adopted country, I am bound in my conscience as a man and as an office-bearer in, as I believe and hope, the Church of Christ, to answer all these questions in the negative. My refusal to answer is in no spirit of contempt, as God is my judge. It is my desire to respect and obey the temporal laws of the country I have voluntarily chosen for my home on earth. I act not hastily, but after profound and prayerful deliberation. I believe in all truth that I ought to be released from testifying as to facts so obtained. I do not know that my testimony would convict any man accused or not accused. I did not see the execution of the colored man. I did not see him at the jail, nor at any time in the possession of the mob; nor do I know, except from hearsay, that he was executed. But it is not the importance or effect of my testimony that concerns me. It is the principle of deposing, as evidence, facts which I came to know in my office of priest, and which I would not otherwise, as I verily believe, have been requested or permitted to see or hear. It is not to screen any real or supposed offender against the law, nor from any sympathy with mob violence in this case or any other that I decline to testify, but to protect, as far as in me lies, clean and spotless, my sacerdotal robes. For these reasons, and these only, I humbly and earnestly pray the court to hold the facts known to me as privileged from exposure on the witness-stand.

[Signed] LAMBERT YOUNG.'

The prayer of the petitioner was denied by the court, and Father Young was ordered to jail. But never was there a man incarcerated for alleged contempt of court who was made the recipient of more earnest demonstrations of popular respect. His contracted quarters in the jail of Jefferson county were thronged with visitors during the three days his confinement lasted, and many of these were ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing in Louisville, very many of whom were non-Catholics. After three days, he was attacked with illness, and this being represented to the court, permission was granted for his removal to the infirmary of St. Joseph, where he remained for three weeks, still in the character of a prisoner. At the end of this time he was allowed to give bail in the sum of two thousand dollars to appear when called upon to answer the charge of contempt. No citation was ever made for his appearance, however, and presumably, the case against him was permitted to lapse from the docket of the court.

The sisters of charity of Nazareth have charge of a flourishing academy in Frankfort; and also of the parish schools.

OTHER CHURCHES IN THE DIOCESE OF COVINGTON.

The city of Covington, in which there was a single Catholic church forty-seven years ago, is now provided with eight, four of which are

attended by German Catholics and served by German priests. The pastorate of the Cathedral of St. Mary's comprises at this writing Very Rev. E. H. Brandts, rector, and Revs. L. M. Lambert, Thomas Kehoe and John Reeves, assistants.

The city of Newport has now three churches, where there was but one forty years ago. The principal of these for English-speaking Catholics is the church of the Immaculate Conception, of which Rev. James McNerny is pastor, and Rev. Edward Healy, assistant. In addition to what has been said of the churches in Covingotn, Newport, Lexington, Frankfort and Scott county, the writer finds notes of three others in the diocese of Covington, which he here gives to the reader:

"Ashland, Boyd county—Rev. L. G. Clermont, rector.—Up to the year 1861, Ashland was unprovided with a church. For many years previously, however, there was here a church station, visited occasionally by the pastor of the church of St. Lawrence, Ironton, Ohio. Among others who were in the habit of saying mass at odd intervals for the small number of Catholics residing in the town previous to the date given, was Rev. Richard Gilmour, the present bishop of Cleveland. In 1860, a local pastor was provided for the place in the person of the late Rev. H. G. Allen, who was enabled to put up the small brick chapel which now serves the congregation for parish-school building. His entire mission at the time comprised the counties of Boyd, Greenup, Carter and Lawrence. Upon the death of Father Allen, in 1863, Rev. Lambert Young was appointed his successor. During the three years of his pastorate, Father Young secured to the church a valuable piece of property, which has since been put to profitable use in its interests. He was succeeded by Rev. E. O. Brien, who retained the rectorship for many years, and who caused to be erected the large and beautiful church which has since been the pride of the Catholic people of Ashland. He also introduced to the parish from Canada the sisters of St. Francis, who have charge of the parish schools, and also of a flourishing academy."

"Georgetown, Scott county.—In the year 1850, the house of George Algair was the recognized church-station for the Catholic people living in and near Georgetown. It is not to be doubted, however, that mass was occasionally celebrated in the town at a much earlier day. In 1869, a brick building, previously used by the Presbyterians, was purchased at a cost of three thousand five hundred dollars, fitted up for Catholic worship, and dedicated to the service of God under the patronage of St. John. The pastorship at the time was in the hands of Rev. J. Bowe. St. John's is now attended from White Sulphur (St. Pius). The congregation is represented by about fifty families."

"Cynthiana, Harrison county.—This was a church-station attached to the pastorate of St. Pius, Scott county, as early as the year 1825. In 1849, Rev. P. Krager, of Cincinnati, made occasional visits to the place, holding services in what was then known as Broadwell's meeting-house, on the Ruddle's Mills turnpike road. Father J. B. Elkman,

of the same city, succeeded to the charge, which was composed at the time almost exclusively of Germans. To him succeeded Rev. J. M. Lancaster, of Frankfort, and Revs. Edward McMahon and John Maguire, of Lexington. In 1853, when all Eastern Kentucky became tributary to the then newly created See of Covington, the station at Cynthiana became an outlying field of missionary labor for Rev. John Force, resident pastor at Paris, Kentucky. The pastoral care of the congregation, which was gradually increasing, devolved afterwards and consecutively on Revs. H. G. Allen, P. Perry, E. H. Brandts, Thomas Major, John J. Cook and J. Merschmann, who holds the position at the present time.

"From 1853 to 1862, mass was celebrated for the Catholic people of Cynthiana in 'Wall's school-house.' In 1861, Rev. E. H. Brandts purchased of William Roper a lot on which he erected a small frame chapel. In 1871, the foundations were laid of the present church of St. Edward, under the pastorate of Rev. Ferd. Brossart. The oldest Catholic residents of Cynthiana are said to be Louis Pollmeir and Mrs. Christina Lemmons."

Many of the old towns of Eastern Kentucky, where there were few if any Catholics forty years ago, are now provided with beautiful churches and large and increasing congregations. The following may be instanced, all familiar to those who have any knowledge of the geography of the State: Augusta, Alexandria, Carlisle, Carrollton, Falmouth, Flemmingsburg, Ludlow, Mount Sterling, Paris, Richmond and Winchester.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF THE STATE.

The charitable institutions of Kentucky, under Catholic control, number sixteen. Ten of these are in the diocese of Louisville, and six in that of Covington. In the order of their establishment, the institutions referred to, are thus designated:

Female orphan asylum of St. Vincent, Louisville.

German orphan asylum of St. Joseph, Louisville.

The infirmary of St. Joseph, Louisville.

The hospital of St. Elizabeth, Covington.

Infant foundling asylum, Covington.

Orphan asylum for boys at St. Thomas, diocese of Louisville.

Sisters of the Good Shepherd, in Louisville.

Sisters of the Good Shepherd, in Covington.

Foundling asylum, in connection with St. Vincent's orphan asylum, Louisville.

St. Joseph's protectory for girls, in connection with the house of the Good Shepherd, Louisville.

Hospital of St. Joseph, Lexington, in diocese of Covington.

St. John's orphan asylum for girls, Covington.

St. Joseph's orphan asylum for boys, diocese of Covington.

Home for the aged poor, under the direction of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Louisville.

Charity hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth, Louisville.

Home for young ladies engaged in business, Louisville.

Of only a few of these institutions is the writer able to give any of the details of their establishment. The first to be noticed is

THE FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM OF ST. VINCENT.

This oldest of the charitable houses of the diocese of Louisville, was begun in 1832—just fifty two years ago. It was an outgrowth of the cholera epidemic of that year, whose ravages in Louisville left a number of orphans dependent upon public or private charity.*

*An incident of the cholera epidemic in Louisville, referred to in the text, is thus related by one who is conversant with the facts: Father Abell, then the only priest in the city, finding himself unable to secure attendance for those who had been attacked by the malady, called on the mayor of the city, Hon. John C. Bucklin, and suggested to him the propriety of seeking the aid of the sisters of charity, of Nazareth, assuring him of his belief that they would respond

A meeting of ladies of the congregation of St. Louis was held in the vestry of the church on the 10th of August, 1832, "for the purpose of deliberating on the subject of establishing an orphan asylum for girls in Louisville, and of the means of securing funds to carry on the work. After an address from the pastor, Rev. Robert A. Abell, they organized an association to take charge of the proposed enterprise. Of this, Mrs. John D. Colmesnil was elected president; Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, vice-president; Mrs. M. A. Kenedy, secretary; Mother Catharine, treasurer, and Mrs. John Carrell, Miss Kate Coffman, Mrs. James Rudd, Mrs. Daniel Smith, Mrs. Alfred Tarleton, Mrs. —— Cowden, Mrs. —— Garvin, Mrs. Ben. I. Harrison and Mrs. —— Breen, managers."

It was resolved at this meeting that "a fair should be held in aid of the undertaking," which was done in December, 1832, and "the sum of $1,150 realized." Early in the spring of 1833, "a contract was made" with Mr. Zachariah Edelin to put up a house on the lot to the south of the church, owned by the Nazareth community. Fairs were held for three consecutive years, and these, supplemented with a number of small donations, realized the sum of $5,500. In the mean time, the sisters of Nazareth employed in teaching a school in the basement of the church, had received a number of orphan girls in their own little dwelling and were caring for them as best they could. The first children received by them were Eliza Sophia Jenkins, aged nine years, and her sister, Mary Ann Jenkins, aged eleven months.*

When the new building was finished and occupied in 1834, the sisters of charity of Nazareth who had previously accepted the control and management of the institution, inducted into it seventeen children for whom they had been caring. As early as 1836, it was determined by the sisterhood to secure larger quarters for their charge, already uncomfortably crowded. They bought the house at the head of Jefferson street, with a square of land attached, then but recently built by

to the call and that there would be no charge for their services beyond expenses incurred. The call was made, and four sisters, under the leadership of Sister Martha Drury, hastened to the city. With them came Bishop Flaget himself. Before dispatching the sisters on their errands of mercy, he took them into the church, where he caused them to repeat a short prayer of consecration, and then dismissed them with his blessing. The bill of expenses, amounting to seventy-five dollars, was afterwards paid by the city; but years afterwards some anti-Catholic bigot found that the item was charged on the city books as for "services rendered by the sisters of charity," and the fact was published to their detriment. In answer to the charge made, Mother Catharine addressed to the general council a characteristic letter, the closing paragraph of which is here appended: "You will pardon, gentlemen, the liberty I take in refunding the amount paid for the above-named expenses. I would have you understand that we are not hirelings. If we are, in practice, the servants of the poor, the sick and the orphans, we are voluntarily so; but we look for our reward in another and a better world." To the honor of the gentlemen appealed to, the check inclosed in Mother Catharine's letter, was returned with a suitable apology, and the entry on the city books was immediately corrected.

*The elder is still living, a highly respected and cultivated lady, in the State of Texas.

one Thomas Kelly. The asylum building on Fifth street was sold, the ordinary of the diocese becoming the purchaser, and the proceeds paid on the new purchase. Then it was, too, that the sisters employed in teaching in the basement of the church, removed their school to its present location on Fifth street.

Soon after the sisters and orphans were established in their new quarters, an infirmary was begun in connection with the asylum, and this was the beginning of the institution now located on Fourth avenue, and known as the "Infirmary of St. Joseph."

The sister servants in charge of the St. Vincent's asylum since its establishment have been: Mother Catharine Spalding, Sister Julia Hobbs, Sister Clare Gardiner, Sister Eulalia Trainor, Sister Alice Drury and its present efficient superior, Sister Charlesetta Harrigan.

The average number of orphans cared for in the institution is one hundred and sixty-five.

In 1868, there was established in connection with the institution an asylum for foundlings, of whom from sixty-five to seventy are received yearly.*

THE INFIRMARY OF ST. JOSEPH.

This institution was first established in connection with the orphanage of St. Vincent. For lack of room and inconvenience of situation, however, it was removed thence in 1853 to its present location on Fourth avenue, between Chestnut and Broadway streets. The object of its foundation was to afford strangers and others, who had none to care for them when sick, the advantages of careful and intelligent nursing. Though it is not, and never has been, a charitable institution in strict sense of the term, its earnings have all been directed to charitable ends. For a number of years, too, before the establishment of the public hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth, under the direction of the same order of religious, a department of the institution was reserved for the accommodation and care of the poor sick. The infirmary of St. Joseph has had for its directing sister servants: Sister Apollonia McGill, Sister Mary Agnes McDermott, Sister Ann Matilda Flanagan and Sister Martha Drury.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.

On the 5th of August, 1849, a number of German Catholics met at the school-house attached to the church of the Immaculate Conception for the purpose of organizing an orphan society. At this meeting

* On the 17th of March, 1837, a child called Ann Mary Douglas, aged eleven years, was received into the asylum. She was dreadfully afflicted with epilepsy, and to the present day she is an inmate of the institution. Suddenly and unaccountably, her disease left her five years ago, when she was in the fifty-third year of her age; and since that time, under the direction of Sister Alexia McGee, of the foundling department of the asylum, by whom she is regarded as a most capable and careful attendant, she has charge of a number of the forlorn babes sent to the institution.

Rev. Charles Boeswald presided, and Jacob Pfalzer, still living and still a member, acted as secretary. The only business transacted was the appointment of a committee to prepare a constitution for the government of the society. This committee was composed of the president and secretary of the meeting and Messrs. Joseph Buckel, Anton Geher, John Schulten, (still a member), and Martin Seng. A second meeting was held on the 19th of August at the school-house attached to the church of St. Bonifacius, which was presided over by Rev. Otto Jair, the rector of the church; and on the 26th of the same month regulations were submitted to an adjourned meeting for the government of the society, and its officers elected. These were: Joseph Bossung, president; Nicholas Vorndrann, vice-president; Jacob Pfalzer, secretary, and Bernard Reiling, treasurer.

In March, 1850, a cottage adjoining the church of the Immaculate Conception was purchased for the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars, on easy payments. Owing to lack of means, no arrangement was effected for the reception of children until October, when a gift, amounting to two hundred and sixty-six dollars and fifty cents was paid into the treasury by Very Rev. S. T. Badin. Martin Berg was engaged to take care of the house, and within a month four children were received.

Two years later, the society had on its membership rolls one hundred and sixty-five names, each one of which represented in the capital of the society an initiation fee of one dollar and a regular subscription to its funds of twenty-five cents a month. The meetings of the society were held monthly, alternately at the churches of the Immaculate Conception and St. Bonifacius.

In 1857, and again in 1858, fairs were held for the benefit of the orphanage, from which was raised the sum of $3,173.95. The society was incorporated by the State legislature in 1851.

The membership of the society was much increased in 1854 by the organization of the church of St. Martin of Tours. In the meantime, the applications for reception into the institution made it necessary to secure a larger house for the accommodation of the children This was effected in 1848, by the purchase of the residence of Col. Jason Rogers, near the church of St. Bonifacius. This purchase cost the society $10,000; but it enabled it to secure the services of the sisters of Notre Dame in the conduct of the asylum. It gave the society, too, the advantages offered by the proximity to the parish schools of St. Bonifacius for the education of the inmates of the institution.

In the year 1872, the members of the society numbered six hundred and seventy-five, and it had under its guardianship eighty orphan children, and every German Catholic congregation in the city was represented in its management and in its benefits.

The society continued to prosper, and in 1882, the question of purchasing a tract of land in the country upon which to build and remove the children, now increased to ninety-five, was seriously considered. Capt. John A. Benninger was now president of the society,

and Mr. E. W. Herman, secretary. The members of the local boards of the different churches, some time before elected, as well as the rectors of the parishes, were consulted on the subject, and at length, at a general meeting of the members, it was decided that the society should accept a proffer made to it of twenty-two and a half acres of land on the Shelbyville pike, near Cresent Hill station, for which the price asked was $12,750. To this purchase the free consent was given of the ordinary of the diocese, Rt. Rev. William McCloskey, who is himself, *ex officio*, a member of the board.

Plans for the construction of the new asylum building have been drawn by its architect, Mr. C. A. Curtin, and it is expected that it will be ready for occupancy by October, 1885.

The present central officers of "The St. Joseph's German Roman Catholic Orphan Society of Louisville" are, H. H. Rademacher, president; Martin Kolb, vice-president; E. W. Herman, secretary, and Philip Ackerman, treasurer. The establishment is under the direction of Sister M. Valentine, superior, and eight assistants, all of the sisterhood of *Notre Dame*.

THE HOSPITAL OF STS. MARY AND ELIZABETH.

For many years previous to her death, it was the anxious desire of Mother Catharine Spalding to see the sisterhood of charity of Nazareth in control of a charity hospital in Louisville. She did see the beginning of such an establishment in connection with the infirmary of St. Joseph; but she was not permitted to behold with her mortal eyes the grand realization of her idea, so plainly worked out by the hands of Divine Providence in later years. It is to the charity of one born out of the pale of the Church that is due the credit of the foundation known as the hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth. William Shakspeare Caldwell was a son of James H. Caldwell and Maria Carter Hall. His father had acquired a fortune through his careful investments in the city of New Orleans, and the son, long before his marriage with Mary Eliza Breckinridge, of Louisville, had prospered steadily in his business. The woman he took to wife was the daughter of Hon. James D. Breckinridge, of Louisville, who had at one time represented the district in congress. Mary Eliza Breckinridge was educated by the sisters of charity of Nazareth, and it is not to be doubted that the example of faith and piety presented to her eyes by her instructors was the moving cause of her after conversion. Soon after her marriage she sought admission to the Church and received baptism at the hands of Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding. Mrs. Caldwell was called out of life in 1867, and from that time her husband turned his thoughts to the future that it was his hope would reunite them for eternity. What was to him the wealth he possessed unless it could be made subservient to his longings in this direction? He began now the study of the faith that had been to his wife her only consolation in her last moments, and grace from above was given him to discover the

truth, and to accept it in all humility. His baptism took place in the city of Richmond, the rite being administered by Rt. Rev. John McGill. One of his wife's sponsors on the occasion of her baptism had been her former preceptor, Mother Columba Carroll, of the Nazareth community, and she was chosen by the husband to assume a like responsibility for himself.

It was at this time that Mr. Caldwell determined to give to Louisville an institution that would be for all time a monument to the memory of the wife he had loved and lost, whose name, received in baptism, it should bear. The erection of the magnificent hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth, on Magnolia avenue, soon followed this resolve, all the costs of which he defrayed, and the sisters of charity of Nazareth were given charge of the establishment.

Under the shadow of a becoming but unostentatious monument in the Catholic cemetery of St. Louis, near the city, erected a few years ago by direction of Mr. Caldwell over the remains of his wife, the twain now rest side by side. Within sight almost of the hospital building erected by their munificence, their mortal parts await "the day of the Lord." May that day be for them, and for the thousands who, in the coming time, shall be induced to emulate their example, a day indeed of joy and triumph.

For more than ten years now the hospital of Sts. Mary and Elizabeth has been open to the sick and suffering, and hundreds have yearly found in it assuagement, if not cure, of their maladies.

THE ASYLUM OF ST. THOMAS.

This asylum for male children, established on the seminary farm of St. Thomas, in Nelson county, was begun about the year 1858. The first of its beneficiaries were received and cared for under the same roof that covered the seminarians. In 1860, the Brothers of Christian Instruction of the Sacred Heart were brought to the diocese by Bishop Spalding and charged with the direction of the asylum. Under the energetic management of Brother David, still remembered for much that is admirable in a director, the asylum was made in a great measure self-supporting. The orphans were removed to a new building on the place, and a division made of the farm, one-half of which was given to the seminary, and one-half to the asylum. The division of the latter adjoined the Bardstown pike, and it included the saw and grist mill on the place, which had been but lately provided with new machinery.

Brother David was a Frenchman, compactly built, in the maturity of life, of excellent mental capacity and wonderful powers of endurance. He went to work with the determination to renew and refit the entire establishment. He added to the new orphanage a substantial wing; the yard was planted with trees, a new orchard set out, and the whole farm restocked and put under advantageous cultivation. With little of means upon which to rely, in a short while he had accom-

plished a gigantic work. More land was cleared on the farm, old fallow land was redeemed, and soon flourishing crops blessed the toil expended on them. The grist and saw mill was kept busy in its double capacity for the benefit of both the institution and people residing in the neighborhood.

The heroic brothers battled in the face of poverty, kept their charge in food and raiment, and shared with them every privation to which they were subjected; and in addition to all this, they imparted to them the rudiments of knowledge, as well in books as handiwork, and taught them the principles of their faith.*

Brother David and his hard-working Brothers of Christian Instruction were succeeded in 1868 by a new band of the same society, under Brother Florimont; and these were soon replaced by secular priests. Only small boys are now received or retained in the institution, the care of whom has been intrusted to sisters of charity of Nazareth, with an ecclesiastic for superior. For a number of years Rev. N. Ryan has been at the head of the establishment.

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

One of the most wonderful organizations of modern times known to and blessed by the Church, is undoubtedly that to which has been given the name of "The Little Sisters of the Poor." Its inception could not have had in it the least taint of worldliness. It is an order in which there is no respite of mortification for its members from years' end to years' end, and who, according to the pithy expression of the great Louis Veuillot, "are bankrupt three times a day—not knowing after one meal where they are to get the next"; in which gentle women are content not only to become the servants of the poor, but to take upon themselves what is esteemed by the world a degradation—the role of the mendicant—in order that their clients may have wherewith to support life. The whole business in this world of the Little Sister is to care for the aged poor; to see that they have wherewith to be fed and clothed; and her dependence for necessaries to existence is literally on God's providence, working through the sentiment of pity which He has implanted in the human heart. The order is not fifty years old, and yet, not only in the greater number of European cities, but in those of our own country, there are no more familiar objects to be seen on the streets than the black-habited voluntary mendicants of the society. With aspects so humble and patient that people are awed to reverence by their very sight, and with baskets in hand, they go their accustomed

* A priest of the diocese to whom I am indebted for the facts related in the text, writes me: "Older students of St. Thomas' are not likely to forget the assistance rendered by the little close-cropped orphans in the chanting of vespers in the church common to them and the congregation; and such of them as still retain an appreciation of humor, will not have forgotten the fun provoked by the appearance, oddities and whimsicalities of good little Brother Zozimus, whose every word was a joke or a repartee."

rounds gathering as well the crumbs from rich men's tables as the odds and ends left over in the markets still fit for food; and then lugging their burdens home, to be afterwards served out for aliment to the helpless old people for whom they are caring.

In the case of the Little Sisters, beggary has come to be looked upon by all classes of citizens as a condition from which has not been eliminated the characteristic of respectability. People have learned to know them and their worth, and to appreciate properly the motives which have induced them to devote their lives to the service of those who are unable, because of deprivation of the strength to labor, to earn as much as will keep them from perishing of hunger. Waste in many households has ceased to be common wherever the Little Sisters are in the habit of stopping on their daily rounds; and many a savory dish prepared in their houses has for its constituent parts what, but for them, would find its way to the ash-barrel or to the kitchen-sink.

Mother Conception, with seven sisters of the order, came to Louisville in 1869, from France. They were accompanied by Rev. M. Lefevre, in the character of temporary chaplain. Not the poorest of their poor clients afterwards sustained in the establishment they built up in the city, were poorer than they. They had neither scrip nor purse, neither food to sustain life, nor a softer couch than the bare floor upon which to take their rest. A home with bare walls had been prepared for their reception by the bishop of the diocese, and he and his vicar had whispered in the ears of a few Catholics residing in the adjoining streets, that it would be well to send them something to eat, and, if possible, such articles of furniture as they could conveniently spare. It will suffice to say that the good sisters were not permitted to suffer, and that in an incredibly short space of time, they were ready to receive and care for a few of the old and decrepid objects whose lives they had come so far to brighten. *

The house of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Louisville is situated on the corner of Tenth and Magazine streets. The lot upon which it stands is a large one, and there has been lately built upon it an expensive addition designed for the occupation of aged people of color. Though the sisters are considerably in debt for improvements of one kind or another, they have little fear that providence will fail them in their need. They hope, with the generous assistance of Catholics everywhere in the diocese, to be able soon to put up a chapel large enough to accommodate the inmates, which number about one hundred and fifty. It is worthy of mention that non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, are received in the institution, the only conditions being poverty and longevity.

* I have it upon undeniable authority that their entire cash capital at this time, aggregated the sum of fifty centimes (ten cents), and that the very coin, fastened to the foot of a small statue (of the Virgin Mother), remains to this day a constant reminder to the sisters of God's watchful providence over themselves and their establishment.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

The Sisters of Mercy were introduced to the diocese in 1867. For about six years they had charge of the United States marine hospital. They have now charge of the female academy of Our Lady of Mercy, on Second street. They also conduct the parish-schools for girls at the cathedral and St. Patrick's. The sisters visit the sick in their own homes. The present superior of the order in Louisville is Mother Mary Ignatius Walker.

In the course of time, no doubt, Louisville will be the site of two other foundations of charity, for the erection and partial support of which magnificent bequests have been already made. The first of these, by the late very Rev. Benedict J. Spalding, administrator of the diocese of Louisville at the date of his death, was for a house of refuge for boys; and the other by the late James W. Osborne, whose death took place early this year, was for an asylum for orphan boys. *

* James W. Osborne was a native of Nelson county. His grandparents came from Maryland to Kentucky at an early date in the history of the State. He had lived in Louisville from his boyhood, and for many years of his life he was a much honored member of St. John's congregation, of which Rev. L. Bax is pastor.

CHAPTER L.

PRESTON PARK SEMINARY—HOUSES OF STUDY—OTHER SCHOOLS.

In 1870 the theological seminary of the diocese was removed from St. Thomas', Nelson county, to the locality since known as Preston Park, in the vicinity of Louisville. The situation is high and most favorable to the health of the inmates The first superior of the seminary after its removal was Rev. A. J. Harnist, who had capable assistants in Very Rev. George McCloskey and Rev. Emil Sele, D. D.*

In 1877, Rev. A. J. Harnist was given the care of the congregation of Our Lady, at Portland, and Very Rev. George McCloskey became superior of the seminary, which position he still retains.

The seminary has had fair classes of students from the first, and it has already turned out quite a number of useful and zealous priests. The list that follows contains the names of all whose ordination took place from Preston Park seminary. Numbers of them, however, previous to the removal of the seminary, were students at St. Thomas' under the direction of Very Rev. Francis Chambige:

Rev. James Ryan,
Rev. Hugh Daly,
Rev. William P. Hogarty,
Rev. James O'Connor,
Rev. John O'Connor,
Rev. Edwin Drury,
Rev. Kyran King,
Rev. Charles Haeseley,
Rev. James Cook,
Rev. Herman Jansen,
Rev. Richard Feehan,
Rev. J. J. Abell,
Rev. J. H. Taylor,
Rev. M. Melody,
Rev. P. M. J. Rock,
Rev. J. J. Crowley,
Rev. A. T. McConnell,
Rev. Dominic Croghan,
Rev. F. A. Reinhart,
Rev. Thomas F. Tierney,
Rev. G. A. Vantroostenberghe,
Rev. H. A. Connolly,
Rev. Michael Whelan,
Rev. Edward Fahrenbach,
Rev. Joseph Hogarty,
Rev. Richard Davis,

* For some months after the establishment of the seminary in its present locality, its chair of moral theology was filled by Rev. C. Sambuccetti, on leave of absence from his canonry in one of the Roman basilicas, and his professorship in the Roman college. Recalled by his superiors, he resumed his duties as indicated, and was shortly afterwards promoted to the secretariate of the nunciature at Lisbon, with the title of Monsignor. Returning thence, he was named *minutante* in one of the congregations attached to the Roman cardinalate. A few years later, he was consecrated archbishop of Tyre, and sent as apostolic legate to the republics of Argentine and Chili.

Rev. Thomas Hayes,
Rev. John Sheridan,
Rev. Louis Ohle,
Rev. James J. Pike,
Rev. J. T. W. Culleton,
Rev. H. J. Civill,
Rev. Dominic Higgins,
Rev. Lawrence Ford,
Rev. J. F. McSherry,
Rev. M. Dillon,
Rev. Fr. O'Grady,
Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan,
Rev. William McCarthy,
Rev. Thomas W. White,
Rev. William Buckman,
Rev. Edward Lynch,
Rev. J. P. Kelleher,
Rev. Martin O'Connor,
Rev. P. J. Welsh,
Rev. D. McShane,
Rev. Peter C. Raffo.

Allusion would seem to be necessary here to the extent, as evidenced by the facts, of vocation to the priesthood by young men who were either born or reared from childhood in Kentucky. The writer is not altogether certain that his figures are correct, but from the best knowledge he has been able to acquire on the subject, he is impressed with the belief that not fewer than one hundred young men, either born in the State or brought to it in childhood, have been called to the service of the altar from Kentucky in the sixty-eight years that have elapsed since the first ordination of this class of men took place at St. Thomas' in 1816. Upwards of eighty of the hundred can be catalogued. The greater number of these were undoubtedly the descendants of those who first brought their religion to the State from Catholic Maryland. The proportion ordained of these has certainly lessened since 1835, and now we find much the greater number of vocations to the holy ministry coming from the ranks of those who were either born in Ireland or Germany, or whose descent is from Irish or German parents.

It will be interesting to Catholics, no doubt, to learn that there have been appointed from Kentucky to the episcopacy of the country no fewer than twelve of its members; and that two priests elevated to a like rank were, at one time, engaged in the offices of the public ministry in the State. The names of these bishops are here appended:

Rt. Rev. J. B. David, coadjutor to Bishop Flaget, 1819; Rt. Rev. Rev. Ed. Fenwick, O. S. D., first bishop of Cincinnati, 1822; Most Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, coadjutor to Bishop Conwell, bishop of Philadelphia, and archbishop of Baltimore, 1830; Rev. Guy I. Chabrat, coadjutor to Bishop Flaget, 1834; Rt. Rev. Richard P. Miles, O. S. D., bishop of Nashville, 1838; Rt. Rev. I. A. Reynolds, bishop of Charleston, 1844; Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, coadjutor to Bishop Flaget, bishop of Louisville, and archbishop of Baltimore, 1848; Rt. Rev. John McGill, bishop of Richmond, 1850; Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, O. S. D., archbishop of San Francisco, 1850; Most Rev. John B. Lamy, archbishop of Sante Fé, 1850; Rt. Rev. Thos. L. Grace, O. S. D., bishop of St. Paul, 1859; Rt. Rev. Peter J. Lavialle, bishop of Louisville, 1865; Most Rev. N. J. Perché, archbishop of New Orleans, 1870; Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, bishop of Peoria, 1877.

Of one of the above named prelates, who has been characterized by his latest successor in the See of Philadelphia as "the greatest

ecclesiastic the Church in America has ever produced," the writer has something to say in fulfilment of his promise made in a former chapter:

MOST REV. FRANCIS P. KENRICK.

His was a gigantic mind, and he did a gigantic work while he lived. In Kentucky, where he began his missionary career, his memory still lives and is held in benediction. Not then, to be sure, had he begun to exhibit his wonderful powers as a writer; nor had he, possibly, even conceived the idea he afterwards carried out of inditing the theological treatises with which his name is connected, much less of giving to the christian world a new revision of the sacred scriptures. But it is not of Dr. Kenrick's life and labors after he became a bishop and an archbishop that the writer may now properly speak. It is his wish to present him to his readers as he remembers him nearly sixty years ago, the honored and zealous pastor of the people among whom he was born; the teacher of those who were being prepared for the work of the holy ministry; the instructor in christian doctrine of the children of the congregation; the prudent and painstaking director of consciences, and the friend and adviser of all who had grievances to disturb them or sufferings to endure.

As has been stated elsewhere, Dr. Kenrick came to the diocese direct from the Propaganda in 1821. He had been sent for a specific work among the seminarians of the diocese. For nearly nine years he did this work, not only acceptably and well, but in a manner that was beyond all praise. But he did more. He took upon himself half the burden of the pastorate of the cathedral, and finally the greater part of it. His influence in the congregation, and especially over its youth, was commensurate with his zeal for the good of all, and that was measureless. Toward such a man and priest, respect and love and reverence tended as by a natural law. His worth was seen and appreciated by all, and most of all by Bishop Flaget. No wonder this good bishop was overwhelmed with grief when he learned that his treasure was to be removed from him for the good of others.

Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 3d day of December, 1796.* He was consecrated bishop of Arath and coadjutor for Philadelphia in the cathedral of St. Joseph, Bardstown,

* The two incidents I am going to relate will give the reader an idea of Dr. Kenrick's sympathetic nature and his sense of sacerdotal duty. In 1828, at the date of my father's death, he was pastor of the cathedral of St. Joseph, in Bardstown. In her great distress, my mother sent me to apprise the pastor of the sad misfortune that had come upon herself and her children. I found Dr. Kenrick pacing the seminary-lawn and reciting his office. I approached him weeping, and when he had learned the cause of my distress, he took me by the hand and sought to console me. I have no memory now of his words, but I may never forget the kindness of his manner, nor the sympathetic tones of his voice while he was uttering them. An old citizen of Louisville, formerly of Philadelphia, relates the following: "I was living at the time in a poor neighborhood far removed from the nearest church. In the house where I was board-

on the 6th of June, 1830. He was transferred to Baltimore in 1851, where he died, metropolitan of the United States, on the 8th of July, 1863.

RELIGIOUS HOUSES IN LOUISVILLE.

The first of these to be noticed is the convent and house of studies of the Franciscan fathers on Green near Jackson street, of which Rev. Ubaldus Webersinke, O. S. F., is guardian. In this institution, at the beginning of the present year, there were seven professed students and three lay-brothers. The professorships are filled by the pastors of the church of St. Bonifacius.

In the house of studies of the Franciscan fathers of the province of Bavaria, in charge of the church of St. Martin of Tours, of which Rev. Ludgerus Beck, O. S. F., is guardian, there are at this time two students and two lay-brothers.

The convent of the Dominican fathers has been already referred to. It is a home for members of the order when detained in the city by any species of engagement, as well as a house of studies; and is a home for those employed in ministerial work in the parish of St. Louis Bertrand.

The Institute of the Xaverian Brothers: It would be hard to conceive of a more useful body of men than is aggregated to this institute. The Xaverian brothers were introduced from Belgium in 1854, by Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, and since that time they have had charge of parish schools in several of the city congregations. They have also under their control an academy for boys, that stands high for its excellence. In this school the pupils are given an English and commercial education that is recognized by all as superior, and many of the former pupils are at this time known in the community as much for their business qaulifications as they are for standard civil and Catholic worth. The Xaverian Institute is situated on Fourth Avenue, adjoining the infirmary of St. Joseph. In the establishment there are seventeen brothers, under the direction of Brother Paul. The noviciate of the society is at Carroll, Baltimore county, Maryland, where Brother Alexius is provincial. *

ing, there was a young man supposed to be dying, and it was necessary that some one should be dispatched for a priest. I happened to be the only one there who could possibly bear the message. The night of the occurrence was dark and stormy, and it was thought to be dangerous for any one to be out on the streets. I went, of course, and a rougher way I never encountered. Reaching the pastoral residence at length, I rang the bell, and soon the door was opened by Bishop Kenrick himself, whom I had once seen and had no difficulty in recognizing. I told him my errand, and I was astonished to hear him say that he would be soon ready to accompany me. This he did, and, as I learned afterwards, the poor young man would have passed away without the grace of the sacraments had he not done so. The pastor of the church was out on a similar errand of mercy when I called, and the bishop was alone in the house."

* Previous to the date of his death, March 13, 1875, the Xaverian institute in Louisville was provided with a chaplain in the person of the late Rev. G. Montariol, a most amiable and excellent priest. Since that time the chapel of the brothers is attended from the cathedral.

The house of studies of the Passionist fathers, to which has been given the title of "The Sacred Heart Retreat," was established in July, 1880. It is situated on the Newburg road, about two and a half miles from the city. The good fathers have here a house of study and of rest. Here it is, beyond the turmoil of the world, that they are permitted for short terms, to rest from missionary toils, and pursue their interrupted studies. Here, too, when suffering from bodily ailments, or when worn down by their labors in the giving of missions and spiritual retreats, they are enabled to give attention to their health and to recuperate their exhausted energies. Very generally, the rectors of churches in the city of Louisville have found in the Passionist fathers able and zealous substitutes when, for any reason, they have found themselves incapable of performing their pastoral duties.

Their reliance in such cases has been upon the priests of "the Retreat" and those of the convents and houses of studies of the Dominican and Franciscan fathers. During the present year the fathers of the order whose nominal home has been at the "Retreat of the Sacred heart" have been: Very Rev. Charles Lang, C. P., rector; and Fathers F. Ward, Timothy Pacitti, James Ryan, Nicholas Ward, Jerome Murphy, Francis Farley, Leo Harrigan, Edmund Hill, Bartholomew Carey, Louis Kreutzbeintner, Robert McNamara, Gaudentius Rossi, Xavier Sutton, Edward Tuolry, Paulinus Dowling, Cuthbert Hooker, Alban O'Connor and Andrew Kenny.

SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

Among the schools and academies of Kentucky, conducted by members of religious orders and not yet referred to in these pages, are to be named the following:

"The Presentation academy," Louisville: This is undoubtedly the oldest of all the schools of Louisville, no matter by whom conducted. It was begun by the sisters of charity of Nazareth in the basement of the former church of St. Louis, more than fifty years ago. In 1836, it was removed to its present site, a few doors north of the cathedral of the Assumption. For half a century it has been the pride of the Catholic and English-speaking population of the city. Its system of culture for girl children is altogether admirable, as is evidenced by the fact that, from the day it was opened for the reception of pupils to the present time, it has been well patronized by both Catholics and non-Catholics. As far as the writer is able to recall their names, the superiors charged with the conduct of the school, have been: Sister Elizabeth Sutton, Sister Serena Kearney, Sister Xavia Ross and Sister Sophia Carton. For many years the last named has been at the head of the institution.

"The academy of the Holy Rosary:" This is a branch establishment of the Dominican sisters of St. Catharine's, near Springfield. Its establishment, on Eighth and Kentucky streets, Louisville, dates from the year 1867. The school is receiving a generous patronage

from parents residing in the parish of St. Louis Bertrand, in which it is situated, and a liberal one from those living in the contiguous parishes. Nine sisters have their home in the house, several of whom are engaged in the conduct of the parish-school for girls attached to the congregation of St. Louis Bertrand.

"The Ursuline academy:" This school is attached to the convent of the Ursuline sisters, on Chestnut and Shelby streets. Its patronage, which is large, comes principally from the parish of St. Martin of Tours. The community of Ursulines number thirty professed sisters, twenty-five novices and twelve postulants. The pupils attending the school, of which about one-third are boarders, number one hundred.

Another academy and day-school, conducted by this same sisterhood, was founded a number of years ago in St. Alphonsus' congregation, Daviess county. It is known to the good people of the parish that the single-minded pastor has spared neither personal energy nor private means in establishing this successful school. The building put up for it is altogether a handsome structure. The difficulty of providing English-speaking teachers in an order whose members are so largely German has doubtless been a drawback, but time and earnest study on the part of the sisters have overcome that impediment to their usefulness.

"The academy of Our Lady of Angels," Shelbyville, Kentucky, is conducted by the sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis. The professed sisters attached to the order and the house at the beginning of the present year numbered sixteen. The superior is Mother Mary Agnes Mooney.

"St. Walburg's academy and boarding-school," Covington, conducted by Benedictine nuns, adjoins the convent of the order on Twelfth street.

"The academy of La Salette," Covington, is conducted by the sisters of charity of Nazareth, as is also the "academy and boarding-school of the Immaculate Conception" in the adjoining city of Newport. There are also in the diocese of Covington select and boarding-schools conducted by the sisters of Notre Dame, of the Visitation, and of St. Francis, in Covington, Newport, Paris, Maysville, Ashland and White Sulphur.*

*The remaining churches and congregations of the State, of which I have been able to obtain only fragmentary information, or none at all beyond that furnished by the reports printed in the Catholic directory, I have thought it best to catalogue at page 576, appendix.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

WRITINGS OF THE EARLY MISSIONARIES.

Little attention has hitherto been drawn to the literary talents exhibited by certain of the early missionary priests of Kentucky. Indeed, those who have sought to perpetuate their fame through the medium of written biography, would seem to have ignored everything concerning them that was not directly connected with the great object of their ministry, the exaltation of God's Church in the wilderness, and the indoctrination of those to whom they had been sent with its sublime teachings. They may have thought, indeed, that men, overburdened as they were with labors manifold, however capable they may have been of giving expression to their thoughts in felicitous language for the benefit of the reading public, could scarcely have found time for any sort of mere literary work. And yet it is undeniable that there were those among them who had made excursions into the region of fancy, and brought thence with them flowers of thought that were well worthy of preservation.

The foremost among those here referred to was undoubtedly the proto-priest of the United States, Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin. Of his writings in the English vernacular—here and there a pamphlet-argument in defense of one or another doctrine of the Church—little is to be said of their literary merit. Not such would appear to be the judgment of the learned in respect to his Latin compositions, all poetical. One of these, possibly the best, fills the half-dozen pages that follow these introductory paragraphs. Its introduction here is solely with the view of bringing it before the clergy of the country, and in order that it may be placed in a better shape than heretofore for preservation and reference.

Rev. Charles Nerinckx may have been able, in his mother tongue, to speak to others gracefully and elegantly in the language of song; but the English verses written by him and transcribed by his biographer, cannot lay claim to any great merit as poetry.

The numerous prose compositions and translations of Father John B. David are indicative of mental strength on the part of their author that is certainly uncommon in any one who writes in an other than his own vernacular. His hymns for the use of choirs are fairly good,

but their chief merit is to be referred to the musical dress in which they were presented to the public. He was a much better composer of music than of verses.*

Rev. George A. M. Elder was esteemed a clever writer in his day, as well of poetry as prose; but the best of his literary efforts, his *Letters to Brother Jonathan*—half satire and half controversy—would have to be pruned considerably to make them acceptable to the general reader of our own times.

Father James Elliott—may his soul be in peace this day—wrote quite a number of short hymns and set them to music. These are all pretty and affecting when heard from the organ loft of a country-church, or when words and air come to the listening ear in the stillness of evening from the community chapel of a sisterhood of nuns. In writing them, the good priest never thought of adding anything to the sum of standard English poetry.

Father Robert A. Abell wrote little, and the writer is compelled to acknowledge that what he did write, especially in the line of English versification, has added nothing to his just claim to consideration from admirers of genius the world over. The true *melliflua majestas*, so prominent a characteristic of his style of oratory, is wholly wanting in such specimens of his versification as have fallen under the author's notice.†

Of all the older clergy of the diocese of Louisville who have attempted English metrical composition, the writer has preference for his ancient friend, still living, Rev. Athanasius A. Aud. The art of versification came to him in his youth, and though it was little practiced by him in his prime, when something of much greater importance was engaging his active energies, it would seem to have taken renewed possession of certain chambers of his mind in his old age. Very lately he has given to the public a little book of poems—all fairly meritorious, and some of them admirable—from which, as the reader will see a little further on, extracts have been given that any Catholic may read with pleasure.

With so much said in reference to the writings of the early missionaries of Kentucky, we give the first place in the extracts that follow as is its due, to Father Badin's Latin poem in honor of the Most Holy Trinity. This poem has been characterized by learned Latinists, among

* The first Catholic publication of any kind printed in Kentucky was entitled "*Instructions on the Sacrament of Confirmation:* published by the authority of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flaget, for the use of his diocese." The imprint is: "Thomas Smith, Lexington, Ky., 1812." The same year, Father David published the first edition of his *True Piety*, a prayer-book that is still regarded with much favor by many intelligent and pious Catholics. A second edition of the same book was gotten out twelve years later. The imprint of this last is: "Printed at the Kentucky Gazette Office, Lexington, 1824."

† I am told that the best of his verses were never transferred by him to paper, and that it was seldom he could be induced to repeat them when in the company of his friends.

others by the late Most. Rev. Dr. Spalding, as worthy of the pen of a Horace; and Father Matthew Russell, S. J., of the *Irish Monthly*, calls it a poem of "fluent hexameters."

SANCTISSIMÆ TRINITATIS LAUDES ET INVOCATIO: Carmen. Auctore Steph. Theod. Badin, Protosacerd. Baltim., Lodoici-villæ; Ky., U. S. Amer. Typis Bened. Jos. Webb, A. D. 1843.

I.

Exultent cœli cœlorum totus et orbis!
Angelici cœtus, Virtutum exercitus, ingens
Turma Potestatum, Cherubim, Seraphimque, Thronique
Æternum laudent! Alarum tegmine vultus
Demissos nubant, proni ante altare verendum
Divinæ majestatis, sacra dona ferentes.
Thura piis manibus pavidi fumantia gestent,
Ne veneranda suis splendoribus opprimat illos
Gloria, cæcutiantque oculi nimio igne repleti.
Trinum unumque Deum, qui nutu cuncta creavit,
Unanimes variis citharis ac voce perenni
Concelebrent! Non immerito lætentur honore,
Angelicisque choris similes psalteria pulsent
Electi! Resonet cœlesti carmine templum!
Cœtus Apostolicus, Confessorumque cohortes,
Martyrum et exultans agmen, sanctique Prophetæ,
Doctores legis divinæ, et munda corona
Virginum adorando sponso sua lilia spargant
Mixta rosis, Agno et viventi in sæcula cantent.
Vosque Sacerdotes Domini, promptissimi adeste;
Sacrificate Patri, Natoque et Spiritui Almo.
Tota hymnos sociis Ecclesia cantibus edat.
Linguæ omnes Domini benedicant nomen! Ab ortu
Solis ad occasum Domini laudabile nomen,
Sanctum et terribile, et grata reverentia habendum.

II.

"Tu Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Deus! Ipse supremus
Stas Dominus cœli, et terræ, et maris; arbiter unus
Et vitæ et mortis, belli pacisque vicissim.
Majestate tua sunt cœli et terra repleti.
Tu solus magnus, fortis, bonus; immortalis,

Nos faciens immortales; benedictus, amandus;
Tota anima, tota mente ac virtute colendus:
Vivorum Judex defunctorumque futurus
Terribilis vindex; mitis, miserator et æquus.
Non fiet justus prout impius. O Pater, haud vis,
Qualiter injustum haud potes unquam perdere justum.
Tu merito æternas pœnas infligis iniquis,
Æterna et merito Tu donas præmia amicis.
Sanctior es Sanctis, melior melioribus, altis
Altior, æternum felix, ac fortibus usque
Fortior; astripotens, perfectus, maximus; unus
Quippe Deus. Minime æqualis Tibi adesse valebit
Angelus ipse; prius nigra Tartara stratus adiret,
Qui Tibi inaccesso se vellet inaniter æquum.
Terrarum conservator, cœlique, marisque,
Uno cuncta movens digito quæ numine comples,
Visibiles invisbilesque Tuo imperio res
Dirigis, ac orbis nutu moderaris habenas.
Supremæ majestatis Te numen adoro!
Omnia sunt abs Te, Tua sunt, Tibique omnia subsunt.
Fiat, adoretur, superexaltetur in omnes
Ætates, terra ut cœlo, Tua amabilis, alma,
Omnipotens, sapiens, recta ac ter Sancta voluntas."

Excelsus Dominus super omnes undique gentes;
Est excelsa ejus super omnes gloria cœlos.
Immensus loca cuncta replet virtute potenti,
Nec tamen occupat ipse locum; loca nulla relinquit,
Ventorumque leves citior superambulat alas.
Olli nil invisibile est. Prout nebula terras
Contegit, et penetrat maria, et lux fulgida cœlos.
Cœlo excelsior est, imisque profundior, orbe
Longior, extremo spatio aut mare largior omni.
Non aures ullas habet, omnia sed tamen audit;
Humanos nec habens oculos videt omnia, ubique
Quamquam invisibilis præsens. Movet omnia semper
Immotus, nec lassatur licet omnia agendo;
Liber in æternum et simul immutabilis; usque
Permanet æquanimis cum justa accenditur ira
Adversum reprobos, justisque arridet amanter.

III.

Maximus in minimis Deus; herbula tegmine quercus
Condita, flos gracilis per gramina pinguia sparsus,
Hunc æque extollunt ac multa cacumina, montes.
Parvula stella prout longe caudata cometes;

Unica guttula aquæ prout maxima flumina aquarum;
Abruptæ rupes simul et tenuissima arena
Divinam vim non minus ac mare, terra et Olympus
Pandunt, et sensato homini sine voce profantur:
"Nos fecit Deus Omnipotens, non fecimus ipsi."
Imbres et rores, et fontes; frigus et æstus;
Lux, alternantes tenebræ, nubesque fugaces;
Murmure jucundo zephyrus, vel fulgure prompto
Terrificans animos tonitru, aut mirabilis Echo
Actu rivali celebrant Dominum Omnipotentem.
Insecta, et cœte, et vermis, ceu monstra stupenda;
Pisces, et pecora, et volucres, elementaque tota
Collaudant; nocti enarrat nox, luxque diei:
"Nos fecit Deus Omnipotens, non fecimus ipsi."
Aurora et Stellæ variæ, Sol Lunaque; Sidus
Hershelii majus, dignatum nomine regum;
Attonitos oculos, aures, animosque fragore
Ac fulgur luce afficiens subita, imber et Iris
Usquam lætificans homines; benedicite Domino:
"Nos fecit Deus Omnipotens, non fecimus ipsi."
Hortis et pratis Zephyrus flans murmure grato;
Ventus tum sævus tum lenior, ignis et æstus;
Vivida aqua pleni fontes; glaciesque nivesque;
Terra ferax cunctis panem dans quotidianum;
Vernales flores ac autumnalia poma;
Vos colles, cantate Deo, vallesque profundæ:
"Nos fecit Deus Omnipotens, non fecimus ipsi."

IV.

Trinus Personis stat, natura unus et idem.
Imparitas nulla est, smplex distinctio solum est:
Tres sane discernuntur substantia in una.
Et Pater, et Verbum, et Divinus Spiritus unum
Sunt; tres Personæ, Deus unus. Credite gentes!
Qui verax, infallibilis, Pater ipse locutus.
Se contemplando, Hunc Verbum generasse docemur,
Æternum Verbum. Certe Hoc substantia vera est,
Et Divina etiam persona, fidelis imago
Æterni Patris, et mundo prior, ex Patre oborta.
Et Pater et Verbum se contemplantur amantque:
Hinc fit Æternum Flamen procedere amore
Æquali et Patris et Verbi, conglorificandum;
Divinum Flamen, personæ utriusque ligamen,
Ante creaturas Quod processisse fatemur,
Et pari adorandum reverentia in omnibus ævis

V.

Grande homini mysterium homo est; mysterium oportet
Grandius esse Dei naturam. Altissimus unus
Se bene et omnia cognoscit; scit et abdita cordis.
Nemo Dei quæ sunt novit, nisi Spiritus alti
Ipse Dei. Natum cognoscit nemo nisi ipse
Omniscius Pater, ac cognoscit Filius unus
Æternum Patrem, et is cui gratis noscere donat
Filius, aut utriusque nimis Venerabile Flamen.
Quid natura Dei est homo nescit, et Angelus ipse
Æterni ignorat quidnam est generatio Verbi
Æterna et quidnam est processio Flaminis Almi.
Nescio ego, pulvis, cinis, ignorantia, limus
Terræ, peccatum. Ratio jubet ipsa doceri,
Semper adorare, ac imbellem subdere mentem,
Et cor, et sensus totos. Ad numinis unam
Vocem ceu nutum sua præstent obsequia omnes!
Cum sua jussa dabit, dic, quisnam obstare valebit
Impune? quis pacem habuit, cum restitit olli?

"Principium sine principio, vitæ auctor, et orbis
Conditor; agnoscant gentes atque omnia regna
Te solum esse Deum, cujus suprema potestas.
Te metuant fines terræ omnes; vota precesque
Non cessent offerre Tibi et præconia laudum.
Te Sancti, te sublimes Archangeli adorent,
Et meritas grates tota tibi mente rependant."

VI.

Summa Patri semper sit laus, benedictio, virtus,
Imperium! Est a Se, manet, æternumque manebit
Sanctus, magnificus, pius, admirabilis. Ipse
Se contemplatur, Sibi sufficit, usque beatus
Absque creaturis; nec possent esse, movere,
Vivere, ni per eum solum existentiam haberent,
Et motum, et vitam, queis cum vult finis habendus.
Olli quis compar? Quis cuinam comparet illum
Terris aut cœlis præter quem haud est Deus ullus?
Quisnam est Omnipotens, æternus et infinitus
Extra illum? Quisnam perfecte cuncta creavit
Verbo uno? Dixit "Fiat," suntque omnia facta.
Terra creatorem, Dominum et maria omnia summum
Proclamant. Quidquid volitat super aera, quidquid
Germinat in terris, quidquid vasto æquore natat,
Cuncta Creata, Patri cantate, et psallite; cantu

Vos proprio laudate hujus venerabile nomen!
Magnificate Deum mecum! mirabilia unus
Perfecit. Repetant omnes sua cantica gentes!
Continuas repetant et tympana et organa laudes!
"Domne Deus virtutum, alta de sede gubernas
Cuncta Creata, foves, vestis, alimentaque præstas,
Principium et finis; meus es Deus, et meus es Rex.

"Festa salus et laus Tibi Sit, pater optime, et hymni
Solemnes, compar et gloria in omnibus ævis!
Est super excelsos Tua magnificentia cœlos.

VII.

"Æquales etiam laudes, Tibi, Christe Redemptor,
Gloria et obsequium! Tibi serviat ultima Thule,
Rex regum, Dominus dominorum, et Victor Averni!
Te gentes quærant de Lumine Lumen! adorent
Te populi verum de vero Numine Numen!
Cum Patre eras in principio, Tu cum Patre Verbum;
Divinum Verbum; Subsistens ex Patre Verbum;
Omnipotens Verbum: nam magnus Tu Deus ipse es,
Ac sine Te nihil est. Per te sunt omnia facta
Quæ sunt facta. Hominum vita es lumenque benignum.
In tenebris luces, nec concepere tenebræ;
Perpetuus sol justitiæ es, sapientiæ abyssus.
"Ad Te fecisti nos, nec requiescere nostrum
Cor pollet, donec requiescere gestiat in Te,
Qui propter nos mortales nostramque salutem
Factus homo es, moriensque cruci nos fixus amasti.
Nostros Tu vere languores ipse tulisti,
Nos dilexisti et mundasti sanguine toto;
Jesu Salvator, verus Deus atque homo verus;
Tu Patris Æterni stas Filius unicus ante
Sæcula progenitus, quem supremi Angeli adorant
Mandato Patris, ex intacta Virgine natum,
Et pro me passum tormenta atrocia. Fusus
Ne cruor in vanum fuerit tuus, adde juvamen
Gratiæ, amemque probe servire Tibi usque fidelis.
Si pro me facto certe me debeo totum
Atque meos omnes actus, quidnam addere possim
Tam mirabiliter patientis in arbore dira,
Sanguine profuso, et generosa morte refectus?
Post tres victa dies, Mors indignata triumpho
Est absorpta Tuo. Ex tumulo redivivus ad astra
Scandisti, et mundi et cœlorum regna potenti,
Nunc residens Patris ad dextram, virtute gubernas.

"Festa salus et laus Tibi sit, Jesu optime, et hymni
Solemnes; compar et gloria in omnibus ævis!
Est super excelsos Tua magnificentia cœlos.

VIII.

"Spiritus alme Deus, per sæcula cuncta colende,
Cum Patre et Unigena es pariter conglorificatus.
Divina virtute Tua, mirabile dictu,
Et Virgo et mater concepit Salvatorem!
"Christiadesque valent hostilem vincere mundum.
Æternum Flamen, Tu consolator amicus,
Effundas in nos tua septenaria dona!
Erige labentes, errantes corrige, cæcos
Illustra, infirmos sana, justosque corona!
Tu Summum bonum es, et sancti Tu fons es amoris.
Da quidquid verum ac rectum est cognoscere! Nobis
Da quodcunque bonum est facere, et vitare nefanda!

"Festa salus et laus Tibi, Spiritus optime, et hymni
Solemnes; compar et gloria in omnibus ævis!
Est super excelsos Tua magnificentia cœlos.

IX.

"Per Te fuderunt oracula certa Prophetæ;
Te duce, Apostolica ac Sancta Una Ecclesia Christi
Nunquam cessabit veri remanere columna
Et fundamentum, ac omni Virtute vigere.
Contra illam Satanas pugnavit, ac hæresis atra,
Ac gladius, sed nequaquam superare valebit.
Falsa docere nequit bene docta Ecclesia per Te,
Lux indeficiens, et origo splendida veri!
Munere apostolico fungentes, chrismate inunctos,
Prælatos ponis regere, invigilare, docere,
Corrigere, ac semper Tua dogmata sancta tueri.
Prout est divinum promissum, Te duce agentes
Hi mirabiliter sacro ac indeficienti
Ordine connexi, haud cessabunt dicere verum."
Hos quisquis spernit, censetur spernere Christum;
Haud est discipulus; reputandus ut ethnicus iste est.
Quisquis eos audit, Christum ille audire videtur,
Qui Patris Æterni dignatus voce, salutis
Præcones ipse elegit, missique per orbem,
Ut successores habeant per sæcula cuncta
Legitimos, qui dispensent mysteria sacra
Ad mundi finem supremum, et ubique locorum.

X

Æterno Patri honos iteretur cuncta creanti,
Filio et Æterno, mundum salvare volenti,
Spiritui Æterno et nos glorificare parato.

"Sancta Trias, nos purifica per gratiam abunde!
Si delictorum nos pœnitet aut pudet unquam,
Vere contritis Christi miseratio parcat!
Qui mitis, qui propitius, qui tardus ad iram
Audis, ignaros veri in patientia habeto!
Justitiam ultricem clementia temperet! ultro
Succurrat tenera adversis compassio rebus!
Attrahat et bonitas corda atque amor infinitus!
Quæ totum solis radiis illuminat orbem,
Divina humanas lustret sapientia mentes!
Heu nimium imbelles nos omnipotentia firmet
Præstanti auxilio! Virtus Altissimi ubique
Præsens nos ducat, regat, amplectetur amanter,
Protegat, ac semper defendat nos male cautos
Adversum insidias astuti, ut devoret, hostis."

XI.

En se venti agitant; portendunt nubila clades;
Spumosum mare turgescit; caligine fusca
Aer contegitur; tempestas imminet; ignis
Emicat; immugit tonitru, geminataque vibrat
Fulgura; cum fragore crebro gravis irruit imber.
Quin rugit Draco Tartareus, rabido ore ruinas
Lethales spirans; trepidant corda ipsa virorum.
"O Pastor bone, Salvator dulcissime, Princeps
Pacis, amor noster, da nos orare fideles;
Da fieri vigiles! Ne nos tentatio vincat,
Nos Tibi adhærere, ac in Te spem figere suave est,
Qui miserator ades tribulatis, usque paratus
Sanguine parta Tuo blande concedere dona.
Tu via es, et vita es; Tu veri infallibile ipsum
Principium; mundi lux, vis lucere tenebris,
Nascentesque omnes vis illustrare benignus,
Auxilium præstans imbellibus opportunum.

"O Jesu, doceas me Te super omnia amare,
Qui super omnia amabilis es, bonus, atque fidelis,
Magnus et excelsus, nimis et laudabilis! Audi
Providus ac fortis Deus! immutabilis æquis
Consiliis, me constantem fac; redde tenacem

Propositi boni, et haud unquam in peccata relaber
Pristina! Da potius mortem sufferre precocem
Una quam culpa reverendam infringere legem!
Da potius pati et occidi! Da gaudia cœli,
Quæ Tu martyribus merito donanda parasti!
Vires pugnandi ac vincendi fortiter aptas
Largire, extremis ne pœnis culpa prematur,
Neve Tuo, infelix, exsors, denuder amore,
Quo solo mens æternum gaudere valebit!"

XII.

"Sancte, beate Pater, me sanctum ac redde beatum,
Dilectique tui perfusum sanguine Christi
Confirmare fide vera digneris, amanda
Et mandata Tua, et Divino Spiritu agenta
Sacratos ritus fac observare lubenter,
Rectam per vitam ut meliorem acquirere possim
Cœlis perpetuam. Hic labor unus, finis et unus.
Merces magna nimis mihi eris! Tibi gloria laudis!"

Gloria Summa Patri, summa et sit gloria Nato,
Spiritui Sancto detur quoque gloria compar;
Prout nunc est, semper fuit, æternumque manebit.

By permission of the translator, a clerical friend, a metrical rendering in English of certain passages of the above poem is here appended:

Praises and Invocation of the Most Holy Trinity. A Poem-Hymn. By the Very Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin.

I. INVOCATION.

Exult ye heaven of heavens and orb of earth;
Angelic hosts, army of Virtues, praise!
Ye choirs immense of Powers, Cherubim,
And Seraphim and Thrones, the Eternal praise!
Your downcast eyes let cover outspread wings,
Prone as ye bear the sacred gifts before
The awful altar of the Majesty!—
Trembling, their pious hands the thuribles
All smoking swing, lest glory-beaming rays,

Resplendent, awe them back and eyes grow blind,
Burned out with quenching light.
All praise with harp
And varied psaltery's perennial voice
The God, triune and one, who by a nod
Created all! Nor let the elect rejoice
With lesser honor, but alike the choirs
Of angels, thrum their octavas; resound
The temple with celestial hymn! The band
Of Christ's Apostles, confessors' cohorts,
Exultant martyrs' army, prophets, seers,
The doctors of the law divine, and crowns
Of purest virgins, strew before the spouse
Adorable, their mingling lily and rose;
All to the Lamb for ever living chant!
Ye, also, priests of God, prompt lend your aid;
Bring sacrifice to one, thrice Holy Lord:
The Church entire chant ever worthy hymns.
Let every tongue the Lord's name bless; His name
Is worthy praise from morn e'en unto night,—
Terrific, holy, in thankful reverence held.

II. DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

Thou Holy, Holy, Holy God! Thou stand'st
The Lord Supreme of heaven and earth and seas;
The only arbiter of life and death,
Of war, by turns, and sequent peace.
Thy Majesty fills earth and sky; Thou sole
The great, the strong, the good! Immortal, Thou,
Us deathless making, to be blessed and loved;
With all the soul and mind and strength be served.
Judge of the living; future, terrible
Avenger of the dead; meek, merciful
And just.—The just shall not be as the unjust·
O Father, thou nor wishest, nor even canst,
Condemn the just as wilt the impious.
With justice dost inflict eternal pains:
With justice dost dispense eternal bliss.
Still holier than the holy; better than
The best; above the highest; happy e'er,
And stronger than the strongest: star-potent
Thou greatest, perfect, one, true God! Equal
To Thee nor shall an angel be: straightforth
To blackest hell his way who dares but wish
Himself thy equal. Of the earth and sea
And sky preserver, moving all Thou fill'st

With but a finger, by Thy word Thou rul'st
The seen and unseen—holding thus the reins
Of the proceeding world—Thee I adore,
Supreme Majesty! All things from Thee
Are thine, and subject.
So be it! Adored,
Superexalted be, in every age,
Here as in heaven, thy loveable, thy pure,
Omnipotent, wise, right, thrice holy Will.

III. VOICE OF CREATURES.

God greatest is in smallest: tiny tuft,
Forth shooting neath the broad oak's shade; or flowers,
On graceful stems midst richest grasses blown,
Extol him even as the dizziest heights:
Least star as brilliant comet; little drop
Of water, like the greatest river's stream;
A broken stone, or slightest grain of sand,
The power divine proclaim not less than sea,
And land, and sky, which voiceless speak to man:
"Us made the Omnipotent, not we ourselves."
Ye waters, dews, and fountains; cold and heat;
Light, alternating darkness, fleeing clouds;
Sweet morning zephyrs, or loud thunderbolts,
With swiftest flashes, terrifying minds;
Wondrous echo; rivalling contend
In praise of God Omnipotent. Insect
And whale; the worm and monsters of the deep;
The fishes, beasts and birds; all elements
Collaud; night tell to night and day to day,:
"Us made the omnipotent, not we ourselves."

IV. MOST HOLY TRINITY.

But three distinct, discerned in substance one,
And One are Father, Word and Ghost Divine.
One God, Three Persons: bow, believe it all.
The unerring Father speaking, thus begot,
Self-contemplating, the Eternal Word.
His Son, a Substance true, divine, a God;
A Person, faithful likeness of the sire;
Eternal, prior to the world, from Him
Begot. The Father and the Word do love
As each doth contemplate the other. Thus
Eternal cometh forth the Holy Flame,
From equal love of Father and the Son,

Conglorified, the Ghost Divine proceeds
Before created things—fore'er adored,
The Bond of Persons all adorable.

V. FAITH IN MYSTERIES.

Grand mystery is man to man: 'tis meet
A grander mystery God's nature be.
Alone the Highest, all things as self He knows,
And kens the depths of hearts.
None knows the things
That are of God but Holy Ghost of God.
The Son none knows except Omniscient Sire;
And knows the Son alone His Father true,
Eternal, and the one it pleases Him
To tell—or awful Spirit of Them Both.
What be God's nature man can fathom less;
Nor angel knows what generation of
The Son—Procession of the Eternal Flame;
Nor do I know, dust, ashes, ignorance,
Slime, earth and sin. Thus reason's self commands
But to adore—submit the obedient mind,
And heart and senses all, when He commands.
* * * * * * *

XI. CHRIST OUR HELP IN THE EVIL DAY.

Hark! Petrels scream. Dark heavens portend the storm.
Gales whip the deep to foam with angry iron lash.
Mid darkness visible Black Tempest lowers
From out the heights:—his eyes flash forkéd flame;
His thunderous roar, reverberating, rolls,
As crash his fiery bolts, inbreaking all the gates
Of heaven's cataracts.—Down pour the floods,
—So roars Hell-Dragon's rabid mouth—his breath
A fiery mist—till quake e'en manful hearts.
"Good Pastor, Saviour sweetest, Prince of peace,
Our very Love! give us to watch, as Thou
Dost bid, and pray lest dire temptation's snare
Entrap. To cling to Thee is sweet, and fix
Our hope on Thee, Commiserating Help
To needfuls, loving, ready e'er to pour
Thy gifts, dear-purchased by Thy Blood divine.
Thou Way and Life, unerring Principle of truth!
World's Light, Thou wilt in darkness shine:
Illume each several son begot of God,
Preventing weaklings by Thy present aid."

RHYMES AND VERSES. By an Old Man (Rev. A. A. Aud). Written mostly in his eightieth year, for his own profit, and published for the enjoyment and edification of dear relations and friends. Calvary, Kentucky, 1884. St. Mary's Sentinel, print.

TIME'S CHANGES.

CHILD, whose sparkling eye is tearless,
Fixed in rapture on a toy,
Ask me not why I am cheerless,
Lest I damp thy smile of joy.

I would tell how all that's splendid
In the things that charm the eye,
And the tints, so softly blended
On thy cheek must fade and die.

YOUTH, whose brilliant eye is truthful,
Speaking love and trust to friends—
Thinkest thou that ever youthful,
Thou hast joy that never ends?

Think of those whom joys attended,
Snatched away in youthful bloom,
From their weeping friends, descended,
Young and lovely, to the tomb.

Oh! cling not to earthly pleasures,
Sweetest joys bring deepest pain;
Death shall take thy friends, thy treasures;
Who shall give them back again?

AGE, whose failing eye is tearful,
Raised in anguish to the sky,
Dry thy sorrows, Oh, be cheerful!
Friends behold thee from on high.

Let thy treasures go before thee,
Heav'n shall give them back again;
There, with all the love they bore thee,
Friends await thee, freed from pain.

THE EYE.

The eye, the eye,—the speaking eye!
What language of the tongue can vie
With its full utt'rance flashing out
Deep passion, hope, or fear, or doubt?

How ravishing the eye's bright glance,
When joyous visions round it dance;
When fancy's fondest dreams arise,
Or thoughts sublime soar through the skies!

What words can paint those vivid rays
The eye darts forth in one quick blaze,
When some new feeling thrills the soul
With tones that will not brook control?

When cries, from virtuous hearts distressed,
Awake compassion in the breast,
The eye with chastened light appears
To shine more lovely in its tears.

And when the mind is bowed with grief
To which e'en hope brings no relief,
The pang untold is seen and felt,
And sorrow's eye bids pity's melt.

The eye is lovely in the child:
When caught by glances sweet and mild,
Its answering smiles appear to prove
'Tis conscious of its mother's love.

The eye ingenuous of the youth,
When lighted by the love of truth,
Ere yet th'unsullied heart is taught
To counterfeit or hide a thought;

When nature's glance, devoid of art,
Speaks out the feelings of the heart—
How lovely is that beaming eye
In all its sweet simplicity!

We tremble for a thing so fair,
Lest guile should paint its fictions there;
Lest vice with pestilential sway
Should teach the smiler to betray.

We pray that it be blessed with light
To shun false glare and choose the right;
To learn how lovely He must be
Who made the lovely things we see.

Oh! may that eye be taught to view
The great Allbeautiful and True,
In heaven and earth, in light and shade,
In all the creatures He hath made.

May all it sees but make it sigh
For its bright home beyond the sky,
Until it come, through boundless grace,
To see its Author face to face.

We extract the following from the longest poem in the collection on

SOCIETY.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The man of vanity, a bag of gas,
Prefers associates empty as himself,
And while he lives and bloats on others' breath,
Sells puffs to purchase a return of puffs;
And while he courts esteem, by vapid praise
From those he aims to cheat, gets counterfeit.
Vain man! So prone to mingle with the world
For fond display of what he means for wit,
While comrades, for amusement, urge him on
By flattery and simulated praise,
By draughts that warm the blood and loose the tongue.
Poor man! he has no relish for his home;
No appetite for labor or repose;
No rest, save when he roves in search of news;
No peace of heart, except in feuds and strife;
No joy more sweet than giving others grief;
Great pride, in vilifying modest worth;
Great greatness, grossly great at little tricks;
Great cunning, which deceives himself alone.
Their language what? and what their themes and thoughts?
As frivolous as fleeting phantasies
That vex us half awake and half asleep,
Unworthy of the thoughts of worthy men.
* * * * * * * * *

Of all the sad encumbrances of life,
The load which wearies most is indolence:
The slothful drone finds all things wearisome,
And tires of all he does or fails to do.
Distaste for duty and for useful toil
Soon makes him tired of all that ought to please;
Of home, where all are busy but himself;
Tired of himself because he shuns fatigue,
The needful prelude to delightful rest;
Tired of his lifetime spent so uselessly.
Yet, though he cannot work for God or man,
For health on earth and endless rest in heaven,

He oft will toil where pains are worse than lost;
Will trudge through mud beneath inclement skies,
In search of comrades idle as himself,
To help him bear his load of nothingness;
To honor Satan and amuse his friends:
For he that will not walk in virtue's path
Runs heedlessly into the devil's arms,
Who speeds him on the downhill road of vice.
Thus uselessly the idler spends his life
In killing time, lest time crush him to death;
As if his lifetime were a galling load,
Which could be lightened only by abuse.
Yet all their time seems all too short for those
Who profitably use the precious gift.

* * * * * * * * * * *

And if betimes alone we wander forth,
For rest of mind and healthful exercise,
'Tis sweet to steal to some sequestered walk,
And there among God's sinless creatures rove;
Admire the workings of his plastic hand,
And warm the heart with gratitude and love.
In all we see, in all we feel and hear,
A soft, sweet voice is whispering, "God is here;"
And while in solitude He wins the heart,
What has the world to wean the heart from Him?
God's creatures, glad companions of our way,
Are telling of a Father's tender love,
Who when His children, through their fault, were doomed
To toil 'mid thorns and thistles for their bread,
Gave health to toil, and flowers amid the thorns.
Where e'er we go, whichever side we gaze,
Our Father's great all-bounteous works we find:
Bright globes revolving through the firmament,
The tiniest creatures, creeping on the earth—
All, great and small, with equal voice proclaim
Their Maker's glory, wisdom, power and love.
The wilderness itself becomes a home,
A sweet asylum from a silly world:
The flowers wherewith He decks fair nature's face,
Deflect the charms of His benignant smile,
The cool, sweet waters rippling through the flowers
Disclose the love with which He slakes our thirst.
In every whispering breeze that passes by,
We hear the soft, sweet music of His voice,
And feel His breath which cools the summer heat.
In every tree and shrub, and blade of grass,
We see the beauties of His handiwork
Grow lovelier still because they are His gifts.

II.

CHURCHES NOT HERETOFORE NOTICED.

Of only a few of these has the writer such knowledge as to be able to give here more than the titles by which they are known and the names of the pastors by whom they are served. The older among them will first be notice.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

The first Catholic church constructed of brick in all Kentucky was undoubtedly built at Danville, in the year 1807. The county of Boyle, it is to be remembered, was then, and for many years afterwards, a part of Mercer, into which, even before the beginning of the present century, a number of Catholic emigrants had come and settled themselves on farms. The only Catholic resident of Danville as early as the year 1800, whose name is familiar to the writer, was Daniel McIlvoy, a generous-hearted Irishman and a warm personal friend of both Father Badin and Father Nerinckx. The ground upon which the church referred to was built, was a donation from him, but unfortunately, he neglected to execute a deed for the property, and having afterwards failed in business, both ground and church were attached and subsequently sold to cover his private debts.* The church was turned into a dwelling-house and is still standing.

The small congregation at Danville was served for many years by the Dominican fathers of St. Rose. The present church of Sts. Peter and Paul was built as late as 1865 by the late Rev. Ivo Schacht.

*Charles McIlvoy, a son of Daniel McIlvoy mentioned in the text, was for nearly twenty years a book-keeper in the business establishment with which I was connected in Louisville, and for that term, and for seven years additional, during which he was entirely blind, he was a member of my family. I doubt if there ever was a man whose heart was filled with more gentle thoughts, or whose life was more expressive of the qualities of goodness and kindness. He was almost as much the guardian and adviser of my children as I was myself, and their affection for him was just as demonstrative as it could have been in my own case. While he lived in darkness they were to him both hands and eyes, leading him to and from church and returning to him in all kindly offices the care and pains he had taken to impart to them lessons of wise procedure from their very infancy. With these and their mother surrounding his bed of death, and fortified by the reception of the last sacraments for his journey hence, he died in the 77th year of his age, peacefully, on the 4th day of August, 1871.

It has been served since by Revs. H. Brady, E. Breen, M. W. Whelan and A. J. Brady.

ADAIR AND TAYLOR COUNTIES.

The Catholic settlement on Casey creek, in Adair county, dates from the year 1802. In that year, Richard Weatherington, of the congregation of St. Ann, on Cartwright's creek, accompanied by his family and those of Henry Clements, Nicholas Wheatley, Wilfred Miles and John Speaks, removed to Adair county and settled on contiguous farms. These were afterwards joined by a family of the name of James, another named Montgomery, and several others whose names are unknown to the writer. The house of Mr. Weatherington was most likely the church-station for the district until Father Nerinckx encouraged the people to build a church. This was done, as is supposed, about the year 1810. Up to the year 1856, the pastors of this church, to which was given the title of St. Bernard, were: Rev. Charles Nerinckx, Rev. D. Deparcq, Rev. James Quinn and Rev. John B. Hutchins. The present church of St. Bernard was erected by the pastor last named in the year 1857, and, until after the erection of a church in the adjoining county of Taylor, it was ordinarily served by the pastors of St. Augustine's, Lebanon.

The writer's account of the Catholic settlement on Casey creek, would be incomplete without some reference to the attempt that was made in 1807, by the Trappist fathers, under the immediate direction of prior Marie Joseph Douche, to establish here a house of their order. The ecclesiastical superior of the order in Kentucky at the time, was Father Urban Guillet, who would seem, from the account given of him by Father Nerinckx, to have been a constitutional grumbler. He was dissatisfied because he could not, all at once, discover results that were only possible in a new country after years of labor. He was always thinking that he had blundered in selecting sites for the establishment of his order in the United States, and the result was, he moved from place to place, from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, from Kentucky to Florissant, Missouri, from there to Looking-Glass Priarie, in Illinois, and finally the establishment was broken up in 1813, the greater number of its members, with their superior, returning to Europe.

The church of St. Francis of Sales, in Taylor county, five miles north of Campbellsville, was built, mostly at his personal expense, by Mr. Elias Newton, and under the direction of Rev. D. A. Deparcq. The date of its erection is supposed to have been 1846.*

St. Gregory's, Nelson county: This church is situated about eight miles north of Bardstown, and for many years it has been attended by the chaplains of the mother-house of the Nazareth community. It was built as late as the year 1851, for the convenience of a number of

* The church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in Campbellsville, the county seat of Taylor, is of recent construction. It has had for its pastors, Revs. J. P. Kelleher and Thomas W. White.

families residing in the neighborhood, among whom may be named: Elisha Gates, Aquila Hagan and Harry Livers.

St. Andrew's, Jefferson county: This church is on Big Run creek, about ten miles south of Louisville, on the alms-house road. It was put up thirty years ago for the accommodation of the neighborhood, many of the residents being Germans. It is attended at present by Rev. Martin O'Connor, from Stithton.

St. Benedict's, Beach Grove, McLean county, attended by Rev. James J. Pike.

St. John the Evangelist, Columbus, Hickman county, Rev. R. Davis.

St. Mary's, Harrodsburg, Rev. A. J. Brady.

St. Bridget's, Hickman, Rev. R. Davis.

St. Joachim's, Larue county, Rev. A. Reinhardt.

Immaculate Conception, Lagrange, Rev. P. J. Walsh.

St. Lawrence, Lawrenceburg, Rev. A. J. Brady.

St. Aloysius', Pewee Valley, Rev. P. J. Walsh.

St. Margaret of Cartona, Pitts' Point, Bullitt county, Rev. J. J. Abell.

The Annunciation, Shelbyville, Rev. Hugh Daly.

St. Dominic's, Springfield, Washington county, attended by the Dominican fathers of St. Rose. The large congregation attached to this parish is even now engaged in putting up a large and handsome church edifice.

The churches and pastorates of the diocese of Covington of which no mention has been made in the preceding pages, are thus referred to in the Catholic Directory of 1884:

St. Joseph's, Covington, Rev. Ægidius Christoph, O. S. B., prior and rector; Rev. P. Gabriel Gurster, O. S. B.; Rev. Polycarp Scherer, O. S. B.

St. Aloysius, Covington, Rev. John Stephany, rector; Rev. B. Greifenkamp, assistant.

St. Ann's, West Covington, Rev. Lambert Wille, rector.

St. Augustine's, Covington, Rev. Paul T. Abeln, rector.

St. Patrick's, Covington, Rev. James Smith, rector.

St. Mary of the Assumption, Alexandria, Rev. P. Prülagge, rector.

St. Augustine's, Augusta, Rev. Caspar Ostlangenberg, rector.

Bellevue, new brick church, Rev. F. Heising, rector.

Brookville, Bracken county, title of church not given, Rev. John Redmond, rector.

St. John the Evangelist, Carrolton, Rev. Stephen Schmid, rector.

St. Joseph's, Cold Spring, Rev. F. X. Hunt, rector.

St. Francis of Assisium, Dayton, Rev. William Cassander, rector.

St. Francis Xavier, Falmouth, Rev. Augustus Gadker, rector.

Flemingsburg, title of church not given, Rev. C. O'Brien, rector.

Florence, Boone county, title of church not given, Rev. Ed. Burke, rector.

St. Joseph's, Campbell county, Rev. Joseph Blenke, rector.

St. Boniface's, Ludlow, Rev. B. Hildebrandt, rector.

Mayslick, title of church not given, Rev. John Hickey, rector.

St. Patrick's, Mt. Sterling, Rev. P. M. Jones, rector.

St. John the Baptist, Campbell county, Rev. Jos. Goebbels, rector.

St. Benedict's, Kenton county, Rev. Joseph Meiwes, rector.

St. Stephen's, Newport, Rev. Bernard Baumeister, rector.

The church of the Annunciation, Paris, Rev. James P. Barry, rector.

Richmond, title of church not given, Rev. John J. McGinley, rector.

Sandfordtown, Kenton county, title of church not given, Rev. Joseph Haustermann, rector.

St. Peter's, Twelve Mile, Campbell county, Rev. W. Hinssin, rector.

Verona, Boone county, title of church not given, Rev. N. N. Gossolin, rector.

St. Joseph's, Winchester, Rev. P. M. Jones, rector.

CENTENNIAL RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS OF KENTUCKY, 1785–1885.

DIOCESE OF BARDSTOWN, 1811–1840.

YEAR	BISHOPS	PRIESTS	Churches and Chapels	Stations	Relig'os Houses	Relig'os	Colleges Seminaries	Acad'mies Select Schools	Parochial Schools	†TOTAL PUPILS	Asyl'ms	Hospitals	Catholic Population	Whole Population	Catholic Proportion
1785	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	.	. . .	125	. . . . .	. . . .
1787	. . .	1	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	250	. . . . .	. . . .
1788	. . .	. . .	. . .	2	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	300	73,077	$\frac{1}{240}$
1790	. . .	1	1	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	300	. . . . .	. . . .
1793	. . .	2	1	8	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	1,500	73,077	$\frac{1}{50}$
1794	. . .	1	1	11	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . .
1798	. . .	2	2	11	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . .
1806	. . .	14	9	15	2	29	. . .	. . .	1	. . .	. . .	. . .	*3,500	220,955	$\frac{1}{60}$
1811	1	†9	10	20	1	4	1	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	6,000	406,511	$\frac{1}{67}$
1820	2	16	27	. . .	5	. . .	2	3	3	. . .	2	. . .	‡15,000	564 319	$\frac{1}{36}$
1826–7	2	. . .	30	. . .	3	160	4	11	8	274	1	1	18,000	687,917	$\frac{1}{38}$

DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE, 1841–1884.

1841	3	45	40	70	. . .	. . .	4	10	. . .	. . .	2	. . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . .
1848	2	40	53	. . .	5	260	2	12	10	1,200	. . .	1	30,000	761,413	$\frac{1}{29}$
1850	. . .	57	56	75	6	. . .	5	11	4	. . .	. . .	. . .	35,000	. . . . .	. . . .
1864	. . .	80	85	. . .	. . .	600	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	70,000	919,484	$\frac{1}{13}$
1869	1	84	90	. . .	15	. . .	3	14	13	5,000	3	1	80,000	. . . . .	. . . .
1884	1	138	139	109	16	. . .	5	25	65	10,119	6	2	155,000	1,648,708	. . . .

DIOCESE OF COVINGTON, 1853–1884.

1839	. . .	1	1	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	. .
1840	. . .	3	4	6	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . .
1842	. . .	3	4	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	1	. . .	. . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . .
1853	1	12	13	28	. . .	. . .	1	1	4	480	. . .	. . .	7,000	. . . . .	. . . .
1870	1	33	65	25	14	. . .	. . .	12	21	. . .	2	1	20,000	. . . . .	. . . .
1884	1	55	75	30	19	. . .	. . .	27	35	6,225	3	2	45,000	. . . . .	. . . .

CATHOLIC TOTALS FOR KENTUCKY, 1883–1884.

1884	2	193	214	139	35	. .	5	52	100	16,344	9	4	200,000	1,648,708	$\frac{1}{8}$

*Nerinckx's letter, May 16, 1806, records 700 families. †Trappists left in 1809. ‡40,000 souls. 35 churches, 25 priests, for the whole diocese.

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